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CHOICE READINGS.

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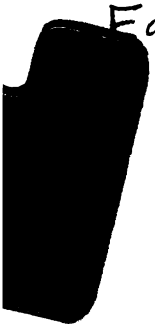

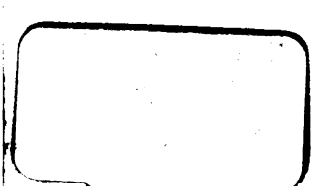

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CHOICE READINGS

BEING COMPLETE WORKS BY
TEN CELEBRATED WRITERS

SELECTED, EDITED, AND ANNOTATED
FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

BY

CHARLES W. COLE, A. M., PH.D.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ALBANY, N. Y.

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PREFACE

CAREFUL observers of educational processes are quite generally agreed that more strenuous efforts should be made to instil in the minds of our children a love for healthful reading, as an antidote for the bane of the sensational matter that is daily thrust before their eyes.

It is also generally agreed that such efforts to implant a taste for the higher types of literature should be made at an earlier age than heretofore; and that our pupils of from twelve to fifteen years of age should have access to attractive, healthful and inspiring literature during this formative period.

Much has been attempted in these directions by means of school editions of masterpieces of English and American writers; but it has seemed to me that many, if not most, of these are unsuited to the purpose, for it is not enough that a great writer has penned the lines; the pieces chosen should be suited to the pupil's age and attainments, and should be so thoroughly enjoyable as to create the desire for more reading of the same kind. Now the recognized prose masterpieces are often so long that but one or two can be profitably read during a school year, and hence there cannot be that pleasing variety which will meet the varying needs of children. Extracts give variety, but, though scintillating with beauty, they give but a fleeting impression, while a complete work of an author better satisfies the mind, feeds the imagination, supplies the memory with a pleasing image, and directs the growing taste.

This book is an effort to meet the varying needs of pupils and, at the same time, to present pieces that are complete.

Edgar Allan Poe once said, "Were I called upon to designate that class of compositions which should best fulfill the demands of high genius, I should unhesitatingly speak of the short prose tale." The majority of the pieces are short tales—the descriptive and oratorical ones being introduced with a view to greater variety of style and matter, and to give opportunity for elocutionary instruction.

It is believed that all the selections have the essential characteristics of good construction, pleasing style and thorough enjoyableness. Passages in Alpine Climbing and The Uses of Astronomy will require careful study; otherwise all the selections can be read with ease by quite young pupils.

If those who may use this book are thereby led to love healthful, inspiring and uplifting reading, its aim will be accomplished.

I am under obligation to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. for permission to use their publications, and to Dr. Wm. Everett for his kind consent to use the oration of his distinguished father.

C. W. C.

ALBANY, N. Y., September, 1891.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

EACH piece should be read through twice,—the first reading to be a rapid one, so that the class may get acquaintance with it, and pleasure from it, as a whole; the second reading should be with more attention to details, although great care should be taken not to make so close and critical a study as to disgust the pupils with what should be looked back upon with pleasure only.

After the second reading, each pupil should be required to write brief compositions on at least two topics: the first being a general summary of the piece; the second, a description of some one character or episode.

The Notes, which have been relegated to the end of the book, so as not to mar the pages of the text, or distract the eye of the reader, are, it is hoped, sufficiently full and clear for their purpose.

The brief biographies should be read and referred to for information, but not memorized; pupils should be shown how to obtain such information, but their memories should not be burdened with details that are of little comparative importance.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE.*

A MYSTERY OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

At nightfall once in the olden time, on the rugged side of one of the Crystal Hills, a party of adventurers were refreshing themselves after a toilsome and fruitless quest for the Great Carbuncle. They had come thither, not as friends, nor partners in the enterprise, but each, save one youthful pair, impelled by his own selfish and solitary longing for this wondrous gem. Their feeling of brotherhood, however, was strong enough to induce them to contribute a mutual aid in building a rude hut of branches, and kindling a great fire of shattered pines that had drifted down the headlong current of the Amonoosuck, on the lower bank of which they were to pass the night. There was but one of their number, perhaps, who had become so estranged from natural sympathies by the absorbing spell of the pursuit as to acknowledge no satisfaction at the sight of human faces in the remote and solitary region whither they had ascended. A vast extent of wilderness lay between them and the nearest settlement, while scant a mile above their heads was that black verge where the hills throw off their shaggy mantle of forest-trees, and either robe themselves in clouds or tower naked into the sky. The roar of the Amonoosuck would have been too

* The Indian tradition on which this somewhat extravagant tale is founded, is both too wild and too beautiful to be adequately wrought up in prose. Sullivan, in his history of Maine, written since the Revolution, remarks that even then the existence of the Great Carbuncle was not entirely discredited.

awful for endurance if only a solitary man had listened while the mountain-stream talked with the wind.

The adventurers, therefore, exchanged hospitable greetings and welcomed one another to the hut, where each man was the host and all were the guests of the whole company. They spread their individual supplies of food on the flat surface of a rock and partook of a general repast; at the close of which a sentiment of good-fellowship was perceptible among the party, though repressed by the idea that the renewed search for the Great Carbuncle must make them strangers again in the morning. Seven men and one young woman, they warmed themselves together at the fire, which extended its bright wall along the whole front of their wigwam. As they observed the various and contrasted figures that made up the assemblage, each man looking like a caricature of himself in the unsteady light that flickered over him, they came mutually to the conclusion that an odder society had never met in city or wilderness, on mountain or plain.

The eldest of the group—a tall, lean, weather-beaten man some sixty years of age—was clad in the skins of wild animals whose fashion of dress he did well to imitate, since the deer, the wolf and the bear, had long been his most intimate companions. He was one of those ill-fated mortals, such as the Indians told of, whom in their early youth the Great Carbuncle smote with a peculiar madness and became the passionate dream of their existence. All who visited that region knew him as "the Seeker," and by no other name. As none could remember when he first took up the search, there went a fable in the valley of the Saco, that for his inordinate lust after the Great Carbuncle he had been condemned to wander among the mountains till the end of time, still with the same feverish hopes at sunrise, the same despair at eve. Near this miserable Seeker sat a little elderly personage wearing a high-crowned hat shaped some-

what like a crucible. He was from beyond the sea—a Dr. Cacaphodel, who had wilted and dried himself into a mummy by continually stooping over charcoal furnaces and inhaling unwholesome fumes during his researches in chemistry and alchemy. It was told of him—whether truly or not—that at the commencement of his studies he had drained his body of all its richest blood and wasted it with other inestimable ingredients, in an unsuccessful experiment, and had never been a well man since. Another of the adventurers was Master Ichabod Pigsnort, a weighty merchant and selectman of Boston, and an elder of the famous Mr. Norton's church. His enemies had a ridiculous story that Master Pigsnort was accustomed to spend a whole hour after prayer-time every morning and evening in wallowing naked among an immense quantity of pine-tree shillings, which were the earliest silver coinage of Massachusetts. The fourth whom we shall notice had no name that his companions knew of, and was chiefly distinguished by a sneer that always contorted his thin visage, and by a prodigious pair of spectacles which were supposed to deform and discolor the whole face of nature to this gentleman's perception. The fifth adventurer likewise lacked a name, which was the greater pity, as he appeared to be a poet. He was a bright-eyed man, but wofully pined away, which was no more than natural if, as some people affirmed, his ordinary diet was fog, morning mist and a slice of the densest cloud within his reach, sauced with moonshine whenever he could get it. Certain it is that the poetry which flowed from him had a smack of all these dainties. The sixth of the party was a young man of haughty mien and sat somewhat apart from the rest, wearing his plumed hat loftily among his elders, while the fire glittered on the rich embroidery of his dress and gleamed intensely on the jeweled pommel of his sword. This was the lord De Vere, who when at home was said to spend much of his time in the

burial-vault of his dead progenitors rummaging their moldy coffins in search of all the earthly pride and vain-glory that was hidden among bones and dust; so that, besides his own share, he had the collected haughtiness of his whole line of ancestry. Lastly, there was a handsome youth in rustic garb, and by his side a blooming little person in whom a delicate shade of maiden reserve was just melting into the rich glow of a young wife's affection. Her name was Hannah, and her husband's Matthew—two homely names, yet well enough adapted to the simple pair who seemed strangely out of place among the whimsical fraternity whose wits had been set agog by the Great Carbuncle.

Beneath the shelter of one hut, in the bright blaze of the same fire, sat this varied group of adventurers, all so intent upon a single object that, of whatever else they began to speak, their closing words were sure to be illuminated with the Great Carbuncle. Several related the circumstances that brought them thither. One had listened to a traveler's tale of this marvelous stone in his own distant country, and had immediately been seized with such a thirst for beholding it as could only be quenched in its intensest luster. Another, so long ago as when the famous Captain Smith visited these coasts, had seen it blazing far at sea, and had felt no rest in all the intervening years till now that he took up the search. A third, being encamped on a hunting-expedition full forty miles south of the White Mountains, awoke at midnight and beheld the Great Carbuncle gleaming like a meteor, so that the shadows of the trees fell backward from it. They spoke of the innumerable attempts which had been made to reach the spot, and of the singular fatality which had hitherto withheld success from all adventurers, though it might seem so easy to follow to its source a light that overpowered the moon and almost matched the sun. It was observable that each smiled scornfully at the madness of every other in anticipating better fortune than the past, yet nourished a

scarcely hidden conviction that he would himself be the favored one. As if to allay their too sanguine hopes, they recurred to the Indian traditions that a spirit kept watch about the gem and bewildered those who sought it either by removing it from peak to peak of the higher hills or by calling up a mist from the enchanted lake over which it hung. But these tales were deemed unworthy of credit, all professing to believe that the search had been baffled by want of sagacity or perseverance in the adventurers, or such other causes as might naturally obstruct the passage to any given point among the intricacies of forest, valley and mountain.

In a pause of the conversation the wearer of the prodigious spectacles looked round upon the party, making each individual in turn the object of the sneer which invariably dwelt upon his countenance.

"So, fellow-pilgrims," said he, "here we are, seven wise men and one fair damsel, who doubtless is as wise as any graybeard of the company. Here we are, I say, all bound on the same goodly enterprise. Methinks, now, it were not amiss that each of us declare what he proposes to do with the Great Carbuncle, provided he have the good hap to clutch it.—What says our friend in the bearskin? How mean you, good sir, to enjoy the prize which you have been seeking, the Lord knows how long, among the Crystal Hills?"

"How enjoy it!" exclaimed the aged Seeker, bitterly. "I hope for no enjoyment from it; that folly has past long ago. I keep up the search for this accursed stone because the vain ambition of my youth has become a fate upon me in old age. The pursuit alone is my strength, the energy of my soul, the warmth of my blood, and the pith and marrow of my bones. Were I to turn my back upon it, I should fall down dead on the hither side of the notch which is the gateway of this mountain region. Yet not to have my wasted lifetime back again would I give up my hopes of the Great

Carbuncle. Having found it, I shall bear it to a certain cavern that I wot of, and there, grasping it in my arms, lie down and die and keep it buried with me for ever."

"O wretch, regardless of the interest of science," cried Dr. Cacaphodel, with philosophic indignation, "thou art not worthy to behold even from afar off the luster of this most precious gem that ever was concocted in the laboratory of Nature. Mine is the sole purpose for which a wise man may desire the possession of the Great Carbuncle. Immediately on obtaining it—for I have a presentiment, good people, that the prize is reserved to crown my scientific reputation—I shall return to Europe and employ my remaining years in reducing it to its first elements. A portion of the stone will I grind to impalpable powder, other parts shall be dissolved in acids or whatever solvents will act upon so admirable a composition, and the remainder I design to melt in the crucible or set on fire with the blow-pipe. By these various methods I shall gain an accurate analysis, and finally bestow the result of my labors upon the world in a folio volume."

"Excellent!" quoth the man with the spectacles. "Nor need you hesitate, learned sir, on account of the necessary destruction of the gem, since the perusal of your folio may teach every mother's son of us to concoct a Great Carbuncle of his own."

"But verily," said Master Ichabod Pigsnort, "for mine own part, I object to the making of these counterfeits, as being calculated to reduce the marketable value of the true gem. I tell ye frankly, sirs, I have an interest in keeping up the price. Here have I quitted my regular traffic, leaving my warehouse in the care of my clerks, and putting my credit to great hazard, and, furthermore, have put myself in peril of death or captivity by the accursed heathen savages, and all this without daring to ask the prayers of the congregation, because the quest for the Great Carbuncle is deemed

little better than a traffic with the evil one. Now, think ye that I would have done this grievous wrong to my soul, body, reputation and estate, without a reasonable chance of profit?"

"Not I, pious Master Pigsnort," said the man with the spectacles. "I never laid such a great folly to thy charge."

"Truly, I hope not," said the merchant. "Now, as touching this Great Carbuncle, I am free to own that I have never had a glimpse of it, but, be it only the hundredth part so bright as people tell, it will surely outvalue the Great Mogul's best diamond, which he holds at an incalculable sum; wherefore I am minded to put the Great Carbuncle on shipboard and voyage with it to England, France, Spain, Italy, or into heathendom if Providence should send me thither, and, in a word, dispose of the gem to the best bidder among the potentates of the earth, that he may place it among his crown jewels. If any of ye have a wiser plan, let him expound it."

"That have I, thou sordid man!" exclaimed the poet. "Dost thou desire nothing brighter than gold, that thou wouldst transmute all this ethereal luster into such dross as thou wallowest in already? For myself, hiding the jewel under my cloak, I shall hie me back to my attic-chamber in one of the darksome alleys of London. There night and day will I gaze upon it. My soul shall drink its radiance; it shall be diffused throughout my intellectual powers, and gleam brightly in every line of poesy that I indite. Thus long ages after I am gone the splendor of the Great Carbuncle will blaze around my name."

"Well said, Master Poet!" cried he of the spectacles. "Hide it under thy cloak, sayest thou? Why, it will gleam through the holes and make thee look like a jack-o'-lantern!"

"To think," ejaculated the lord De Vere, rather to himself than his companions, the best of whom he held utterly unworthy of his intercourse—"to think a fellow in a tattered

cloak should talk of conveying the Great Carbuncle to a garret in Grub Street! Have not I resolved within myself that the whole earth contains no fitter ornament for the great hall of my ancestral castle? There shall it flame for ages, making a noonday of midnight, glittering on the suits of armor, the banners and escutcheons, that hang around the wall, and keeping bright the memory of heroes. Wherefore have all other adventurers sought the prize in vain but that I might win it and make it a symbol of the glories of our lofty line? And never on the diadem of the White Mountains did the Great Carbuncle hold a place half so honored as is reserved for it in the hall of the De Veres."

"It is a noble thought," said the cynic, with an obsequious sneer. "Yet, might I presume to say so, the gem would make a rare sepulchral lamp, and would display the glories of Your Lordship's progenitors more truly in the ancestral vault than in the castle-hall."

"Nay, forsooth," observed Matthew, the young rustic, who sat hand in hand with his bride, "the gentleman has bethought himself of a profitable use for this bright stone. Hannah here and I are seeking it for a like purpose."

"How, fellow?" exclaimed His Lordship, in surprise. "What castle-hall hast thou to hang it in?"

"No castle," replied Matthew, "but as neat a cottage as any within sight of the Crystal Hills. Ye must know, friends, that Hannah and I, being wedded the last week, have taken up the search of the Great Carbuncle because we shall need its light in the long winter evenings, and it will be such a pretty thing to show the neighbors when they visit us! It will shine through the house, so that we may pick up a pin in any corner, and will set all the windows a-glowing as if there were a great fire of pine-knots in the chimney. And then how pleasant, when we awake in the night, to be able to see one another's faces!"

There was a general smile among the adventurers at the

simplicity of the young couple's project in regard to this wondrous and invaluable stone, with which the greatest monarch on earth might have been proud to adorn his palace. Especially the man with spectacles, who had sneered at all the company in turn, now twisted his visage into such an expression of ill-natured mirth that Matthew asked him rather peevishly what he himself meant to do with the Great Carbuncle.

"The Great Carbuncle!" answered the cynic, with ineffable scorn. "Why, you blockhead, there is no such thing *in rerum naturâ*. I have come three thousand miles, and am resolved to set my foot on every peak of these mountains and poke my head into every chasm, for the sole purpose of demonstrating to the satisfaction of any man one whit less an ass than thyself that the Great Carbuncle is all a humbug."

Vain and foolish were the motives that had brought most of the adventurers to the Crystal Hills, but none so vain, so foolish, and so impious too, as that of the scoffer with the prodigious spectacles. He was one of those wretched and evil men whose yearnings are downward to the darkness instead of heavenward, and who, could they but extinguish the lights which God hath kindled for us, would count the midnight gloom their chiefest glory.

As the cynic spoke several of the party were startled by a gleam of red splendor that showed the huge shapes of the surrounding mountains and the rock-bestrewn bed of the turbulent river, with an illumination unlike that of their fire, on the trunks and black boughs of the forest-trees. They listened for the roll of thunder, but heard nothing, and were glad that the tempest came not near them. The stars—those dial-points of heaven—now warned the adventurers to close their eyes on the blazing logs and open them in dreams to the glow of the Great Carbuncle.

The young married couple had taken their lodgings in the

farthest corner of the wigwam, and were separated from the rest of the party by a curtain of curiously-woven twigs such as might have hung in deep festoons around the bridal-bower of Eve. The modest little wife had wrought this piece of tapestry while the other guests were talking. She and her husband fell asleep with hands tenderly clasped, and awoke from visions of unearthly radiance to meet the more blessed light of one another's eyes. They awoke at the same instant and with one happy smile beaming over their two faces, which grew brighter with their consciousness of the reality of life and love. But no sooner did she recollect where they were than the bride peeped through the interstices of the leafy curtain and saw that the outer room of the hut was deserted.

"Up, dear Matthew!" cried she, in haste. "The strange folk are all gone. Up this very minute, or we shall lose the Great Carbuncle!"

In truth, so little did these poor young people deserve the mighty prize which had lured them thither that they had slept peacefully all night and till the summits of the hills were glittering with sunshine, while the other adventurers had tossed their limbs in feverish wakefulness or dreamed of climbing precipices, and set off to realize their dreams with the earliest peep of dawn. But Matthew and Hannah, after their calm rest, were as light as two young deer, and merely stopped to say their prayers and wash themselves in a cold pool of the Amonoosuck and then to taste a morsel of food ere they turned their faces to the mountain-side. It was a sweet emblem of conjugal affection as they toiled up the difficult ascent gathering strength from the mutual aid which they afforded.

After several little accidents, such as a torn robe, a lost shoe, and the entanglement of Hannah's hair in a bough, they reached the upper verge of the forest and were now to pursue a more adventurous course. The innumerable

trunks and heavy foliage of the trees had hitherto shut in their thoughts, which now shrank affrighted from the region of wind and cloud and naked rocks and desolate sunshine that rose immeasurably above them. They gazed back at the obscure wilderness which they had traversed, and longed to be buried again in its depths rather than trust themselves to so vast and visible a solitude.

"Shall we go on?" said Matthew, throwing his arm around Hannah's waist both to protect her and to comfort his heart by drawing her close to it.

But the little bride, simple as she was, had a woman's love of jewels, and could not forego the hope of possessing the very brightest in the world, in spite of the perils with which it must be won.

"Let us climb a little higher," whispered she, yet tremulously, as she turned her face upward to the lonely sky.

"Come, then," said Matthew, mustering his manly courage and drawing her along with him; for she became timid again the moment that he grew bold.

And upward, accordingly, went the pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, now treading upon the tops and thickly interwoven branches of dwarf pines which by the growth of centuries, though mossy with age, had barely reached three feet in altitude. Next they came to masses and fragments of naked rock, heaped confusedly together like a cairn reared by giants in memory of a giant chief. In this bleak realm of upper air nothing breathed, nothing grew; there was no life but what was concentred in their two hearts; they had climbed so high that nature herself seemed no longer to keep them company. She lingered beneath them within the verge of the forest-trees, and sent a farewell glance after her children as they strayed where her own green footprints had never been. But soon they were to be hidden from her eye. Densely and dark the mists began to gather below, casting black spots of shadow on the vast landscape and

sailing heavily to one center, as if the loftiest mountain-peak had summoned a council of its kindred clouds. Finally the vapors welded themselves, as it were, into a mass, presenting the appearance of a pavement over which the wanderers might have trodden, but where they would vainly have sought an avenue to the blessed earth which they had lost. And the lovers yearned to behold that green earth again—more intensely, alas! than, beneath a clouded sky, they had ever desired a glimpse of heaven. They even felt it a relief to their desolation when the mists, creeping gradually up the mountain, concealed its lonely peak, and thus annihilated—at least, for them—the whole region of visible space. But they drew closer together with a fond and melancholy gaze, dreading lest the universal cloud should snatch them from each other's sight. Still, perhaps, they would have been resolute to climb as far and as high, between earth and heaven, as they could find foothold, if Hannah's strength had not begun to fail, and with that her courage also. Her breath grew short. She refused to burden her husband with her weight, but often tottered against his side, and recovered herself each time by a feebler effort. At last she sank down on one of the rocky steps of the acclivity.

"We are lost, dear Matthew," said she, mournfully; "we shall never find our way to the earth again. And oh, how happy we might have been in our cottage!"

"Dear heart, we will yet be happy there," answered Matthew. "Look! In this direction the sunshine penetrates the dismal mist; by its aid I can direct our course to the passage of the Notch. Let us go back, love, and dream no more of the Great Carbuncle."

"The sun cannot be yonder," said Hannah, with despondence. "By this time it must be noon; if there could ever be any sunshine here, it would come from above our heads."

"But look!" repeated Matthew, in a somewhat altered

tone. "It is brightening every moment. If not sunshine, what can it be?"

Nor could the young bride any longer deny that a radiance was breaking through the mist and changing its dim hue to a dusky red, which continually grew more vivid, as if brilliant particles were interfused with the gloom. Now, also, the cloud began to roll away from the mountain, while, as it heavily withdrew, one object after another started out of its impenetrable obscurity into sight, with precisely the effect of a new creation, before the indistinctness of the old chaos had been completely swallowed up. As the process went on, they saw the gleaming of water close at their feet, and found themselves on the very border of a mountain-lake, deep, bright, clear and calmly beautiful, spreading from brim to brim of a basin that had been scooped out of the solid rock. A ray of glory flashed across its surface. The pilgrims looked whence it should proceed, but closed their eyes, with a thrill of awful admiration, to exclude the fervid splendor that glowed from the brow of a cliff, impending over the enchanted lake.

For the simple pair had reached that lake of mystery, and found the long-sought shrine of the Great Carbuncle. They threw their arms around each other, and trembled at their own success, for as the legends of this wondrous gem rushed thick upon their memory, they felt themselves marked out by fate, and the consciousness was fearful. Often, from childhood upward, they had seen it shining like a distant star, and now that star was throwing its intensest luster on their hearts. They seemed changed to one another's eyes in the red brilliancy that flamed upon their cheeks, while it lent the same fire to the lake, the rocks and sky, and to the mists which had rolled back before its power. But with their next glance they beheld an object that drew their attention even from the mighty stone. At the base of the cliff, directly beneath the Great Carbuncle, appeared the figure of a man

with his arms extended in the act of climbing and his face turned upward as if to drink the full gush of splendor. But he stirred not, no more than if changed to marble.

"It is the Seeker," whispered Hannah, convulsively grasping her husband's arm. "Matthew, he is dead."

"The joy of success has killed him," replied Matthew, trembling violently. "Or perhaps the very light of the Great Carbuncle was death."

"The Great Carbuncle!" cried a peevish voice behind them. "The great humbug! If you have found it, prithee point it out to me."

They turned their heads, and there was the cynic with his prodigious spectacles set carefully on his nose, staring now at the lake, now at the rocks, now at the distant masses of vapor, now right at the Great Carbuncle itself, yet seemingly as unconscious of its light as if all the scattered clouds were condensed about his person. Though its radiance actually threw the shadow of the unbeliever at his own feet as he turned his back upon the glorious jewel, he would not be convinced that there was the least glimmer there.

"Where is your great humbug?" he repeated. "I challenge you to make me see it."

"There!" said Matthew, incensed at such perverse blindness, and turning the cynic round toward the illuminated cliff. "Take off those abominable spectacles, and you cannot help seeing it."

Now, these colored spectacles probably darkened the cynic's sight in at least as great a degree as the smoked glasses through which people gaze at an eclipse. With resolute bravado, however, he snatched them from his nose and fixed a bold stare full upon the ruddy blaze of the Great Carbuncle. But scarcely had he encountered it when, with a deep, shuddering groan, he dropped his head and pressed both hands across his miserable eyes. Thenceforth there was in very truth no light of the Great Carbuncle, nor any

other light on earth, nor light of heaven itself, for the poor cynic. So long accustomed to view all objects through a medium that deprived them of every glimpse of brightness, a single flash of so glorious a phenomenon, striking upon his naked vision, had blinded him forever.

"Matthew," said Hannah, clinging to him, "let us go hence."

Matthew saw that she was faint, and, kneeling down, supported her in his arms while he threw some of the thrillingly-cold water of the enchanted lake upon her face and bosom. It revived her, but could not renovate her courage.

"Yes, dearest," cried Matthew, pressing her tremulous form to his breast; "we will go hence and return to our humble cottage. The blessed sunshine and the quiet moonlight shall come through our window. We will kindle the cheerful glow of our hearth at eventide and be happy in its light. But never again will we desire more light than all the world may share with us."

"No," said his bride, "for how could we live by day or sleep by night in this awful blaze of the Great Carbuncle!"

Out of the hollow of their hands they drank each a draught from the lake, which presented them its waters uncontaminated by an earthly lip. Then, lending their guidance to the blinded cynic, who uttered not a word, and even stifled his groans in his own most wretched heart, they began to descend the mountain. Yet as they left the shore, till then untrodden, of the spirit's lake, they threw a farewell glance toward the cliff, and beheld the vapors gathering in dense volumes, through which the gem burned duskily.

As touching the other pilgrims of the Great Carbuncle, the legend goes on to tell that the worshipful Master Ichabod Pigsnort soon gave up the quest as a desperate speculation, and wisely resolved to betake himself again to his warehouse, near the town-dock in Boston. But as he passed through the notch of the mountains a war-party of In-

dians captured our unlucky merchant, and carried him to Montreal, there holding him in bondage till, by the payment of a h__vy ransom, he had wofully subtracted from his hoard of pine-tree shillings. By his long absence, moreover, his affairs had become so disordered that for the rest of his life, instead of wallowing in silver, he had seldom a sixpence-worth of copper. Dr. Cacaphodel, the alchemist, returned to his laboratory with a prodigious fragment of granite, which he ground to powder, dissolved in acids, melted in the crucible and burnt with the blowpipe, and published the result of his experiments in one of the heaviest folios of the day. And for all these purposes the gem itself could not have answered better than the granite. The poet, by a somewhat similar mistake, made prize of a great piece of ice which he found in a sunless chasm of the mountains, and swore that it corresponded in all points with his idea of the Great Carbuncle. The critics say that, if his poetry lacked the splendor of the gem, it retained all the coldness of the ice. The lord De Vere went back to his ancestral hall, where he contented himself with a wax-lighted chandelier, and filled in due course of time another coffin in the ancestral vault. As the funeral torches gleamed within that dark receptacle, there was no need of the Great Carbuncle to show the vanity of earthly pomp.

The cynic, having cast aside his spectacles, wandered about the world a miserable object, and was punished with an agonizing desire of light for the willful blindness of his former life. The whole night long he would lift his splendor-blasted orbs to the moon and stars; he turned his face eastward at sunrise as duly as a Persian idolater; he made a pilgrimage to Rome to witness the magnificent illumination of Saint Peter's church, and finally perished in the Great Fire of London, into the midst of which he had thrust himself with the desperate idea of catching one feeble ray from the blaze that was kindling earth and heaven.

Matthew and his bride spent many peaceful years and were fond of telling the legend of the Great Carbuncle. The tale, however, toward the close of their lengthened lives, did not meet with the full credence that had been accorded to it by those who remembered the ancient luster of the gem. For it is affirmed that, from the hour when two mortals had shown themselves so simply wise as to reject a jewel which would have dimmed all earthly things, its splendor waned. When our pilgrims reached the cliff, they found only an opaque stone with particles of mica glittering on its surface. There is also a tradition that, as the youthful pair departed, the gem was loosened from the forehead of the cliff and fell into the enchanted lake, and that at noontide the Seeker's form may still be seen to bend over its quenchless gleam.

Some few believe that this inestimable stone is blazing as of old, and say that they have caught its radiance like a flash of summer lightning, far down the valley of the Saco. And be it owned that, many a mile from the Crystal Hills, I saw a wondrous light around their summits, and was lured by the faith of poesy to be the latest pilgrim of the Great Carbuncle.

DOLPH HEYLIGER.

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

PART I.

In the early time of the province of New York, while it groaned under the tyranny of the English governor, Lord Cornbury, who carried his cruelties toward the Dutch inhabitants so far as to allow no Dominie, or schoolmaster, to officiate in their language, without his special license; about this time, there lived in the jolly little old city of the Manhattoes, a kind, motherly dame, known by the name of Dame Heyliger. She was the widow of a Dutch sea-captain, who died suddenly of a fever, in consequence of working too hard, and eating too heartily, at the time when all the inhabitants turned out in a panic, to fortify the place against the invasion of a small French privateer. He left her with very little money, and one infant son, the only survivor of several children. The good woman had need of much management to make both ends meet, and keep up a decent appearance. However, as her husband had fallen a victim to his zeal for the public safety, it was universally agreed that "something ought to be done for the widow;" and on the hopes of this "something" she lived tolerably for some years; in the mean time everybody pitied and spoke well of her, and that helped along.

She lived in a small house, in a small street, called Garden Street, very probably from a garden which may have flourished there some time or other. As her necessities every year grew greater, and the talk of the public about doing "something for her" grew less, she had to cast about for some

mode of doing something for herself, by way of helping out her slender means, and maintaining her independence, of which she was somewhat tenacious.

Living in a mercantile town, she had caught something of the spirit, and determined to venture a little in the great lottery of commerce. On a sudden, therefore, to the great surprise of the street, there appeared at her window a grand array of gingerbread kings and queens, with their arms stuck akimbo, after the invariable royal manner. There were also several broken tumblers, some filled with sugar-plums, some with marbles; there were, moreover, cakes of various kinds, and barley-sugar, and Holland dolls, and wooden horses, with here and there gilt-covered picture-books, and now and then a skein of thread, or a dangling pound of candles. At the door of the house sat the good old dame's cat, a decent, demure-looking personage, who seemed to scan everybody that passed, to criticise their dress, and now and then to stretch her neck, and to look out with sudden curiosity, to see what was going on at the other end of the street; but if by chance any idle, vagabond dog came by, and offered to be uncivil—hoity-toity!—how she would bristle up, and growl, and spit, and strike out her paws!

But though the good woman had to come down to those humble means of subsistence, yet she still kept up a feeling of family pride, being descended from the Vanderspiegels, of Amsterdam; and she had the family arms painted and framed, and hung over her mantel-piece. She was, in truth, much respected by all the poorer people of the place; her house was quite a resort of the old wives of the neighborhood; they would drop in there of a winter's afternoon, as she sat knitting on one side of her fireplace, her cat purring on the other, and the tea-kettle singing before it; and they would gossip with her until late in the evening. There was always an arm-chair for Peter de Groodt, sometimes called Long Peter, and sometimes Peter Longlegs, the clerk and

sexton of the little Lutheran church, who was her great crony, and indeed the oracle of her fireside. Nay, the Dominie himself did not disdain, now and then, to step in, converse about the state of her mind, and take a glass of her special good cherry-brandy. Indeed, he never failed to call on New Year's day, and wish her a happy New Year; and the good dame, who was a little vain on some points, always piqued herself on giving him as large a cake as any one in town.

I have said that she had one son. He was the child of her old age; but could hardly be called the comfort, for, of all unlucky urchins, Dolph Heyliger was the most mischievous. Not that the whipster was really vicious; he was only full of fun and frolic, and had that daring, gamesome spirit, which is extolled in a rich man's child, but execrated in a poor man's. He was continually getting into scrapes; his mother was incessantly harassed with complaints of some waggish pranks which he had played off; bills were sent in for windows that he had broken; in a word, he had not reached his fourteenth year before he was pronounced, by all the neighborhood, to be a "wicked dog, the wickedest dog in the street!" Nay, one old gentleman, in a claret-colored coat, with a thin, red face, and ferret eyes, went so far as to assure Dame Heyliger, that her son would, one day or other, come to the gallows.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor old soul loved her boy. It seemed as though she loved him the better the worse he behaved; and that he grew more in her favor, the more he grew out of favor with the world. Mothers are foolish, fond-hearted beings; there's no reasoning them out of their dotage; and, indeed, this poor woman's child was all that was left to love her in this world;—so we must not think it hard that she turned a deaf ear to her good friends, who sought to prove to her that Dolph would come to a halter.

To do the varlet justice, too, he was strongly attached to his

parent. He would not willingly have given her pain on any account; and when he had been doing wrong, it was but for him to catch his poor mother's eye fixed wistfully and sorrowfully upon him, to fill his heart with bitterness and contrition. But he was a heedless youngster, and could not, for the life of him, resist any new temptation to fun and mischief. Though quick at his learning, whenever he could be brought to apply himself, he was always prone to be led away by idle company, and would play truant to hunt after birds' nests, to rob orchards, or to swim in the Hudson.

In this way he grew up, a tall, lubberly boy; and his mother began to be greatly perplexed what to do with him, or how to put him in a way to do for himself; for he had acquired such an unlucky reputation, that no one seemed willing to employ him.

Many were the consultations that she held with Peter de Groodt, the clerk and sexton, who was her prime counselor. Peter was as much perplexed as herself, for he had no great opinion of the boy, and thought he would never come to good. He at one time advised her to send him to sea; a piece of advice only given in the most desperate cases; but Dame Heyliger would not listen to such an idea; she could not think of letting Dolph go out of her sight. She was sitting one day knitting by her fireside, in great perplexity, when the sexton entered with an air of unusual vivacity and briskness. He had just come from a funeral. It had been that of a boy of Dolph's years, who had been apprentice to a famous German doctor, and had died of a consumption. It is true, there had been a whisper that the deceased had been brought to his end by being made the subject of the doctor's experiments, on which he was apt to try the effect of a new compound, or a quieting draught. This, however, it is likely, was a mere scandal; at any rate, Peter de Groodt did not think it worth mentioning; though, had we time to philosophize, it would be a curious matter for speculation, why a doctor's

family is apt to be so lean and cadaverous, and a butcher's so jolly and rubicund.

Peter de Groodt, as I said before, entered the house of Dame Heyliger with unusual alacrity. A bright idea had popped into his head at the funeral, over which he had chuckled as he shoveled the earth into the grave of the doctor's disciple. It had occurred to him, that, as the situation of the deceased was vacant at the doctor's, it would be the very place for Dolph. The boy had parts, and could pound a pestle, and run an errand with any boy in the town, and what more was wanted in a student?

The suggestion of the sage Peter was a vision of glory to the mother. She already saw Dolph, in her mind's eye, with a cane at his nose, a knocker at his door, and an M. D. at the end of his name—one of the established dignitaries of the town.

The matter, once undertaken, was soon effected: the sexton had some influence with the doctor, they having had much dealing together in the way of their separate professions; and the very next morning he called and conducted the urchin, clad in his Sunday clothes, to undergo the inspection of Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen.

They found the doctor seated in an elbow-chair, in one corner of his study, or laboratory, with a large volume, in German print, before him. He was a short, fat man, with a dark, square face, rendered more dark by a black velvet cap. He had a little nobbed nose, not unlike the ace of spades, with a pair of spectacles gleaming on each side of his dusky countenance, like a couple of bow-windows.

Dolph felt struck with awe on entering into the presence of this learned man; and gazed about him with boyish wonder at the furniture of this chamber of knowledge, which appeared to him almost as the den of a magician. In the center stood a claw-footed table, with pestle and mortar, phials and gallipots, and a pair of small burnished scales.

At one end was a heavy clothes-press, turned into a receptacle for drugs and compounds; against which hung the doctor's hat and cloak, and gold-headed cane, and on the top grinned a human skull. Along the mantel-piece were glass vessels, in which were snakes and lizards. A closet, the doors of which were taken off, contained three whole shelves of books, and some, too, of mighty folio dimensions; a collection, the like of which Dolph had never before beheld. As, however, the library did not take up the whole of the closet, the doctor's thrifty housekeeper had occupied the rest with pots of pickles and preserves; and had hung about the room, among awful implements of the healing art, strings of red pepper and corpulent cucumbers, carefully preserved for seed.

Peter de Groodt and his protégé were received with great gravity and stateliness by the doctor, who was a very wise, dignified little man, and never smiled. He surveyed Dolph from head to foot, above, and under, and through his spectacles, and the poor lad's heart quailed as these great glasses glared on him like two full moons. The doctor heard all that Peter de Groodt had to say in favor of the youthful candidate; and then wetting his thumb with the end of his tongue, he began deliberately to turn over page after page of the great black volume before him. At length, after many hums and haws, and strokings of the chin, and all that hesitation and deliberation with which a wise man proceeds to do what he intended to do from the very first, the doctor agreed to take the lad as a disciple; to give him bed, board, and clothing, and to instruct him in the healing art; in return for which he was to have his services until his twenty-first year.

Behold, then, our hero, all at once transformed from an unlucky urchin, running wild about the streets, to a student of medicine, diligently pounding a pestle, under the auspices of the learned Dr. Karl Lodovick Knipperhausen. It was a

happy transition for his fond old mother. She was delighted with the idea of her boy's being brought up worthy of his ancestors; and anticipated the day when he would be able to hold up his head with the lawyer that lived in the large house opposite; or peradventure, with the Dominie himself.

Dr. Knipperhausen was a native of the Palatinate in Germany; whence, in company with many of his countrymen, he had taken refuge in England, on account of religious persecution. He was one of nearly three thousand Palatines, who came over from England in 1710, under the protection of Governor Hunter. Where the doctor had studied, how he had acquired his medical knowledge, and where he had received his diploma, it is hard at present to say, for nobody knew at the time; yet it is certain that his profound skill and abstruse knowledge were the talk and wonder of the common people, far and near.

His practice was totally different from that of any other physician; consisting in mysterious compounds, known only to himself, in the preparing and administering of which, it was said, he always consulted the stars. So high an opinion was entertained of his skill, particularly by the German and Dutch inhabitants, that they always resorted to him in desperate cases. He was one of those infallible doctors, that are always effecting sudden and surprising cures, when the patient has been given up by all the regular physicians; unless, as is shrewdly observed, the case has been left too long before it was put into their hands. The doctor's library was the talk and marvel of the neighborhood, I might almost say of the entire burgh. The good people looked with reverence at a man who had read three whole shelves full of books, and some of them, too, as large as a family Bible. There were many disputes among the members of the little Lutheran church, as to which was the wisest man, the doctor or the Dominie. Some of his admirers even went so far as to say, that he knew more than the governor himself—in a

word, it was thought that there was no end to his knowledge!

No sooner was Dolph received into the doctor's family, than he was put in possession of the lodging of his predecessor. It was a garret-room of a steep-roofed Dutch house, where the rain had pattered on the shingles, and the lightning gleamed, and the wind piped through the crannies in stormy weather; and where whole troops of hungry rats, like Don Cossacks, galloped about, in defiance of traps and ratsbane. He was soon up to his ears in medical studies, being employed, morning, noon, and night, in rolling pills, filtering tinctures, or pounding the pestle and mortar in one corner of the laboratory; while the doctor would take his seat in another corner, when he had nothing else to do, or expected visitors, and, arrayed in his morning-gown and velvet cap, would pore over the contents of some folio volume. It is true, that the regular thumping of Dolph's pestle, or, perhaps, the drowsy buzzing of the summer flies, would now and then lull the little man into a slumber; but then his spectacles were always wide awake, and studiously regarding the book.

There was another personage in the house, however, to whom Dolph was obliged to pay allegiance. Though a bachelor, and a man of such great dignity and importance, the doctor was, like many other wise men, subject to petticoat government. He was completely under the sway of his housekeeper; a spare, busy, fretting housewife, in a little, round, quilted German cap, with a huge bunch of keys jingling at the girdle of an exceedingly long waist. Frau Ilsé (or Frow Ilsy, as it was pronounced) had accompanied him in his various migrations from Germany to England, and from England too the province; managing his establishment and himself too; ruling him, it is true, with a gentle hand, but carrying a high hand with all the world beside. How she had acquired such ascendency I do not pretend to say. Indeed, Frau Ilsy's power was not confined to the doctor's

household. She was one of those prying gossips who know every one's business better than they do themselves; and whose all-seeing eyes, and all-telling tongues, are terrors throughout a neighborhood.

Nothing of any moment transpired in the world of scandal of this little burgh, but it was known to Frau Ilsy. She had her crew of cronies, that were perpetually hurrying to her little parlor with some precious bit of news; nay, she would sometimes discuss a whole volume of secret history, as she held the street door ajar, and gossiped with one of these garrulous cronies in the very teeth of a December blast.

Between the doctor and the housekeeper it may easily be supposed that Dolph had a busy life of it. As Frau Ilsy kept the keys, and literally ruled the roast, it was starvation to offend her, though he found the study of her temper more perplexing even than that of medicine. When not busy in the laboratory, she kept him running hither and thither on her errands; and on Sundays he was obliged to accompany her to and from church, and carry her Bible. Many a time has the poor varlet stood shivering and blowing his fingers, or holding his frost-bitten nose, in the church-yard, while Ilsy and her cronies were huddled together, wagging their heads, and tearing some unlucky character to pieces.

With all his advantages, however, Dolph made very slow progress in his art. This was no fault of the doctor's, certainly, for he took unwearied pains with the lad, keeping him close to the pestle and mortar, or on the trot about town with phials and pill-boxes; and if he ever flagged in his industry, which he was rather apt to do, the doctor would fly into a passion, and ask him if he ever expected to learn his profession, unless he applied himself closer to the study. The fact is, he still retained the fondness for sport and mischief that had marked his childhood; the habit, indeed, had strengthened with his years, and gained force from being thwarted and constrained. He daily grew more and more

untractable, and lost favor in the eyes, both of the doctor and the housekeeper.

In the mean time the doctor went on, waxing wealthy and renowned. He was famous for his skill in managing cases not laid down in the books. He had cured several old women and young girls of witchcraft; a terrible complaint, and nearly as prevalent in the province in those days as hydrophobia is at present.

As the doctor increased in wealth, he began to extend his possessions, and to look forward, like other great men, to the time when he should retire to the repose of a country seat. For this purpose he had purchased a farm, or, as the Dutch settlers called it, a *bowerie*, a few miles from town. It had been the residence of a wealthy family, that had returned some time since to Holland. A large mansion house stood in the center of it, very much out of repair, and which, in consequence of certain reports, had received the appellation of the *haunted house*. Either from these reports, or from its actual dreariness, the doctor found it impossible to get a tenant; and that the place might not fall to ruin before he could reside in it himself, he placed a country boor, with his family, in one wing, with the privilege of cultivating the farm on shares.

The doctor now felt all the dignity of a landholder rising within him. He had a little of the German pride of territory in his composition, and almost looked upon himself as owner of a principality. He began to complain of the fatigue of business; and was fond of riding out "to look at his estate." His little expeditions to his lands were attended with a bustle and parade that created a sensation through the neighborhood. His wall-eyed horse stood, stamping and whisking off the flies, for a full hour before the house. Then the doctor's saddle-bags would be brought out and adjusted; then, after a little while, his cloak would be rolled up and strapped to the saddle; then his umbrella would be

buckled to the cloak; while, in the mean time, a group of ragged boys, that observant class of beings, would gather before the door. At length the doctor would issue forth, in a pair of jack-boots that reached above his knees, and a cocked hat flapped down in front. As he was a short, fat man, he took some time to mount into the saddle; and when there, he took some time to have the saddle and stirrups properly adjusted, enjoying the wonder and admiration of the urchin crowd. Even after he had set off, he would pause in the middle of the street, or trot back two or three times to give some parting orders; which were answered by the housekeeper from the door, or Dolph from the study, or the black cook from the cellar, or the chambermaid from the garret window; and there were generally some last words bawled after him, just as he was turning the corner.

The whole neighborhood would be aroused by this pomp and circumstance. The cobbler would leave his last; the barber would thrust out his frizzled head, with a comb sticking in it; a knot would collect at the grocer's door, and the word would be buzzed from one end of the street to the other, "The doctor's riding out to his country seat!"

These were golden moments for Dolph. No sooner was the doctor out of sight, than pestle and mortar were abandoned; the laboratory was left to take care of itself, and the student was off on some madcap frolic.

Indeed, it must be confessed, the youngster, as he grew up, seemed in a fair way to fulfil the prediction of the old claret-colored gentleman. He was the ringleader of all holiday sports, and midnight gambols; ready for all kinds of mischievous pranks, and hair-brained adventures.

There is nothing so troublesome as a hero on a small scale, or, rather, a hero in a small town. Dolph soon became the abhorrence of all drowsy, housekeeping old citizens, who hated noise, and had no relish for waggery. The good dames, too, considered him as little better than a

reprobate, gathered their daughters under their wings whenever he approached, and pointed him out as a warning to their sons. No one seemed to hold him in much regard, except the wild striplings of the place, who were captivated by his open-hearted, daring manners, and the negroes, who always look upon every idle, do-nothing youngster, as a kind of gentleman. Even the good Peter de Groodt, who had considered himself a kind of patron of the lad, began to despair of him, and would shake his head dubiously, as he listened to a long complaint from the housekeeper, and sipped a glass of her raspberry brandy.

Still his mother was not to be wearied out of her affection by all the waywardness of her boy, nor disheartened by the stories of his misdeeds, with which her good friends were continually regaling her. She had, it is true, very little of the pleasure which rich people enjoy, in always hearing their children praised; but she considered all this ill-will as a kind of persecution which he suffered, and she liked him the better on that account. She saw him growing up a fine, tall, good-looking youngster, and she looked at him with the secret pride of a mother's heart. It was her great desire that Dolph should appear like a gentleman, and all the money she could save went towards helping out his pocket and his wardrobe. She would look out of the window after him, as he sallied forth in his best array, and her heart would yearn with delight; and once, when Peter de Groodt, struck with the youngster's gallant appearance on a bright Sunday morning, observed, "Well, after all, Dolph does grow a comely fellow!" the tear of pride started into the mother's eye; "Ah, neighbor! neighbor!" exclaimed she, "they may say what they please, poor Dolph will yet hold up his head with the best of them!"

Dolph Heyliger had now nearly attained his one-and-twentieth year, and the term of his medical studies was just expiring; yet it must be confessed, that he knew little more

of the profession than when he first entered the doctor's doors. This, however, could not be from any want of quickness of parts, for he showed amazing aptness in mastering other branches of knowledge, which he could only have studied at intervals. He was, for instance, a sure marksman, and won all the geese and turkeys at Christmas holidays. He was a bold rider; he was famous for leaping and wrestling; he played tolerably on the fiddle; could swim like a fish; and was the best hand in the whole place at fives or nine-pins.

All these accomplishments, however, procured him no favor in the eyes of the doctor, who grew more and more crabbed and intolerant the nearer the term of apprenticeship approached. Frau Ilsy, too, was forever finding some occasion to raise a windy tempest about his ears; and seldom encountered him about the house, without a clatter of the tongue; so that at length the jingling of her keys as she approached, was to Dolph like the ringing of the prompter's bell, that gives notice of a theatrical thunder-storm. Nothing but the infinite good humor of the heedless youngster enabled him to bear all this domestic tyranny without open rebellion. It was evident that the doctor and his housekeeper were preparing to beat the poor youth out of the nest, the moment his term should have expired; a short-hand mode which the doctor had of providing for useless disciples.

Indeed the little man had been rendered more than usually irritable lately, in consequence of various cares and vexations which his country estate had brought upon him. The doctor had been repeatedly annoyed by the rumors and tales which prevailed concerning the old mansion; and found if difficult to prevail even upon the countryman and his family to remain there rent free. Every time he rode out to the farm he was teased by some fresh complaint of strange noises and fearful sights, with which the tenants were dis-

turbed at night; and the doctor would come home fretting and fuming, and vent his spleen upon the whole household. It was indeed a sore grievance that affected him both in pride and purse. He was threatened with an absolute loss of the profits of his property; and then, what a blow to his territorial consequence, to be the landlord of a haunted house!

It was observed, however, that with all his vexations, the doctor never proposed to sleep in the house himself; nay, he could never be prevailed upon to remain on the premises after dark, but made the best of his way for town as soon as the bats began to flit about in the twilight. The fact was, the doctor had a secret belief in ghosts, having passed the early part of his life in a country where they particularly abound; and indeed the story went, that, when a boy, he had once seen the devil upon the Hartz Mountains in Germany.

At length the doctor's vexations on this head were brought to a crisis. One morning as he sat dozing over a volume in his study, he was suddenly startled from his slumbers by the bustling in of the housekeeper.

"Here's a fine to do!" cried she, as she entered the room. "Here's Claus Hopper come in, bag and baggage from the farm, and swears he'll have nothing more to do with it. The whole family have been frightened out of their wits; for there's such racketing and rummaging about the old house, that they can't sleep quiet in their beds!"

"Donner and blitzen!" cried the doctor, impatiently; "will they never have done chattering about that house? What a pack of fools, to let a few rats and mice frighten them out of good quarters!"

"Nay, nay," said the housekeeper, wagging her head knowingly, and piqued at having a good ghost story doubted, "there's more in it than rats and mice. All the neighborhood talks about the house; and then such sights as have

been seen in it! Peter de Groodt tells me, that the family that sold you the house, and went to Holland, dropped several strange hints about it, and said, 'they wished you joy of your bargain'; and you know yourself there's no getting any family to live in it."

"Peter de Groodt's a ninny—an old woman," said the doctor, peevishly; "I'll warrant he's been filling these people's heads full of stories. It's just like his nonsense about the ghost that haunted the church belfry, as an excuse for not ringing the bell that cold night when Harmanus Brinkerhoff's house was on fire. Send Claus to me."

Claus Hopper now made his appearance: a simple country lout, full of awe at finding himself in the very study of Dr. Knipperhausen, and too much embarrassed to enter into much detail of the matters that had caused his alarm. He stood twirling his hat in one hand, resting sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, looking occasionally at the doctor, and now and then stealing a fearful glance at the death's-head that seemed ogling him from the top of the clothes-press.

The doctor tried every means to persuade him to return to the farm, but all in vain; he maintained a dogged determination on the subject; and at the close of every argument or solicitation would make the same brief, inflexible reply, "Ich kan nicht, mynheer." The doctor was a "little pot, and soon hot;" his patience was exhausted by these continual vexations about his estate. The stubborn refusal of Claus Hopper seemed to him like flat rebellion, his temper suddenly boiled over, and Claus was glad to make a rapid retreat to escape scalding.

When the bumpkin got to the housekeeper's room, he found Peter de Groodt, and several other true believers, ready to receive him. Here he indemnified himself for the restraint he had suffered in the study, and opened a budget of stories about the haunted house that astonished all his

hearers. The housekeeper believed them all, if it was only to spite the doctor for having received her intelligence so uncourteously. Peter de Groodt matched them with many a wonderful legend of the times of the Dutch dynasty, and of the Devil's Stepping-stones; and of the pirate hanged at Gibbet Island, that continued to swing there at night long after the gallows was taken down; and of the ghost of the unfortunate Governor Leisler, hanged for treason, which haunted the old fort and the government house. The gossiping knot dispersed, each charged with direful intelligence. The sexton disburdened himself at a vestry meeting that was held that very day, and the black cook forsook her kitchen, and spent half the day at the street-pump, that gossiping-place of servants, dealing forth the news to all that came for water. In a little time the whole town was in a buzz with tales about the haunted house. Some said that Claus Hopper had seen the devil, while others hinted that the house was haunted by the ghosts of some of the patients whom the doctor had physicked out of the world, and that was the reason why he did not venture to live in it himself.

All this put the little doctor in a terrible fume. He threatened vengeance on any one who should affect the value of his property by exciting popular prejudices. He complained loudly of thus being in a manner dispossessed of his territories by mere bugbears; but he secretly determined to have the house exorcised by the Dominie. Great was his relief, therefore, when in the midst of his perplexities, Dolph stepped forward and undertook to garrison the haunted house. The youngster had been listening to all the stories of Claus Hopper and Peter de Groodt: he was fond of adventure, he loved the marvelous, and his imagination had become quite excited by these tales of wonder. Besides, he had led such an uncomfortable life at the doctor's, being subjected to the intolerable thralldom of early hours, that he was delighted at the prospect of having a house to himself,

even though it should be a haunted one. His offer was eagerly accepted, and it was determined he should mount guard that very night. His only stipulation was, that the enterprise should be kept secret from his mother; for he knew the poor soul would not sleep a wink if she knew her son was waging war with the powers of darkness.

When night came on he set out on this perilous expedition. The old black cook, his only friend in the household, had provided him with a little mess for supper, and a rushlight; and she tied round his neck an amulet, given her by an African conjuror, as a charm against evil spirits. Dolph was escorted on his way by the doctor and Peter de Groodt, who had agreed to accompany him to the house, and to see him safe lodged. The night was overcast, and it was very dark when they arrived at the grounds which surrounded the mansion. The sexton led the way with a lantern. As they walked along the avenue of acacias, the fitful light, catching from bush to bush, and tree to tree, often startled the doughty Peter, and made him fall back upon his followers; and the doctor grappled still closer hold of Dolph's arm, observing that the ground was very slippery and uneven. At one time they were nearly put to total rout by a bat, which came flitting about the lantern; and the notes of the insects from the trees, and the frogs from a neighboring pond, formed a most drowsy and doleful concert.

The front door of the mansion opened with a grating sound, that made the doctor turn pale. They entered a tolerably large hall, such as is common in American country-houses, and which serves for a sitting-room in warm weather. From this they went up a wide staircase, that groaned and creaked as they trod, every step making its particular note, like the key of a harpsichord. This led to another hall on the second story, whence they entered the room where Dolph was to sleep. It was large, and scantily furnished, the shutters were closed; but as they were much broken,

there was no want of a circulation of air. It appeared to have been that sacred chamber, known among Dutch housewives by the name of "the best bed-room;" which is the best furnished room in the house, but in which scarce anybody is ever permitted to sleep. Its splendor, however, was all at an end. There were a few broken articles of furniture about the room, and in the center stood a heavy deal table and a large arm-chair, both of which had the look of being coëval with the mansion. The fireplace was wide, and had been faced with Dutch tiles, representing Scripture stories; but some of them had fallen out of their places and lay scattered about the hearth. The sexton lit the rush-light; and the doctor, looking fearfully about the room, was just exhorting Dolph to be of good cheer, and to pluck up a stout heart, when a noise in the chimney, like voices in struggling, struck a sudden panic into the sexton. He took to his heels with the lantern; the doctor followed hard after him; the stairs groaned and creaked as they hurried down, increasing their agitation and speed by its noises. The front door slammed after them, and Dolph heard them scrabbling down the avenue, till the sound of their feet was lost in the distance. That he did not join in this precipitate retreat might have been owing to his possessing a little more courage than his companions, or perhaps that he had caught a glimpse of the cause of their dismay, in a nest of chimney swallows that came tumbling down into the fireplace.

Being now left to himself, he secured the front door by a strong bolt and bar; and having seen that the other entrances were fastened, returned to his desolate chamber. Having made his supper from the basket which the good old cook had provided, he locked the chamber door, and retired to rest on a mattress in one corner. The night was calm and still; and nothing broke upon the profound quiet, but the lonely chirping of a cricket from the chimney of a distant chamber. The rush-light, which stood in the center of

the deal-table, shed a feeble yellow ray, dimly illumining the chamber, and making uncouth shapes and shadows on the walls, from the clothes which Dolph had thrown over a chair.

With all his boldness of heart, there was something subduing in this desolate scene, and he felt his spirits flag within him, as he lay on his hard bed and gazed about the room. He was turning over in his mind his idle habits, his doubtful prospects, and now and then heaving a heavy sigh as he thought on his poor old mother; for there is nothing like the silence and loneliness of night to bring dark shadows over the brightest mind. By and by he thought he heard a sound as of some one walking below stairs. He listened, and distinctly heard a step on the great staircase. It approached solemnly and slowly, tramp—tramp—tramp! It was evidently the tread of some heavy personage; and yet how could he have got into the house without making a noise? He had examined all the fastenings, and was certain that every entrance was secure. Still the steps advanced, tramp—tramp—tramp! It was evident that the person approaching could not be a robber, the step was too loud and deliberate; a robber would either be stealthy or precipitate. And now the footsteps had ascended the staircase; they were slowly advancing along the passage, resounding through the silent and empty apartments. The very cricket had ceased its melancholy note, and nothing interrupted their awful distinctness. The door which had been locked on the inside, slowly swung open, as if self-moved. The footsteps entered the room; but no one was to be seen. They passed slowly and audibly across it, tramp—tramp—tramp! but whatever made the sound was invisible. Dolph rubbed his eyes, and stared about him; he could see to every part of the dimly-lighted chamber; all was vacant; yet still he heard those mysterious footsteps, solemnly walking about the chamber. They ceased. and all was dead

silence. There was something more appalling in this invisible visitation, than there would have been in anything that addressed itself to the eyesight. It was awfully vague and indefinite. He felt his heart beat against his ribs; a cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; he lay for some time in a state of violent agitation; nothing, however, occurred to increase his alarm. His light gradually burnt down into the socket, and he fell asleep. When he awoke it was broad daylight; the sun was peering through the cracks of the window-shutters, and the birds were merrily singing about the house. The bright cheery day soon put to flight all the terrors of the preceding night. Dolph laughed, or rather tried to laugh, at all that had passed, and endeavored to persuade himself that it was a mere freak of the imagination conjured up by the stories he had heard; but he was a little puzzled to find the door of his room locked on the inside, notwithstanding that he had positively seen it swing open as the footsteps had entered. He returned to town in a state of considerable perplexity; but he determined to say nothing on the subject, until his doubts were either confirmed or removed by another night's watching. His silence was a grievous disappointment to the gossips who had gathered at the doctor's mansion. They had prepared their minds to hear direful tales and were almost in a rage at being assured he had nothing to relate.

The next night, then, Dolph repeated his vigil. He now entered the house with some trepidation. He was particular in examining the fastenings of all the doors, and securing them well. He locked the door of his chamber, and placed a chair against it; then having dispatched his supper, he threw himself on his mattress and endeavored to sleep. It was all in vain; a thousand crowding fancies kept him waking. The time slowly dragged on, as if minutes were spinning themselves out into hours. As the night advanced, he grew more and more nervous; and he almost started from his couch

when he heard the mysterious footstep again on the staircase. Up it came, as before, solemnly and slowly, tramp—tramp—tramp! It approached along the passage; the door again swung open, as if there had been neither lock nor impediment, and a strange looking figure stalked into the room. It was an elderly man, large and robust, clothed in the old Flemish fashion. He had on a kind of short coat, with a garment under it, belted round the waist; trunk hose, with great bunches or bows at the knees; and a pair of russet boots, very large at top, and standing widely from his legs. His hat was broad and slouched, with a feather trailing over one side. His iron-gray hair hung in thick masses on his neck; and he had a short grizzled beard. He walked slowly round the room, as if examining that all was safe; then, hanging his hat on a peg beside the door, he sat down in the elbow chair, and, leaning his elbow on the table, fixed his eyes on Dolph with an unmoving and deadening stare.

Dolph was not naturally a coward; but he had been brought up in an implicit belief in ghosts and goblins. A thousand stories came swarming to his mind that he had heard about this building; and as he looked at this strange personage, with his uncouth garb, his pale visage, his grizzly beard, and his fixed, staring, fish-like eye, his teeth began to chatter, his hair to rise on his head, and a cold sweat to break out all over his body. How long he remained in this situation he could not tell, for he was like one fascinated. He could not take his gaze off from the specter; but lay staring at him, with his whole intellect absorbed in the contemplation. The old man remained seated behind the table, without stirring, or turning an eye, always keeping a dead steady glare upon Dolph. At length the household cock from a neighboring farm, clapped his wings, and gave a loud cheerful crow that rung over the fields. At the sound the old man slowly rose, and took down his hat from the peg; the door opened, and closed after him; he was heard to go

slowly down the staircase, tramp—tramp—tramp!—and when he had got to the bottom, all was again silent. Dolph lay and listened earnestly; counted every footfall; listened and listened, if the steps should return, until, exhausted by watching and agitation, he fell into a troubled sleep.

Daylight again brought fresh courage and assurance. He would fain have considered all that had passed as a mere dream; yet there stood the chair in which the unknown had seated himself: there was the table on which he had leaned; there was the peg on which he had hung his hat; and there was the door locked precisely as he himself had locked it, with the chair placed against it. He hastened down stairs, and examined the doors and windows; all were exactly in the same state in which he had left them, and there was no apparent way by which any being could have entered and left the house, without leaving some trace behind. "Pooh!" said Dolph to himself, "it was all a dream,"—but it would not do; the more he endeavored to shake the scene off his mind, the more it haunted him.

Though he persisted in a strict silence as to all that he had seen or heard, yet his looks betrayed the uncomfortable night that he had passed. It was evident that there was something wonderful hidden under this mysterious reserve. The doctor took him into the study, and locked the door, and sought to have a full and confidential communication; but he could get nothing out of him. Frau Ilsy took him aside into the pantry, but to as little purpose, and Peter de Groodt held him by the button for a full hour, in the church-yard, the very place to get at the bottom of a ghost story, but came off not a whit wiser than the rest. It is always the case, however, that one truth concealed makes a dozen current lies. It is like a guinea locked up in a bank, that has a dozen paper representatives. Before the day was over, the neighborhood was full of reports. Some said that Dolph Heyliger watched in the haunted house, with pistols loaded

with silver bullets; others, that he had a long talk with a specter without a head; others, that Doctor Knipperhausen and the sexton had been hunted down the Bowery lane, and quite into town, by a legion of ghosts of their customers. Some shook their heads; and thought it a shame the doctor should put Dolph to pass the night alone in that dismal house, where he might be spirited away, no one knew whither.

These rumors at length reached the ears of the good Dame Heyliger, and, as may be supposed, threw her into a terrible alarm. For her son to have exposed himself to danger from living foes, would have nothing so dreadful in her eyes, as to dare alone the terrors of the haunted house. She hastened to the doctor's, and passed a great part of the day in attempting to dissuade Dolph from repeating his vigil; she told him a score of tales, which her gossiping friends had just related to her, of persons who had been carried off, when watching alone in old ruinous houses. It was all to no effect. Dolph's pride, as well as curiosity, was piqued. He endeavored to to calm the apprehensions of his mother, and to assure her that there was no truth in all the rumors she had heard; she looked at him dubiously and shook her head; but finding his determination was not to be shaken, she brought him a little thick Dutch Bible, with brass clasps, to take with him, as a sword wherewith to fight the powers of darkness; and, lest that might not be sufficient, the housekeeper gave him the Heidelberg catechism by way of dagger.

The next night, therefore, Dolph took up his quarters for the third time in the old mansion. Whether dream or not, the same thing was repeated. Towards midnight, when everything was still, the same sound echoed through the empty halls—tramp—tramp—tramp! The stairs were again ascended; the door again swung open; the old man entered, walked round the room, hung up his hat, and seated himself by the table. The same fear and trembling came over poor Dolph, though not in so violent a degree. He lay in the

same way, motionless and fascinated, staring at the figure which regarded him as before with a dead, fixed, chilling gaze. In this way they remained for a long time, till, by degrees, Dolph's courage began gradually to revive. Whether alive or dead, this being had certainly some object in his visitation; and he recollected to have heard it said, spirits have no power to speak until spoken to. Summoning up resolution, therefore, and making two or three attempts, before he could get his parched tongue in motion, he addressed the unknown in the most solemn form of adjuration, and demanded to know what was the motive of his visit.

No sooner had he finished, than the old man rose, took down his hat, the door opened, and he went out, looking back upon Dolph just as he crossed the threshold, as if expecting him to follow. The youngster did not hesitate an instant. He took the candle in his hand, and the Bible under his arm, and obeyed the tacit invitation. The candle emitted a feeble, uncertain ray; but still he could see the figure before him slowly descend the stairs. He followed trembling. When it had reached the bottom of the stairs, it turned through the hall towards the back door of the mansion. Dolph held the light over the balustrades; but in his eagerness to catch a sight of the unknown, he flared his feeble taper so suddenly, that it went out. Still there was sufficient light from the pale moonbeams, that fell through a narrow window, to give him an indistinct view of the figure, near the door. He followed, therefore, down-stairs, and turned towards the place; but when he arrived there, the unknown had disappeared. The door remained fast barred and bolted; there was no other mode of exit; yet the being, whatever he might be, was gone. He unfastened the door, and looked out into the fields. It was a hazy, moonlight night, so that the eye could distinguish objects at some distance. He thought he saw the unknown in a footpath which led from the door. He was not mistaken; but how had he got out of the house?

He did not pause to think, but followed on. The old man proceeded at a measured pace, without looking about him, his footsteps sounding on the hard ground. He passed through the orchard of apple-trees, always keeping the foot-path. It led to a well, situated in a little hollow, which had supplied the farm with water. Just at this well Dolph lost sight of him. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; but nothing was to be seen of the unknown. He reached the well, but nobody was there. All the surrounding ground was open and clear; there was no bush nor hiding-place. He looked down the well, and saw, at a great depth, the reflection of the sky in the still water. After remaining here for some time, without seeing or hearing anything more of his mysterious conductor, he returned to the house, full of awe and wonder. He bolted the door, groped his way back to bed, and it was long before he could compose himself to sleep.

His dreams were strange and troubled. He thought he was following the old man along the side of a great river, until they came to a vessel on the point of sailing; and that his conductor led him on board and vanished. He remembered the commander of the vessel, a short, swarthy man, with crisp black hair, blind of one eye, and lame of one leg; but the rest of his dream was very confused. Sometimes he was sailing; sometimes on shore; now amidst storms and tempests, and now wandering quietly in unknown streets. The figure of the old man was strangely mingled up with the incidents of the dream, and the whole distinctly wound up by his finding himself on board of the vessel again, returning home, with a great bag of money!

When he woke, the gray, cool light of dawn was streaking the horizon, and the cocks passing the reveille from farm to farm throughout the country. He rose more harassed and perplexed than ever. He was singularly confounded by all that he had seen and dreamt, and began to doubt whether

his mind was not affected, and whether all that was passing in his thoughts might not be mere feverish fantasy. In his present state of mind, he did not feel disposed to return immediately to the doctor's, and undergo the cross-questioning of the household. He made a scanty breakfast, therefore, on the remains of the last night's provisions, and then wandered out into the fields to meditate on all that had befallen him. Lost in thought, he rambled about, gradually approaching the town, until the morning was far advanced, when he was aroused by a hurry and bustle around him. He found himself near the water's edge, in a throng of people, hurrying to a pier, where was a vessel ready to make sail. He was unconsciously carried along by the impulse of the crowd, and found that it was a sloop, on the point of sailing up the Hudson to Albany. There was much leave-taking and kissing of old women and children and great activity in carrying on board baskets of bread and cakes, and provisions of all kinds, notwithstanding the mighty joints of meat that dangled over the stern; for a voyage to Albany was an expedition of great moment in those days. The commander of the sloop was hurrying about, and giving a world of orders, which were not very strictly attended to; one man being busy in lighting his pipe, and another in sharpening his snicker-snee.

The appearance of the commander suddenly caught Dolph's attention. He was short and swarthy, with crisp black hair; blind of one eye and lame of one leg—the very commander that he had seen in his dream! Surprised and aroused, he considered the scene more attentively, and recalled still further traces of his dream: the appearance of the vessel, of the river, a variety of other objects, accorded with the imperfect images vaguely rising to recollection.

As he stood musing on these circumstances, the captain suddenly called out to him in Dutch, "Step on board, young man, or you'll be left behind!" He was startled by the

summons; he saw that the sloop was cast loose, and was actually moving from the pier; it seemed as if he was actuated by some irresistible impulse; he sprang upon the deck, and the next moment the sloop was hurried off by the wind and tide. Dolph's thoughts and feelings were all in tumult and confusion. He had been strongly worked upon by the events which had recently befallen him, and could not but think there was some connection between his present situation and his last night's dream. He felt as if under supernatural influence; and tried to assure himself with an old and favorite maxim of his, that "one way or other, all would turn out for the best." For a moment, the indignation of the doctor at his departure, without leave, passed across his mind, but that was matter of little moment; then he thought of the distress of his mother at his strange disappearance, and the idea gave him a sudden pang; he would have entreated to be put on shore, but he knew with such wind and tide the entreaty would have been in vain. Then the inspiring love of novelty and adventure came rushing in full tide through his bosom; he felt himself launched strangely and suddenly on the world, and under full way to explore the regions of wonder that lay up this mighty river, and beyond those blue mountains which had bounded his horizon since childhood. While he was lost in this whirl of thought, the sails strained to the breeze; the shores seemed to hurry away behind him; and before he perfectly recovered his self-possession, the sloop was plowing her way past Spiking-devil and Yonkers, and the tallest chimney of the Manhattoes had faded from his sight.

I have said that a voyage up the Hudson in those days was an undertaking of some moment; indeed, it was as much thought of as a voyage to Europe is at present. The sloops were often many days on the way; the cautious navigators taking in sail when it blew fresh, and coming to anchor at night; and stopping to send the boat ashore for milk for tea,

without which it was impossible for the worthy old lady passengers to subsist. And there were the much-talked-of perils of the Tappaan Zee, and the highlands. In short, a prudent Dutch burgher would talk of such a voyage for months, and even years, beforehand; and never undertook it without putting his affairs in order, making his will, and having prayers said for him in the Low Dutch churches.

In the course of such a voyage, therefore, Dolph was satisfied he would have time enough to reflect, and to make up his mind as to what he should do when he arrived at Albany. The captain, with his blind eye, and lame leg, would, it is true, bring his strange dream to mind, and perplex him sadly for a few moments; but of late his life had been made up so much of dreams and realities, his nights and days had been so jumbled together, that he seemed to be moving continually in a delusion. There is always, however, a kind of vagabond consolation in a man's having nothing in this world to lose; with this Dolph comforted his heart, and determined to make the most of the present enjoyment.

PART II.

In the second day of the voyage they came to the highlands. It was the latter part of a calm, sultry day, that they floated gently with the tide between these stern mountains. There was that perfect quiet which prevails over nature in the languor of summer heat; the turning of a plank, or the accidental falling of an oar on deck, was echoed from the mountain side, and reverberated along the shores; and if by chance the captain gave a shout of command, there were airy tongues which mocked it from every cliff.

Dolph gazed about him in mute delight and wonder at these scenes of nature's magnificence. To the left the Dunderberg reared its woody precipices, height over height

forest over forest, away into the deep summer sky. To the right strutted forth the bold promontory of Antony's Nose, with a solitary eagle wheeling about it; while beyond, mountain succeeded to mountain, until they seemed to lock their arms together, and confine this mighty river in their embraces. There was a feeling of quiet luxury in gazing at the broad, green bosoms here and there scooped out among the precipices; or at woodlands high in air, nodding over the edge of some beetling bluff, and their foliage all transparent in the yellow sunshine.

In the midst of his admiration, Dolph remarked a pile of bright, snowy clouds, peering above the western heights. It was succeeded by another, and another, each seemingly pushing onwards its predecessor, and towering, with dazzling brilliancy, in the deep blue atmosphere: and now muttering peals of thunder were faintly heard rolling behind the mountains. The river, hitherto still and glassy, reflecting pictures of the sky and land, now showed a dark ripple at a distance, as the breeze came creeping up it. The fish-hawks wheeled and screamed, and sought their nests on the high dry trees; the crows flew clamorously to the crevices of the rocks, and all nature seemed conscious of the approaching thunder-gust.

The clouds now rolled in volumes over the mountain-tops; their summits still bright and snowy, but the lower parts of an inky blackness. The rain began to patter down in broad and scattered drops; the wind freshened, and curled up the waves; at length it seemed as if the bellying clouds were torn open by the mountain-tops, and complete torrents of rain came rattling down. The lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, and streamed quivering against the rocks, splitting and rending the stoutest forest-trees. The thunder burst in tremendous explosions; the peals were echoed from mountain to mountain; they crashed upon Dunderberg, and rolled up the long defile of the highlands, each headland

making a new echo, until old Bull Hill seemed to bellow back the storm.

For a time the scudding rack and mist, and the sheeted rain, almost hid the landscape from the sight. There was a fearful gloom, illumined still more fearfully by the streams of lightning which glittered among the raindrops. Never had Dolph beheld such an absolute warring of the elements; it seemed as if the storm was tearing and rending its way through this mountain defile, and had brought all the artillery of heaven into action.

The vessel was hurried on by the increasing wind, until she came to where the river makes a sudden bend, the only one in the whole course of its majestic career.* Just as they turned the point, a violent flaw of wind came sweeping down a mountain gully, bending the forest before it, and in a moment lashing up the river into white froth and foam. The captain saw the danger, and cried out to lower the sail. Before the order could be obeyed, the flaw struck the sloop, and threw her on her beam ends. Everything now was fright and confusion: the flapping of the sails, the whistling and rushing of the wind, the bawling of the captain and crew, the shrieking of the passengers, all mingled with the rolling and bellowing of the thunder. In the midst of the uproar the sloop righted; at the same time the mainsail shifted, the boom came sweeping the quarter deck, and Dolph, who was gazing unguardedly at the clouds, found himself, in a moment, floundering in the river.

For once in his life one of his idle accomplishments was of use to him. The many truant hours he had devoted to sporting in the Hudson had made him an expert swimmer; yet with all his strength and skill he found great difficulty in reaching the shore. His disappearance from the deck had not been noticed by the crew, who were all occupied by

* This must have been the bend at West Point.

their own danger. The sloop was driven along with inconceivable rapidity. She had hard work to weather a long promontory on the eastern shore, round which the river turned, and which completely shut her from Dolph's view.

It was on a point of the western shore that he landed, and, scrambling up the rocks, threw himself, faint and exhausted, at the foot of a tree. By degrees the thundergust passed over. The clouds rolled away to the east, where they lay piled in feathery masses, tinted with the last rosy rays of the sun. The distant play of the lightning might be seen about the dark bases, and now and then might be heard the faint muttering of the thunder. Dolph rose, and sought about to see if any path led from the shore, but all was savage and trackless. The rocks were piled upon each other; great trunks of trees lay shattered about, as they had been blown down by the strong winds which draw through these mountains, or had fallen through age. The rocks, too, were overhung with wild vines and briers, which completely matted themselves together, and opposed a barrier to all ingress; every movement that he made shook down a shower from the dripping foliage. He attempted to scale one of these almost perpendicular heights; but, though strong and agile, he found it an Herculean undertaking. Often he was supported merely by crumbling projections of the rock, and sometimes he clung to roots and branches of trees, and hung almost suspended in the air. The wood-pigeon came cleaving his whistling flight by him, and the eagle screamed from the brow of the impending cliff. As he was thus clambering, he was on the point of seizing hold of a shrub to aid his ascent, when something rustled among the leaves, and he saw a snake, quivering along like lightning, almost from under his hand. It coiled itself up immediately, in an attitude of defiance, with flattened head, distended jaws, and quickly vibrating tongue, that played like a little flame about its mouth. Dolph's heart turned faint within him, and he had

well nigh let go his hold, and tumbled down the precipice. The serpent stood on the defensive but for an instant; and finding there was no attack, glided away into a cleft of the rock. Dolph's eye followed it with fearful intensity, and saw a nest of adders, knotted, and writhing, and hissing in the chasm. He hastened with all speed from so frightful a neighborhood. His imagination, full of this new horror, saw an adder in every curling vine, and heard the tail of a rattlesnake in every dry leaf that rustled.

At length he succeeded in scrambling to the summit of a precipice; but it was covered by a dense forest. Wherever he could gain a look out between the trees, he beheld heights and cliffs, one rising beyond another, until huge mountains overtopped the whole. There were no signs of cultivation; no smoke curling among the trees to indicate a human residence. Everything was wild and solitary. As he was standing on the edge of a precipice overlooking a deep ravine fringed with trees, his feet detached a great fragment of rock; it fell, crashing its way through the tree-tops, down into the chasm. A loud whoop, or rather yell, issued from the bottom of the glen; the moment after there was the report of a gun; and a ball came whistling over his head, cutting the twigs and leaves, and burying itself deep in the bark of a chestnut-tree.

Dolph did not wait for a second shot, but made a precipitate retreat; fearing every moment to hear the enemy in pursuit. He succeeded, however, in returning unmolested to the shore, and determined to penetrate no farther into a country so beset with savage perils.

He sat himself down, dripping, disconsolately, on a stone. What was to be done? where was he to shelter himself? The hour of repose was approaching; the birds were seeking their nests, the bat began to flit about in the twilight, and the night-hawk, soaring high in the heaven, seemed to be calling out the stars. Night gradually closed in, and

wrapped everything in gloom; and though it was the latter part of summer, the breeze stealing along the river, and among these dripping forests, was chilly and penetrating, especially to a half-drowned man.

As he sat drooping and despondent in this comfortless condition, he perceived a light gleaming through the trees near the shore, where the winding of the river made a deep bay. It cheered him with the hope of a human habitation, where he might get something to appease the clamorous cravings of his stomach, and what was equally necessary in his shipwrecked condition, a comfortable shelter for the night. With extreme difficulty he made his way toward the light, along the ledges of rocks, down which he was in danger of sliding into the river, and over great trunks of fallen trees; some of which had been blown down in the late storm, and lay so thickly together, that he had to struggle through their branches. At length he came to the brow of a rock overhanging a small dell, whence the light proceeded. It was from a fire at the foot of a great tree in the midst of a grassy interval or plat among the rocks. The fire cast up a red glare among the gray crags, and impending trees; leaving chasms of deep gloom, that resembled entrances to caverns. A small brook rippled close by, betrayed by the quivering reflection of the flame. There were two figures moving about the fire, and others squatted before it. As they were between him and the light, they were in complete shadow; but one of them happening to move round to the opposite side, Dolph was startled at perceiving, by the glare falling on painted features, and glittering on silver ornaments, that he was an Indian. He now looked more narrowly, and saw guns leaning against a tree, and a dead body lying on the ground. Here was the very foe that had fired at him from the glen. He endeavored to retreat quietly, not caring to intrust himself to these half-human beings in so savage and lonely a place. It was too late: the Indian, with that eagle

quickness of eye so remarkable in his race, perceived something stirring among the bushes on the rock: he seized one of the guns that leaned against the tree; one moment more, and Dolph might have had his passion for adventure cured by a bullet. He halloed loudly, with the Indian salutation of friendship: the whole party sprang upon their feet; the salutation was returned, and the straggler was invited to join them at the fire.

On approaching, he found, to his consolation, the party was composed of white men, as well as Indians. One, evidently the principal personage, or commander, was seated on a trunk of a tree before the fire. He was a large, stout man, somewhat advanced in life, but hale and hearty. His face was bronzed almost to the color of an Indian's; he had strong but rather jovial features, an aquiline nose, and a mouth shaped like a mastiff's. His face was half thrown in shade by a broad hat, with a buck's tail in it. His gray hair hung short in his neck. He wore a hunting-frock, with Indian leggins, and moccasins, and a tomahawk in the broad wampum-belt around his waist. As Dolph caught a distant view of his person and features, something reminded him of the old man of the haunted house. The man before him, however, was different in dress and age; he was more cheery too in aspect, and it was hard to find where the vague resemblance lay; but a resemblance there certainly was. Dolph felt some degree of awe in approaching him; but was assured by a frank, hearty welcome. He was still further encouraged by perceiving that the dead body, which had caused him some alarm, was that of a deer; and his satisfaction was complete in discerning, by savory steams from a kettle, suspended by a hooked stick over the fire, that there was a part cooking for the evening's repast.

He had, in fact, fallen in with a rambling hunting-party; such as often took place in those days among the settlers along the river. The hunter is always hospitable; and noth-

ing makes men more social and unceremonious than meeting in the wilderness. The commander of the party poured out a dram of cheering liquor, which he gave him with a merry leer, to warm his heart; and ordered one of his followers to fetch some garments from a pinnace, moored in a cove close by, while those in which our hero was dripping might be dried before the fire.

Dolph found, as he had suspected, that the shot from the glen, which had come so near giving him his quietus, when on the precipice, was from the party before him. He had nearly crushed one of them by the fragments of rock which he had detached; and the jovial old hunter, in the broad hat and buck-tail, had fired at the place where he saw the bushes move, supposing it to be some wild animal. He laughed heartily at the blunder; it being what is considered an exceeding good joke among hunters: "but faith, my lad," said he, "if I had but caught a glimpse of you to take sight at, you would have followed the rock. Antony Vander Heyden is seldom known to miss his aim." These last words were at once a clue to Dolph's curiosity; and a few questions let him completely into the character of the man before him, and of his band of woodland rangers. The commander in the broad hat and hunting frock was no less a personage than the Heer Antony Vander Heyden, of Albany, of whom Dolph had many a time heard. He was, in fact, the hero of many a story; his singular humors and whimsical habits, being matters of wonder to his quiet Dutch neighbors. As he was a man of property, having had a father before him, from whom he inherited large tracts of wild land, and whole barrels full of wampum, he could indulge his humors without control. Instead of staying quietly at home, eating and drinking at regular meal times, amusing himself by smoking his pipe on the bench before the door, and then turning into a comfortable bed at night, he delighted in all kinds of rough, wild expeditions; never so happy as when on a hunt.

ing party in the wilderness, sleeping under trees or bark sheds, or cruising down the river, or on some woodland lake, fishing or fowling, and living the Lord knows how.

He was a great friend to Indians, and to an Indian mode of life; which he considered true natural liberty and manly enjoyment. When at home he had always several Indian hangers-on, who loitered about his house, sleeping like hounds in the sunshine; or preparing hunting and fishing tackle for some new expedition; or shooting at marks with bows and arrows.

Over these vagrant beings Heer Antony had as perfect command as a huntsman over his pack; though they were great nuisances to the regular people of his neighborhood. As he was a rich man, no one ventured to thwart his humors; indeed, his hearty, joyous manner made him universally popular. He would troll a Dutch song as he tramped along the street; hail every one a mile off, and when he entered a house, would slap the good man familiarly on the back, shake him by the hand till he roared, and kiss his wife and daughter before his face—in short, there was no pride or ill humor about Heer Antony.

Besides his Indian hangers-on, he had three or four humble friends among the white men, who looked up to him as a patron, and had the run of his kitchen, and the favor of being taken with him occasionally on his expeditions. With a medley of such retainers he was at present on a cruise along the shores of the Hudson, in a pinnace kept for his own recreation. There were two white men with him, dressed partly in the Indian style, with moccasins and hunting shirts; the rest of his crew consisted of four favorite Indians. They had been prowling about the river without any definite object until they found themselves in the highlands, where they had passed two or three days, hunting the deer which still lingered among these mountains.

"It is lucky for you, young man," said Antony Vander

Heyden, "that you happened to be knocked overboard to-day; as to-morrow morning we start early on our return homewards; and you might then have looked in vain for a meal among the mountains—but come, lads, stir about! stir about! let's see what prog we have for supper; the kettle has boiled long enough; my stomach cries cupboard, and I'll warrant our guest is in no mood to dally with his trencher."

There was a bustle now in the little encampment; one took off the kettle and turned a part of the contents into a huge wooden bowl. Another prepared a flat rock for a table; while a third brought various utensils from the pinnace; Heer Antony himself brought a flask or two of precious liquor from his own private locker, knowing his boon companions too well to trust any of them with the key.

A rude but hearty repast was soon spread; consisting of venison smoking from the kettle, with cold bacon, boiled Indian corn, and mighty loaves of good brown household bread. Never had Dolph made a more delicious repast.

The Heer Antony grew chirping and joyous; told half a dozen stories, at which his white followers laughed immoderately, though the Indians, as usual, maintained an invincible gravity.

"This is your true life, my boy!" said he. slapping Dolph on the shoulder; "a man is never a man till he can defy wind and weather, range woods and wilds, sleep under a tree, and live on bass-wood leaves!"

The repast being ended, the Indians, having smoked their pipes, now wrapped themselves in their blankets, stretched themselves on the ground, with their feet to the fire, and soon fell asleep, like so many tired hounds. The rest of the party remained chatting before the fire, which the gloom of the forest, and the dampness of the air from the late storm, rendered extremely grateful and comforting. The conversation gradually moderated from the hilarity of supper-time, and turned upon hunting adventures, and exploits and perils in the wil-

derness, many of which were so strange and improbable, that I will not venture to repeat them, lest the veracity of Antony Vander Heyden and his comrades should be brought into question. There were many legendary tales told, also, about the river and the settlements on its borders, in which valuable kind of lore the Heer Antony seemed deeply versed. As the sturdy bush-beater sat in a twisted root of a tree, that served him for an arm-chair, dealing forth these wild stories, with the fire gleaming on his strongly-marked visage, Dolph was again repeatedly perplexed by something that reminded him of the phantom of the haunted house; some vague resemblance not to be fixed upon any precise feature or lineament, but pervading the general air of his countenance and figure.

The circumstance of Dolph's falling overboard led to the relation of divers disasters and singular mishaps that had befallen voyagers on this great river, particularly in the earlier periods of colonial history; most of which the Heer deliberately attributed to supernatural causes. Dolph stared at this suggestion; but the old gentleman assured him it was very currently believed by the settlers along the river, that these highlands were under the dominion of supernatural and mischievous beings, which seemed to have taken some pique against the Dutch colonists in the early time of the settlement. In consequence of this, they have ever taken particular delight in venting their spleen, and indulging their humors, upon the Dutch skippers, bothering them with flaws, head-winds, counter currents, and all kinds of impediments; insomuch, that a Dutch navigator was always obliged to be exceedingly wary and deliberate in his proceedings; to come to anchor at dusk; to drop his peak, or take in sail, whenever he saw a swag-bellied cloud rolling over the mountains; in short, to take so many precautions, that he was often apt to be an incredible time in toiling up the river.

Some, he said, believed these mischievous powers of the air to be evil spirits conjured up by the Indian wizards, in the early times of the province, to revenge themselves on the strangers who had dispossessed them of their country. They even attributed to their incantations the misadventure which befell the renowned Hendrick Hudson, when he sailed so gallantly up this river in quest of a northwest passage, and, as he thought, ran his ship aground; which they affirm was nothing more nor less than a spell of these same wizards, to prevent his getting to China in this direction.

The moon had just raised her silver horns above the round back of Old Bull Hill, and lit up the gray rocks and shagged forests, and glittered on the waving bosom of the river. The night dew was falling, and the late gloomy mountains began to soften and put on a gray aërial tint in the dewy light. The hunters stirred the fire, and threw on fresh fuel to qualify the damp of the night air. They then prepared a bed of branches and dry leaves under a ledge of rocks for Dolph; while Antony Vander Heyden, wrapping himself in a huge coat of skins, stretched himself before the fire. It was some time, however, before Dolph could close his eyes. He lay contemplating the strange scene before him: the wild woods and rocks around; the fire throwing fitful gleams on the faces of the sleeping savages; and the Heer Antony, too, who so singularly, yet vaguely, reminded him of the nightly visitant to the haunted house. Now and then he heard the cry of some wild animal from the forest; or the hooting of the owl; or the notes of the whippoorwill, which seemed to abound among these solitudes; or the splash of a sturgeon, leaping out of the river, and falling back full length on its placid surface. He contrasted all this with his accustomed nest in the garret room of the doctor's mansion; where the only sounds at night were the church clock telling the hour; the drowsy voice of the watchman, drawling out all was well; the deep snoring of

the doctor's clubbed nose from below stairs; or the cautious labors of some carpenter rat gnawing in the wainscot. His thoughts then wandered to his poor old mother: what would she think of his mysterious disappearance—what anxiety and distress would she not suffer? This thought would continually intrude itself to mar his present enjoyment. It brought with it a feeling of pain and compunction, and he fell asleep with the tears yet standing in his eyes.

Were this a mere tale of fancy, here would be a fine opportunity for weaving in strange adventures among these wild mountains and roving hunters; and, after involving my hero in a variety of perils and difficulties, rescuing him from them all by some miraculous contrivance; but as this is absolutely a true story, I must content myself with simple facts, and keep to probabilities.

At an early hour of the next day, therefore, after a hearty morning's meal, the encampment broke up, and our adventurers embarked in the pinnace of Anthony Vander Heyden. There being no wind for the sails, the Indians rowed her gently along, keeping time to a kind of chant of one of the white men. The day was serene and beautiful; the river without a wave; and as the vessel cleft the glassy water, it left a long, undulating track behind. The crows, who had scented the hunters' banquet, were already gathering and hovering in the air, just where a column of thin, blue smoke, rising from among the trees, showed the place of their last night's quarters. As they coasted along the basis of the mountains, the Heer Antony pointed out to Dolph a bald eagle, the sovereign of these regions, who sat perched on a dry tree that projected over the river; and, with eye turned upwards, seemed to be drinking in the splendor of the morning sun. Their approach disturbed the monarch's meditations. He first spread one wing, and then the other; balanced himself for a moment; and then, quitting his perch with dignified composure, wheeled slowly over their heads.

Dolph snatched up a gun, and sent a whistling ball after him, that cut some of the feathers from his wing; the report of the gun leaped sharply from rock to rock, and awakened a thousand echoes; but the monarch of the air sailed calmly on, ascending higher and higher, and wheeling widely as he ascended, soaring up the green bosom of the woody mountains, until he disappeared over the brow of a beetling precipice. Dolph felt in a manner rebuked by this proud tranquillity, and almost reproached himself for having so wantonly insulted this majestic bird. Heer Antony told him, laughing, to remember that he was not yet out of the territories of the lord of the Dunderberg; and an old Indian shook his head, and observed, that there was bad luck in killing an eagle; the hunter, on the contrary should always leave him a portion of his spoils.

Nothing, however, occurred to molest them on their voyage. They passed pleasantly through magnificent and lonely scenes, until they came to where Pollopol's Island lay, like a floating bower, at the extremity of the highlands. Here they landed, until the heat of the day should abate, or a breeze spring up that might supersede the labor of the oar. Some prepared the mid-day meal, while others reposed under the shade of the trees, in luxurious summer indolence, looking drowsily forth upon the beauty of the scene. On the one side were the highlands, vast and cragged, feathered on the top with forests, and throwing their shadows on the glassy water that dimpled at their feet. On the other side was a wide expanse of the river, like a broad lake, with long sunny reaches, and green headlands; and the distant line of Shawangunk mountains waving along a clear horizon, or checkered by a fleecy cloud.

But I forbear to dwell on the particulars of their cruise along the river; this vagrant, amphibious life, careering across silver sheets of water; coasting wild woodland shores; banqueting on shady promontories, with the spread

ing tree overhead, the river curling its light foam to one's feet, and distant mountain, and rock, and tree, and snowy cloud, and deep blue sky, all mingling in summer beauty before one; all this, though never cloying in the enjoyment, would be but tedious in narration.

When encamped by the water-side, some of the party would go into the woods and hunt; others would fish; sometimes they would amuse themselves by shooting at a mark, by leaping, by running, by wrestling; and Dolph gained great favor in the eyes of Antony Vander Heyden, by his skill and adroitness in all these exercises; which the Heer considered as the highest of manly accomplishments.

Thus did they coast jollily on, choosing only the pleasant hours for voyaging; sometimes in the cool morning dawn, sometimes in the sober evening twilight, and sometimes when the moonshine spangled the crisp curling waves that whispered along the sides of their little bark. Never had Dolph felt so completely in his element; never had he met with anything so completely to his taste as this wild hap-hazard life. He was the very man to second Antony Vander Heyden in his rambling humors, and gained continually on his affections. The heart of the old bushwhacker yearned toward the young man, who seemed thus growing up in his own likeness; and as they approached to the end of their voyage, he could not help inquiring a little into his history. Dolph frankly told him his course of life, his severe medical studies, his little proficiency, and his very dubious prospects. The Heer was shocked to find that such amazing talents and accomplishments were to be cramped and buried under a doctor's wig. He had a sovereign contempt for the healing art, having never had any other physician than the butcher. He bore a mortal grudge to all kinds of study also, ever since he had been flogged about an unintelligible book when he was a boy. But to think that a young fellow like Dolph, of such wonderful abilities, who could shoot, fish, run, jump,

ride, and wrestle should be obliged to roll pills, and administer juleps for a living—'twas monstrous! He told Dolph never to despair, but to "throw physic to the dogs;" for a young fellow of his prodigious talents could never fail to make his way. "As you seem to have no acquaintance in Albany," said Heer Antony, "you shall go home with me, and remain under my roof until you can look about you; and in the mean time we can take an occasional bout at shooting and fishing, for it is a pity that such talents should lie idle."

Dolph, who was at the mercy of chance, was not hard to be persuaded. Indeed, on turning over matters in his mind, which he did very sagely and deliberately, he could not but think that Antony Vander Heyden was, "somehow or other," connected with the story of the Haunted House; that the misadventure in the highlands, which had thrown them so strangely together, was, "somehow or other," to work out something good: in short, there is nothing so convenient as this "somehow or other" way of accommodating one's self to circumstances; it is the main stay of a heedless actor, and tardy reasoner, like Dolph Heyliger; and he who can, in this loose, easy way, link foregone evil to anticipated good, possesses a secret of happiness almost equal to the philosopher's stone.

On their arrival at Albany, the sight of Dolph's companion seemed to cause universal satisfaction. Many were the greetings at the river-side, and the salutations in the streets; the dogs bounded before him; the boys whooped as he passed; everybody seemed to know Antony Vander Heyden. Dolph followed on in silence, admiring the neatness of this worthy burgh; for in those days Albany was in all its glory, and inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, not having as yet been discovered and colonized by the restless people of New England. Everything was quiet and orderly; everything was conducted

calmly and leisurely; no hurry, no bustle, no struggling and scrambling for existence. The grass grew about the unpaved streets, and relieved the eye by its refreshing verdure. Tall sycamores or pendant willows shaded the houses, with caterpillars swinging, in long silken strings, from their branches; or moths, fluttering about like coxcombs, in joy at their gay transformation. The houses were built in the old Dutch style, with the gable ends towards the street. The thrifty housewife was seated on a bench before her door, in close-crimped cap, bright-flowered gown, and white apron, busily employed in knitting. The husband smoked his pipe on the opposite bench, and the little pet negro girl, seated on the step at her mistress's feet, was industriously plying her needle. The swallows sported about the eaves, or skimmed along the streets, and brought back some rich booty for their clamorous young; and the little housekeeping wren flew in and out of a Lilliputian house, or an old hat nailed against the wall. The cows were coming home, lowing through the streets, to be milked at their owner's door; and if, perchance, there were any loiterers, some negro urchin, with a long goad, was gently urging them homewards.

As Dolph's companion passed on, he received a tranquil nod from the burghers, and a friendly word from their wives; all calling him familiarly by the name of Antony; for it was the custom in this stronghold of the patriarchs, where they had all grown up together from childhood, to call each other by the Christian name. The Heer did not pause to have his usual jokes with them, for he was impatient to reach his home. At length they arrived at his mansion. It was of some magnitude, in the Dutch style, with large iron figures on the gables, that gave the date of its erection, and showed that it had been built in the earliest times of the settlement.

The news of Heer Antony's arrival had preceded him, and the whole household was on the look-out. A crew of negroes, large and small, had collected in front of the house

to receive him. The old white-headed ones, who had grown gray in his service, grinned for joy, and made many awkward bows and grimaces, and the little ones capered about his knees. But the most happy being in the household was a little, plump, blooming lass, his only child, and the darling of his heart. She came bounding out of the house; but the sight of a strange young man with her father called up, for a moment, all the bashfulness of a home-bred damsel. Dolph gazed at her with wonder and delight; never had he seen, as he thought, anything so comely in the shape of a woman. She was dressed in the good old Dutch taste, with long stays, and full, short petticoats, so admirably adapted to show and set off the female form. Her hair, turned up under a small round cap, displayed the fairness of her forehead; she had fine, blue, laughing eyes, a trim, slender waist,—in a word, she was a little Dutch divinity; and Dolph, who never stopped half-way in a new impulse, fell desperately in love with her.

Dolph was now ushered into the house with a hearty welcome. In the interior was a mingled display of Heer Antony's taste and habits, and of the opulence of his predecessors. The chambers were furnished with good old mahogany; the beaufets and cupboards glittered with embossed silver, and painted china. Over the parlor fireplace was, as usual, the family coat of arms, painted and framed; above which was a long duck fowling-piece, flanked by an Indian pouch, and a powder-horn. The room was decorated with many Indian articles, such as pipes of peace, tomahawks, scalping-knives, hunting-pouches, and belts of wampum; and there were various kinds of fishing-tackle, and two or three fowling-pieces in the corners. The household affairs seemed to be conducted, in some measure, after the master's humors; corrected, perhaps, by a little quiet management of the daughter's. There was a great degree of patriarchal simplicity, and good-humored indulgence.

The negroes came into the room without being called, merely to look at their master, and hear of his adventures; they would stand listening at the door until he had finished a story, and then go off on a broad grin, to repeat it in the kitchen. A couple of pet negro children were playing about the floor with the dogs, and sharing with them their bread and butter. All the domestics looked hearty and happy; and when the table was set for the evening repast, the variety and abundance of good household luxuries bore testimony to the open-handed liberality of the Heer and the notable housewifery of his daughter.

In the evening there dropped in several of the worthies of the place, the Van Rensselaers and the Gansevoorts, and the Rosebooms and others of Antony Vander Heyden's intimates, to hear an account of his expeditions; for he was the Sinbad of Albany, and his exploits and adventures were favorite topics of conversation among the inhabitants. While these sat gossiping together about the door of the hall, and telling long twilight stories, Dolph was cozily seated, entertaining the daughter on a window-bench. He had already got on intimate terms; for those were not times of false reserve and idle ceremony; and, besides, there is something wonderfully propitious to a lover's suit, in the delightful dusk of a long summer evening; it gives courage to the most timid tongue, and hides the blushes of the bashful. The stars alone twinkled brightly; and now and then a fire-fly streamed his transient light before the window, or, wandering into the room, flew gleaming about the ceiling.

The chamber in which our hero was lodged was spacious, and paneled with oak. It was furnished with clothes presses, and mighty chests of drawers, well waxed, and glittering with brass ornaments. These contained ample stock of family linen; for the Dutch housewives had always a laudable pride in showing off their household treasures to strangers.

Dolph's mind, however, was too full to take particular note of the objects around him; yet he could not help continually comparing the free, open-hearted cheeriness of this establishment, with the starveling, sordid, joyless housekeeping at Dr. Knipperhausen's. Still, something marred the enjoyment: the idea that he must take leave of his hearty host, and pretty hostess, and cast himself once more adrift upon the world. To linger here would be folly: he should only get deeper in love; and for a poor varlet, like himself, to aspire to the daughter of the great Heer Vander Heyden—it was madness to think of such a thing!

"This is a fine conclusion, truly, of my voyage," said he, as he almost buried himself in a sumptuous feather-bed, and drew the fresh white sheets up to his chin. "Here am I, instead of finding a bag of money to carry home, launched, in a strange place, with scarcely a stiver in my pocket; and, what is worse, have jumped ashore up to my very ears in love into the bargain. However," added he, after some pause, stretching himself, and turning himself in bed, "I'm in good quarters for the present, at least; so I'll e'en enjoy the present moment, and let the next take care of itself; I dare say all will work out, 'somehow or other,' for the best."

As he said these words, he reached out his hand to extinguish the candle, when he was suddenly struck with astonishment and dismay, for he thought he beheld the phantom of the haunted house, staring on him from a dusky part of the chamber. A second look reassured him, as he perceived that what he had taken for the specter was, in fact, nothing but a Flemish portrait, hanging in a shadowy corner, just behind a clothes-press. It was, however, the precise representation of his nightly visitor. The same cloak and belted jerkin, the same grizzled beard and fixed eye, the same broad slouched hat, with a feather hanging over one side. Dolph now called to mind the resemblance he had frequently remarked between his host and the old man of the haunted

house; and was fully convinced they were in some way connected, and that some especial destiny had governed his voyage. He lay gazing on the portrait with almost as much awe as he had gazed on the ghostly original, until the shrill house-clock warned him of the lateness of the hour. He put out the light; but remained for a long time turning over these curious circumstances and coincidences in his mind, until he fell asleep. His dreams partook of the nature of his waking thoughts. He fancied that he still lay gazing on the picture, until, by degrees, it became animated; that the figure descended from the wall, and walked out of the room; that he followed it, and found himself by the well, to which the old man pointed, smiled on him, and disappeared.

In the morning, when he waked, he found his host standing by his bedside, who gave him a hearty morning's salutation, and asked him how he had slept. Dolph answered cheerily; but took occasion to inquire about the portrait that hung against the wall. "Ah," said Herr Antony, "that's a portrait of old Killian Vander Spiegel, once a burgomaster of Amsterdam, who, on some popular troubles, abandoned Holland, and came over to the province during the government of Peter Stuyvesant. He was my ancestor by the mother's side, and an old miserly curmudgeon he was. When the English took possession of New Amsterdam, in 1664, he fell into a melancholy, apprehending that his wealth would be taken from him, and he come to beggary. He turned all his property into cash, and used to hide it away. He was for a year or two concealed in various places, fancying himself sought after by the English, to strip him of his wealth; and finally he was found dead in his bed one morning, without any one being able to discover where he had concealed the greater part of his money."

When his host had left the room, Dolph remained for some time lost in thought. His whole mind was occupied by what he had heard. Vander Spiegel was his mother's

family name; and he recollected to have heard her speak of this very Killian Vander Spiegel as one of her ancestors. He had heard her say, too, that her father was Killian's rightful heir, only that the old man died without leaving anything to be inherited. It now appeared that Heer Antony was likewise a descendant, and perhaps an heir also, of this poor rich man; and that thus the Heyligers and the Vander Heydens were remotely connected. "What," thought he, "if, after all, this is the interpretation of my dream, that this is the way I am to make my fortune by this voyage to Albany, and that I am to find the old man's hidden wealth in the bottom of that well? But what an odd, roundabout mode of communicating the matter! Why the plague could not the old goblin have told me about the well at once, without sending me all the way to Albany, to hear a story that was to send me all the way back again?"

These thoughts passed through his mind while he was dressing. He descended the stairs, full of perplexity, when the bright face of Marie Vander Heyden suddenly beamed in smiles upon him, and seemed to give him a clue to the whole mystery. "After all," thought he, "the old goblin is in the right. If I am to get his wealth, he means that I shall marry his pretty descendant; thus both branches of the family will again be united, and the property go on in the proper channel."

No sooner did this idea enter his head, than it carried conviction with it. He was now all impatience to hurry back and secure the treasure, which, he did not doubt, lay at the bottom of the well, and which he feared every moment might be discovered by some other person. "Who knows," thought he, "but this night-walking old fellow of the haunted house may be in the habit of haunting every visitor, and may give a hint to some shrewder fellow than myself, who will take a shorter cut to the well than by the way of Albany?" He wished a thousand times that the babbling

old ghost was laid in the Red Sea, and his rambling portrait with him. He was in a perfect fever to depart. Two or three days elapsed before any opportunity presented for returning down the river. They were ages to Dolph, notwithstanding that he was basking in the smiles of the pretty Marie, and daily getting more and more enamored.

At length the very sloop from which he had been knocked overboard, prepared to make sail. Dolph made an awkward apology to his host for his sudden departure. Antony Van-der Heyden was sorely astonished. He had concerted half a dozen excursions into the wilderness; and his Indians were actually preparing for a grand expedition to one of the lakes. He took Dolph aside, and exerted his eloquence to get him to abandon all thoughts of business and to remain with him, but in vain; and he at length gave up the attempt, observing that "it was a thousand pities so fine a young man should throw himself away." Heer Antony, however, gave him a hearty shake by the hand at parting, with a favorite fowling-piece, and an invitation to come to his house whenever he revisited Albany. The pretty little Marie said nothing; but as he gave her a farewell kiss, her dimpled cheek turned pale, and a tear stood in her eye.

Dolph sprang lightly on board of the vessel. They hoisted sail; the wind was fair; they soon lost sight of Albany, its green hills, and embowered islands. They were wafted gayly past the Kaatskill Mountains, whose fairy heights were bright and cloudless. They passed prosperously through the highlands, without any molestation from the Dunderberg goblin and his crew; they swept on across Haverstraw Bay and by Croton Point, and through the Tappaan Zee, and under the Palisadoes, until, in the afternoon of the third day, they saw the promontory of Hoboken hanging like a cloud in the air; and, shortly after, the roofs of the Manhattoes rising out of the water.

Dolph's first care was to repair to his mother's house; for

he was continually goaded by the idea of the uneasiness she must experience on his account. He was puzzling his brains, as he went along, to think how he should account for his absence, without betraying the secrets of the haunted house. In the midst of these cogitations, he entered the street in which his mother's house was situated, when he was thunderstruck at beholding it a heap of ruins.

There had evidently been a great fire, which had destroyed several large houses, and the humble dwelling of poor Dame Heyliger had been involved in the conflagration. The walls were not so completely destroyed, but that Dolph could distinguish some traces of the scene of his childhood. The fireplace, about which he had often played still remained, ornamented with Dutch tiles, illustrating passages in Bible history, on which he had many a time gazed with admiration. Among the rubbish lay the wreck of the good dame's elbow-chair, from which she had given him so many a wholesome precept; and hard by it was the family Bible, with brass clasps; now, alas! reduced almost to a cinder.

For a moment Dolph was overcome by this dismal sight, for he was seized with the fear that his mother had perished in the flames. He was relieved, however, from this horrible apprehension, by one of the neighbors, who happened to come by and informed him that his mother was yet alive.

The good woman had, indeed, lost everything by this unlooked-for calamity; for the populace had been so intent upon saving the fine furniture of her rich neighbors, that the little tenement, and the little all of poor Dame Heyliger, had been suffered to consume without interruption; nay, had it not been for the gallant assistance of her old crony, Peter de Groodt, the worthy dame and her cat might have shared the fate of their habitation.

To the humble dwelling of Peter de Groodt, then, did Dolph turn his steps. On his way thither he recalled all the tenderness and kindness of his simple-hearted parent, her in-

dulgence of his errors, her blindness to his faults; and then he bethought himself of his own idle, harum-scarum life. "I've been a sad scapegrace," said Dolph, shaking his head sorrowfully. "I've been a complete sink-pocket, that's the truth of it.—But," added he briskly, and clasping his hands, "only let her live—only let her live—and I'll show myself indeed a son!"

As Dolph approached the house he met Peter de Groodt coming out of it. The old man started back aghast, doubting whether it was not a ghost that stood before him. It being bright daylight, however, Peter soon plucked up heart, satisfied that no ghost dare show his face in such clear sunshine. Dolph now learned from the worthy sexton the consternation and rumor to which his mysterious disappearance had given rise. It had been universally believed that he had been spirited away by those hobgoblin gentry that infested the haunted house; and old Abraham Vandozer, who lived by the great buttonwood-trees, near the three-mile stone, affirmed, that he had heard a terrible noise in the air, as he was going home late at night, which seemed just as if a flock of wild geese were overhead, passing off towards the northward. The haunted house was, in consequence, looked upon with ten times more awe than ever; nobody would venture to pass a night in it for the world, and even the doctor had ceased to make his expeditions to it in the daytime.

It required some preparation before Dolph's return could be made known to his mother, the poor soul having bewailed him as lost; and her spirits having been sorely broken down by a number of comforters, who daily cheered her with stories of ghosts, and of people carried away by the devil. He found her confined to her bed, with the other member of the Heyliger family, the good dame's cat, purring beside her, but sadly singed and utterly despoiled of those whiskers which were the glory of her physiognomy. The poor woman threw her arms about Dolph's neck: "My boy! my boy! art

thou still alive?" For a time she seemed to have forgotten all her losses and troubles in her joy at his return. Even the sage grimalkin showed indubitable signs of joy at the return of the youngster. She saw, perhaps, that they were a forlorn and undone family, and felt a touch of that kindliness which fellow-sufferers only know. But, in truth, cats are a slandered people; they have more affection in them than the world commonly gives them credit for.

The good dame's eyes glistened as she saw one being, at least, beside herself, rejoiced at her son's return. "Tib knows thee! poor dumb beast!" said she, smoothing down the mottled coat of her favorite; then recollecting herself, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Ah, my poor Dolph!" exclaimed she, "thy mother can help thee no longer! She can no longer help herself! What will become of thee, my poor boy!"

"Mother," said Dolph, "don't talk in that strain; I've been too long a charge upon you; it's now my part to take care of you in your old days. Come! be of good cheer! you, and I, and Tib will all see better days. I'm here, you see, young, and sound, and hearty; then don't let us despair; I dare say things will all, some how or other, turn out for the best."

The next morning, bright and early, Dolph was out at the haunted house. Everything looked just as he had left it. The fields were grass-grown and matted, and appeared as if nobody had traversed them since his departure. With palpitating heart he hastened to the well. He looked down into it, and saw that it was of great depth, with water at the bottom. He had provided himself with a strong line, such as the fishermen use on the banks of Newfoundland. At the end was a heavy plummet and a large fish-hook. With this he began to sound the bottom of the well, and to angle about in the water. The water was of some depth; there was also much rubbish, stones from the top having fallen in. Several times his hook got entangled, and he came near breaking his

line. Now and then, too, he hauled up mere trash, such as the skull of a horse, an iron hook, and a shattered iron-bound bucket. He had now been several hours employed without finding anything to repay his trouble, or to encourage him to proceed. He began to think himself a great fool, to be thus decoyed into a wild-goose chase by mere dreams, and was on the point of throwing line and all into the well, and giving up all further angling.

"One more cast of the line," said he, "and that shall be the last." As he sounded, he felt the plummet slip, as it were, through the interstices of loose stone; as he drew back the line, he felt that the hook had taken hold of something heavy. He had to manage his line with great caution, lest it should be broken by the strain upon it. By degrees the rubbish which lay upon the article he had hooked gave way; he drew it to the surface of the water, and what was his rapture at seeing something like silver glittering at the end of his line! Almost breathless with anxiety, he drew it up to the mouth of the well, surprised at its great weight, and fearing every instant that his hook would slip from its hold, and his prize tumble again to the bottom. At length he landed it safe beside the well. It was a great silver porringer, of an ancient form, richly embossed, and with armorial bearings engraved on its side, similar to those over his mother's mantel-piece. The lid was fastened down by several twists of wire; Dolph loosened them with a trembling hand, and, on lifting the lid, behold! the vessel was filled with broad, golden pieces, of a coinage which he had never seen before! It was evident he had lit on the place where Killian Vander Spiegel had concealed his treasure.

Fearful of being seen by some straggler, he cautiously retired, and buried his pot of money in a secret place. He now spread terrible stories about the haunted house, and deterred every one from approaching it, while he made frequent visits to it in stormy days, when no one was stirring in

the neighboring fields; though, to tell the truth, he did not care to venture there in the dark. For once in his life he was diligent and industrious, and followed up his new trade of angling with such perseverance and success, that in a little while he had hooked up wealth enough to make him in those moderate days, a rich burgher for life.

It would be tedious to detail minutely the rest of this story: to tell how he gradually managed to bring his property into use without exciting surprise and inquiry—how he satisfied all scruples with regard to retaining the property, and at the same time gratified his own feelings by marrying the pretty Marie Vander Heyden—and how he and Heer Antony had many a merry and roving expedition together.

I must not omit to say however, that Dolph took his mother home to live with him, and cherished her in her old days. The good dame, too, had the satisfaction of no longer hearing her son made the theme of censure; on the contrary, he grew daily in public esteem; everybody spoke well of him and his wines; and the lordliest burgomaster was never known to decline his invitation to dinner. Dolph often related, at his own table, the wicked pranks which had once been the abhorrence of the town; but they were now considered excellent jokes, and the gravest dignitary was fain to hold his sides when listening to them. No one was more struck with Dolph's increasing merit than his old master the doctor; and so forgiving was Dolph, that he absolutely employed the doctor as his family physician, only taking care that his prescriptions should be always thrown out of the window. His mother had often her junto of old cronies to take a snug cup of tea with her in her comfortable little parlor; and Peter de Groodt, as he sat by the fireside with one of her grandchildren on his knee, would many a time congratulate her upon her son turning out so great a man; upon which the good old soul would wag her head

with exultation, and exclaim, "Ah, neighbor, neighbor! did I not say that Dolph would one day or other hold up his head with the best of them?"

Thus did Dolph Heyliger go on, cheerily and prosperously, growing merrier as he grew older and wiser, and completely falsifying the old proverb about money got over the devil's back; for he made good use of his wealth, and became a distinguished citizen, and a valuable member of the community.

Finally, he died, in a florid old age, of an apoplexy at a corporation feast, and was buried with great honors in the yard of the little Dutch church in Garden Street, where his tombstone may still be seen, with a modest epitaph in Dutch, by his friend Mynheer Justus Benson, an ancient and excellent poet of the province.

The foregoing tale rests on better authority than most tales of the kind, as I have it at second hand from the lips of Dolph Heyliger himself. He never related it till towards the latter part of his life, and then in great confidence (for he was very discreet) to a few of his particular cronies at his own table, over a supernumerary bowl of punch; and, strange as the hobgoblin parts of the story may seem, there never was a single doubt expressed on the subject by any of his guests. It may not be amiss, before concluding, to observe that, in addition to his other accomplishments, Dolph Heyliger was noted for being the ablest drawer of the long-bow in the whole province.

THE CRIME OF OLD BLAS.

BY

CATULLE MENDES.

PART I.

OLD BLAS AND YOUNG BLAS.

It is a pleasant thing to begin a hard day's work by sitting down in the low-ceilinged dining-room of the farm house, amid the copper vessels glistening in the opening daylight, before the well scrubbed wooden table and, leaning drowsily on the elbow, to eat long slices of black bread, moistened in milk still foaming round the edge of the bowl.

Cadije, twenty-nine years old, bare-armed, her rosy face made still more glowing by her red cotton, Basque head-dress, goes to the foot of the staircase and cries, "Heavens! are they deaf, those people up there? Halloo, father, husband, boy! Are you not ashamed to be sleeping still, after I am up?"

It is a fine farm and pleasing to the eye. There are only twenty acres; but they are acres of the very richest soil well enclosed by a thick hedge. The long rows of apple trees are carefully placed at regular intervals; and under them the denizens of the barnyard, cackling on the turf, hissing around the pond, crowing on the fence-tops, hens and chickens, turkeys and geese, are a collection sufficient to satisfy any farmer's wife. And Cadije does feel very happy amid her fruit trees and her fowls. She goes and comes from morning till evening, doing the work of two; familiar with people generally, but not always good tempered, because you must scold sometimes to make both animals and men mind you.

There are in our Basque country, among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, generally near some mountain stream that roars and thunders along, many of these fertile farms, where the herbage thrives, and the branches are heavy with fruit. The hills guard them from the winds; the torrent widens into a placid river or flows into a lake. In short, a miniature Normandy, with its apple trees and grassy fields, can be found in these valleys.

Presently the rough staircase of white wood creaks heavily under the tread of descending feet. Old Blas appears, holding little Blas by the hand. The one was the father, the other the son, of Cadije.

They leaned on each other and were gradually becoming of the same height; little Blas increasing in stature as old Blas bent more and more. The latter was seventy-one years old, the former six.

A large face, very sunburned, with many wrinkles, short white hair and beard, little yellowish eyes always winking as if fatigued by seeing too many days—such was the old man. He was rather heavy, had short limbs, and wore the short vest of the Basque of the plain and the knitted cap with its large red tassel falling on his shoulder. He had lived—he now only existed. He had been a great gallant in his time; he had not had his equal in attacking the bull or throwing the ball; but he feels now that his time is past. He finds a heaviness, a trembling in his limbs formerly so quick and ready; and his head, which he carries a little bent towards the left, shakes involuntarily. His mind even is not as bright and clear as it used to be. It sometimes happens that he does not recall a thing that he had said the evening before. And sometimes, when they come back to the country, he does not recognize the comrades with whom he had emptied more than one bottle before the inn door in the old days. But what of all this? He knows enough yet, after his glass of cider, to tell a good story; he can still

walk his four leagues without a cane. He has no use for any support but the shoulder of his grandson. It sustains old Blas to hold up the boy.

The latter was a child of the mountains, robust and healthy. Nourished by a strong mother, by plain living, by the pure air that vivified his lungs, he had grown and hardened. A powerful and beautiful manhood was visible in his infancy. From his babyhood he had always been pretty, with that air of astonishment, even of wildness, which shows the mind that is always questioning and is beginning to comprehend. Restless and vivacious, he was still without care or anxiety. It was the highest pleasure of old Blas' life to kiss that blooming face, already a little tanned, fringed by rings of black hair, beneath which the clear blue eyes sparkled like the lakes of the mountains.

Behind these came Cadije's husband, the child's father, Antonin Perdigut. He was thirty years old and had that serious look which the man of the mountain valleys usually has. He walked with a measured step, without haste, but without hesitation—the step of a laborer.

Cadije kissed the three and they seated themselves around the table and ate in silence. Breakfast is not the hour for chatting and laughing. It is then necessary to keep your force and activity for the day's work, and not to dissipate it in badinage. But at evening, when the task is done, then you can amuse yourself; when you have paid your debt, you are permitted to be a prodigal.

Besides, they had slept late at the farm that morning, and it was the sowing season. Antonin Perdigut had to hasten to the field with his bag of grain on his shoulder. As to the grandfather, he was employed on a railroad which passed near by; an easy task, not at all fatiguing, which a child could have done, but which had been confided to the old man.

So, without speaking, they quietly softened the long pieces

of rye bread in the blue-tinted whiteness of the milk. From out of doors the rosy grayness of the morning, entering by the lowered windows, lifted little by little the long shadows from the wall. The darkness, already pierced by light, became less and less sombre, as if heavy curtains drawn upwards were vanishing one after another. The wakening of the farm resounded in the chattering of birds, the whispering of the leaves, the mooing from the stable, in all the mingled noises of farm animals, and in the freshly blowing, cool wind.

Old Blas, having emptied his bowl, spoke with a timid air: "It would be very nice to let the little one come with me to the bridge to amuse him—to amuse me, too. To see one train go by after another, all day long, is not very gay. I even get tired, after a while, of watching the flowing stream. Young people make the old young again. They put gayety in the aged spirits and light in the old eyes. The other day it rained the whole time, but Blas was with me, and on coming home I said, 'What beautiful weather we have had to-day!' Besides, it is very good for the child to breathe the pure air of the river side, and to play with the flowers by the side of my little hut."

"Do you mean," said Cadije, rising, "that the air at the farm is not good, or that there are no flowers in the garden? The child stays at home with me and the animals. If he wants to amuse himself, he can drive the geese along the road outside the hedge. He is small, it is true, but that has nothing to do with it; he must begin to make himself useful. You may be sure I am not going to let him go with you. The number of passing trains is frightful, and I don't like to have him play by the edge of the stream; the bank is slippery, and the stones keep rolling under your feet."

The boy had not made any objection at first, because he was still drinking his milk, but now he began to cry with a heartbroken air and to rub his eyes with his fists.

"Good, good," said Cadije, "what I have said is said.

You want to go with your grandfather, because he tells you stories, because he lets you run wherever you want to, because he spoils you; but I don't intend to have you spoiled. Didn't you come back in a beautiful state the other day? Wet with perspiration, trousers in tatters, thistles in your hair; it took me more than an hour to mend your blouse. If you don't know how to take care of a child, you ought not to ask to take him with you."

But little Blas kept on crying, and even old Blas had some moisture in his little, yellow eyes that was going to form a tear.

Antonin Perdigut then interposed, and having remarked that one time doesn't make a custom, said that she might, as an extraordinary favor, let the little one go with the grandfather to-day.

Cadije said no! a hundred times; scolded and talked and ended by saying, "At least, be as careful as you can, both of you." And when they had promised not to run on the way, not to approach too near the river, and especially to be very careful when the trains passed, then the mother added—

"Well, yes, I give my consent, but it is for the last time!"

They started out after many cautions and many kisses, with a slow step in order to prove how really careful they were going to be; they crossed the yard, and going through the wooden gate, went slowly along the hedge which was so low just there that they could still be seen. But when they had passed the low hedge and nobody in the house could see them,—how things changed then!

Young Blas pulled his hand loose, ran ahead, came back, jumped ditches, climbed trees, lost his hat in the branches, tore his trousers on the bark, and all the growing light of morning, and the cool breeze whispering among the branches, played around and about him; while the grandfather, old child that he was, who wanted to play too, followed, running

and murmuring in his white beard, "All right; the mother can't see us now; wake up, my boy!"

The boy ran, the old man laughed; and finally they arrived at the river's bank, before the bridge. The lumber rafts, and the sail boats, with their tall masts, float down the narrow and deep river, which here flows between a sandy beach and a mountain of black granite. At the foot of the mountain yawns the gloomy tunnel. There the trains disappear, after having crossed the little bridge of wood and iron, the thread that connects the bank of sand with the bank of rock.

The spot, solitary and bare as it is, appears more mournful on account of the high black mountain. But the sun, now fully risen, lightens and gilds the plains below where the farms here and there make isles of verdure.

At present, the drawbridge is raised. Quickly old Blas goes to see that the dew of the night has not rusted the chains; that the crank moves easily when pressed. It is his duty to raise the bridge when the rafts and boats go by, and to lower it again for the passage of trains, each time that the signal is given to him by the noise of the electric bell or, afterwards, by the whistle of the locomotive.

But little Blas don't trouble himself about the bridge and the crank and trains and boats; his duty to himself is to roll on the grass before the little wooden hut, which his grandfather has built by the side of the water as a shelter from the autumn rains. It is a pretty little house, which a young vine clothes in climbing verdure, and where the swallows come to drink the drops of dew from the gently-drooping cups of the morning-glory.

Then there is a garden, with paths bordered with wood, so narrow that it seems as if the old man wished that only the child should stroll there. And, besides, the plants are very small ones; pinks and tulips and pansies, upon which the little Blas is able to look down proudly from his own

lofty height. In the middle of the garden a sunflower raises itself pompously, like a very drum-major of flowers.

The machinery of the bridge put in order, the grandfather comes noiselessly, on tiptoe, and suddenly takes in his two great hands the head of the child, who turns quickly, at first frightened, then laughing.

"Ah! I have you! I have you! But I will let you go again. I catch birds and hold them a minute in my hand, so that they may have more pleasure when I let them fly away. You know, Blas, the stones are all ready to skip on the water; the flowers are only there in order to be gathered, and I don't even forbid your running over the beds. That is the way I bring up my children. These little angels should be little imps once in a while." Then he added, "Down in that clump of bushes I found a bird's nest; we will go and look for it pretty soon, when the train has passed."

But the little Blas had another plan. He gathered daisies and threw them, one by one, at the old man's head; the petals caught in the white hair, and soon old Blas had a beard of flowers. This was charming. He seated himself before the cabin, took the child on his knees and, in reprisal, tickled him with the daisy petals. All this occurred amid laughter, little cries of pure happiness, and scattered flowers, under the wheeling flight of swallows, and in the beautiful sunlight which grew clearer and more golden above their heads.

Then the boy, becoming serious, said suddenly, "I have played enough; now, tell me a story."

It was for that that old Blas waited. The child never failed to reward him with a kiss after a fine story all full of giants and fairies, and the pleasure of a good kiss is well worth the trouble of telling a story. But long ago the grandfather had told all his stories: "Hop o' My Thumb," "Blue Beard" and "Goldilocks." He had even bought from a peddler a big book which the man told him was full of very pretty stories. He found that the book was "An Essay

on the Establishment of French Banks on the Mississippi." Little Blas had asked for something more amusing.

Since then his memory was empty and his library useless. In order to earn his kiss the grandfather was obliged to become a poet. He lay awake nights, inventing wonderful adventures of princesses and fairies, which he repeated the next morning in the little hut.

"All right," he said, "a story; a story so beautiful that the little city boys have never heard its equal."

"What is it called?"

"It is the 'Story of the Little Boy who had no Ears, and of the Black Dog who smoked his Pipe.'"

"Oh!" said the child.

"Wait, and you will learn all about it," said the grandfather.

And little Blas, seated on the doorstep, raised his pretty sun-browned face with its laughing lovelocks, while old Blas commenced slowly and deliberately; a little disturbed, too, because the story was very complicated, and he was not quite sure that he had found the right ending.

PART II.

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO HAD NO EARS, AND OF THE BLACK DOG WHO SMOKED HIS PIPE.

"ONCE upon a time——"

"Where?"

"In a country. Once upon a time, there was a man and his wife, peasants, as we are, but much more unfortunate—a man and his wife to whom nothing ever happened, except that very frequently they had no bread for supper before going to sleep."

"But soup?"

"Not even the soup dish, for the cat had broken it. They were really very poor, and what made them sadder still was that their little boy was a child who had no ears."

"Then he could not hear!"

"Oh yes!"

"How?"

"By the nose, perhaps, or by the eyes. The story does not explain that."

Little Blas reflected a moment and then said: "It is not very amusing, this story."

"But this is only the beginning. You will see very soon. Now the boy who had no ears and who yet heard very well, heard his father tell his mother one day, that, in a mountain in that country, there was a cave where a very rich enchanter had concealed much gold and silver, and that, by permission of the enchanter, the treasure would belong to the one who had the courage to go to seek it amid a thousand dangers."

"An enchanter?"

"Like in the 'Blue Princess.'"

"Ah, yes!"

"Guignonet, for that was the boy's name, thought 'I should like to go to that mountain to see the enchanter's gold and silver, because we should then be rich, and father and mother would not have to work as they do, and we should not have to go to bed without any supper.' He was, you see, of a good disposition, this little boy without ears; and he resolved to start for the mountain all alone, without saying a word to anybody, because he wished to surprise his parents when he came back with the treasure. What made him hesitate a little was that he usually did not have much luck in what he undertook. When he did something very good, things turned out so that it seemed that he had done something very bad, and he was punished for his good intentions. There are many people like him in the world who

never meet with any success, and who are always wrongfully accused.

Thus, one day, seeing a beggar on the road, although he was very poor himself, Guignonet gave him a sou that he had received as a present. What do you think the beggar said to him? 'Thanks?' Not at all. He suddenly threw the sou in his face and cried out, shaking his fist, 'it is very wicked in you to try to deceive a poor beggar—the good God will punish you well.'"

"Why did the beggar say that?"

"The sou was bad; but that was not Guignonet's fault, as it had been given to him.

"Another time, during the night, he heard a hen cackle in the stable; it cackled and cackled. He felt so sorry for it that he jumped out of bed and went to the aid of the poor fowl. He found it tied in a round basket, and it cackled as if asking somebody to help it. Guignonet caressed it, but it still cackled. Then he said to himself, 'it must be that there is something in the basket that hurts it.' He wanted to help it, so he opened the basket. The hen flew out with wide-stretched wings, cackling louder than ever; and what do you think fell out of the basket? Two dozen eggs. And all the eggs were broken. You can imagine whether Guignonet was scolded by his parents who had put the eggs in the basket for the hen to hatch. Still the little earless boy wanted to help the hen.

"And wait; in regard to his ears; I must tell you how he lost them; because he was not born so. He was one time in the woods, when he was about eight years old, and he came upon a big black dog, seated on his haunches, who quietly smoked his pipe."

"Who smoked his pipe?"

"Yes. In the country where Guignonet lived, you met, very frequently, dogs who smoked while walking in the streets and on the roads. In our country, they are much more rare.

The dog that Guignonet met smoked his pipe quietly, or rather, he did not smoke, but that was not his fault, because the pipe had gone out.

"Guignonet approached him and said, 'Mr. Dog, if you wish, I will go to the village to get you some matches.' Was not that amiable and polite? Well, the dog raised himself on his paws, barked furiously, threw himself upon Guignonet and in two bites took off both his ears. Then turning and running quickly away, he disappeared in the forest."

"With Guignonet's ears?"

"With both ears."

"Say, grandfather, in the story, does he not get them back again later?"

"I can't tell you that yet. Who listens will know. You can understand that all these adventures had rendered Guignonet a little timid, but, nevertheless, the desire of doing good was stronger than the fear of being ill-treated, and so one night, when everybody in the house was asleep, he got up, took his shoes in his hand, so as to make no noise, went out, and, although it was very dark on the road, started without any fear for the mountain.

"Now, that mountain was all black like the one before us, and there was no road up it; and, besides, Guignonet did not know in what place he would find the cave, so that he was very much puzzled, and he was on the point of returning home when a great raven came flying around his head.

"As it flew, the raven croaked, but in a manner that had nothing frightful or terrible in it. You would have said on the contrary, that the great black bird had good intentions and wished to give good advice to the little earless boy.

"Guignonet looked at it, and it seemed to him that he had already seen that large, pointed head, which held in its beak a pine twig. No, he had never seen it, but the raven with the pine twig in its beak resembled, a little, the black dog who smoked his pipe.

"On account of this resemblance the child wished to flee, fearing for his eyes or his nose, since his ears were gone; but the raven flying over him said, 'Guignonet, don't be discouraged. The beggar to whom you gave the sou called you names. You were scolded for helping the cackling hen. The black dog has stolen your ears, because you offered to get him matches to light his pipe. Many other things have happened in which you had not the least luck, and it is on that account that you are called Guignonet, or Little Luckless. But sooner or later the good that you do will bring its reward, as the seed brings the harvest, as the acorn becomes the oak. Be always a good little boy, ready to sacrifice yourself for others, and do not trouble yourself about anything else. Now seat yourself between my wings, and I will carry you to the side of the cave where the enchanter has concealed his treasure.

"After speaking thus, the raven perched on the ground with wings extended. It was such a big bird that Guignonet, who was very little and very thin because he did not have much to eat, easily found room between the great wings.

"The raven flew off, but Guignonet was not afraid. He thought of the pleasure of his parents when he brought them the treasure of the mountain. After it had flown higher than the highest peak, the raven gradually descended into a clump of bushes in a kind of ravine which was very dark and very terrible, because you could see, shining here and there, the frighful eyes of owls.

"Guignonet jumped down, saying: 'Thanks, Mr. Raven. I pray you now to show me the way that leads to the cave.' But the bird was no longer a bird. It had changed very quickly into an old black dwarf, who looked with an evil smile and who had a pipe in his mouth. Guignonet thought again of the wicked dog who had stolen his ears. But he was not afraid, and he said: 'Mr. Dwarf, will you please show me

the road which leads to the cave of the enchanter?' Then it was terrible. The dwarf with a great stick, the owls with their beaks, began to beat, pinch and maltreat in every way the little earless boy. 'Go, you thief! You have no right to take money that does not belong to you! What would you do with the treasure of the mountains? You would buy marbles to play in the street, instead of going to school.' Guignonet answered: 'I can take the money, because it belongs to nobody, since the enchanter has left it for the most courageous of men. And I assure you, it is not to buy marbles that I want it; but so that my parents may not have to go to bed hungry, and that I may give alms to the beggars.' But they were useless words.

"The wicked birds and the cruel dwarf did not cease to abuse the little boy, who, finally fleeing, all bruised from the strokes of the stick, all bleeding from the bites of the beaks, slipped and slid down over the stony side of the ravine to a great hole that opened there.

Anybody else would have given up the enterprise on account of the injustice that was shown him. Guignonet did not lose courage for so little. He thought of nothing but of making his parents happy.

"It was very dark in the hole on which he had chanced, and in the blackness there was some kind of a beast, more black still, that looked like a wolf. It had between its teeth a bone that it had gnawed all white, so that you might well have taken it for a great pipe. The wolf said, 'Get out of my house, little wretch; I am the guardian of the treasure which is there under the stone, and I will not allow you to touch it.' But Guignonet threw himself boldly upon the wolf, and his desire to be useful lent him so much strength that he threw the beast over backwards, raised the stone that concealed the treasure, and there in place of the money and gold he had expected, he saw a little open casket in which was a great number of jewels, so beautiful that one alone

would have been enough to make the fortune of many kings. He seized the heavy box, while the wolf snapped at his heels and bit his legs: but Guignonet paid no attention to the sharp teeth that bit him. He thought of the happiness of his mother when she would have beautiful dresses like those of the city ladies, and when she would be able every day to give soup to the passing beggars.

"That was the kind of boy he was. It was all right for him to suffer, provided others were happy. Then, pursued by the wolf that clung close to his heels, he sought among the brambles to find the road that led to the foot of the mountain and to his home. He found a little stony path which descended very rapidly.

"But in the shadows all around him was a crowd of creatures, men and beasts, which ran backwards and forwards, crying with all their might, 'See the little boy who has committed a great crime;' and the birds following him, flying among the branches, sang, 'Catch the robber!'

"Guignonet was very sad because he was afraid that they would kill him, but more sad to see that everybody thought so badly of him. When he reached the plain, he believed that he was out of danger and that nobody could any longer call him wicked names. He already saw himself waking his father and mother in the little chamber. 'Behold the treasure concealed by the enchanter of the mountain cave, and which was reserved for the bravest of men! I have found it and I have brought it to you. Rejoice! Eat, drink, and share with all the world the fortune which I have gained at the peril of my life!'

"But things did not stop here as the little earless boy hoped. He saw suddenly by his side and in front of him three monstrous policemen, and as the moon had risen, he could see clearly the shining steel of their sabers and their white belts. But what was very extraordinary in these three policemen was that they all had, over their faces, great dog's

muzzles, and, nevertheless, they quietly smoked their pipes."

Old Blas had reached this point in his story when the electric bell was heard. The first train would soon pass; it was time to lower the bridge. He was just getting up, but little Blas stopped him, saying, "Then, grandfather, those policemen were dogs?"

"Real dogs," answered old Blas. And as he knew the train would not arrive for a quarter of an hour yet, and a couple of minutes were all that were necessary to lower the bridge, by means of the crank, he continued—

"At least they looked like real dogs, but, you know, in stories, people are not always what they seem.

"When the policemen saw Guignonet they ran to him, took his casket away from him and said, 'It is you, then, who robbed the travelers in the woods?'

"The earless boy answered, 'You are mistaken. I come from the mountain. I am carrying to my parents the treasure which belongs to the bravest.'

"They would not listen to a word. They put handcuffs on him and led him to the city prison. There he was placed in a very dark dungeon where the rats ran all over him. All the city was aroused. From his cell he heard the people outside say, 'Oh! Oh! He is arrested; that little thief! Who would have thought that Guignonet, with his honest face, was such a rascal?'

"In loneliness, he wept, knowing well that he had not wished to do wrong, and feeling that he had not really done wrong."

Here old Blas jumped up quickly. Two whistles were heard, and one could already see, below, the black rolling smoke. He ran toward the bridge, while the child began to play with the stones in the path. He began to turn the crank. He heard behind him, but still far off, the whistle, roar and thunder of the heavy locomotive and its long train of cars.

It was an express train. If old Blas had turned, he could have seen the travelers, whose heads were thrust out the windows, looking at the high mountain under which they were going.

The bridge descended slowly, had already descended a little more than a third of its way. Old Blas did not hurry; he had plenty of time. All was well. Suddenly there came a cry. He knew that voice; it was the voice of little Blas. Playing on the river's edge, on the sand and stones, the child had slipped, rolled down, fallen into the water. Alas, he saw his grandchild, his love, his darling, disappear in the current.

Old Blas was seventy-one, but he was strong, a splendid swimmer too. He dropped the crank and leaped toward the water. He would save his child, whose head appeared there, farther down.

But the train was now very near—if he did not hasten to lower the bridge, the locomotive would hurl itself against the massive platform; there would be a frightful disaster, the engine and cars would be crushed into fragments; and men and women would lie there, dead and dying.

The child appeared again, still farther off, calling to him, stretching his arms to him. What did the grandfather do? He turned, took the crank in his two strong hands, and very soon the bridge rested on the opposite side. The locomotive and its cars rolled over with the noise of thunder, buried itself in the tunnel and disappeared; there was only a distant roar that shook the mountain. The train had passed,—the child was drowned.

Old Blas, with horror-stricken eyes, stared at the river that had carried away little Blas.

He stood there, stupefied, watching the deep water and the flowing current. His little Blas was drowned, his little Blas was dead. Two things tormented him; its impossibility and its reality.

What! He would never see again that pretty, happy face, those clear blue eyes where laughed the sun? He would never hear again the cries of joy over a butterfly caught, or a bird pursued; never, never for him, poor old man, that ecstasy again.

He started to run along the bank. He would find the little body. He would again hold it in his arms. No! The river had too great a start. The current so quickly carries away bodies, especially when they are little and light.

And then, he must stay where he was, to watch over the road, to make the customary signals; he must remain at his post, since he was a kind of soldier. He would not even have the consolation of seeing the pale body of his grandson stopped by some tree, or caught in the grass.

"Did I do right in lowering the bridge? If I had left the crank alone without troubling myself about the train, if I had immediately thrown myself into the water, I could have saved my poor, dear child. The cars would have hurled themselves, broken into a frightful mass, against the bridge of iron and wood, many of the travelers would have perished; they would now be lying there bleeding, wounded, shattered. But what are the misfortunes and curses of others to me? A grandfather ought first to save his child. I did wrong to do my duty.

He said this in his sorrow, but it seemed to him, nevertheless, that he had done right. He should not even have hesitated between the life of his child and that of so many men and women. Yes, but it was terrible just the same. He was in despair and was fainting with grief. He gained the little flower-surrounded hut. He looked at the narrow walks that he had made for the saunterings of the boy, and throwing himself upon the ground caressed the place where the boy had seated himself to listen to the story. In his white beard, the daisies which little Blas had thrown at him,

still clung, and old Blas, picking them off, kissed them, with sobs that shook his whole body.

The setting sun reddened the granite mountain, like a fire in the depths of a black mirror, then, little by little, the shadows mounted, and, amid the great silence, old Blas heard only the sinister sound of the rushing waters.

It was time to go back to the farm. To enter alone without the child—what should he say to the mother? He took a staff from the hut; he needed it now. How gay supper had always been when the day's task was done! How many times he used to empty his glass of cider; and how would the lad, to whom the grandfather had been passing the tidbits of his supper, under the table, go to sleep finally in his high chair, tired and happy.

But this evening's supper! The old man walked slowly, like one who did not wish to advance. He rested against a tree as if not able to take another step, and leaned his head against the bark, weeping.

To tell this to Cadjie and the father? How? With what words? The cry of the mother, when he said to her, 'Little Blas is drowned'—that cry, sharp, bitter, terrible, already rang in his ears. And not only would he see his daughter sob, his son-in-law turn pale, not only would he witness their awful anguish, but he foresaw, as a supreme agony, their reproaches.

He understood it well. A father and mother would not stop to think whether he ought to consider others first and then himself and his own. "It was necessary to save the little one," Cadije would cry, "and let all those people that we do not know, die." Yes, Cadije would say that; and the old mind, troubled by that great catastrophe, thinks that perhaps she is right.

Heroic by instinct then, he was not sure now that he had done right and he thinks, perhaps he himself, if Cadije, on entering the house some evening, had said, "I have sacri-

ficed the little one in order to save a crowd of people "— perhaps he would have cried, "You are a bad mother."

All this weighed him down. He walked with head lowered and shoulders bent, like one who carries a heavy burden. He wished that the farm was very far off, ten leagues, twenty leagues, or that between it and him there was a lofty mountain peak that could not be climbed.

But no matter how slowly he walked, he had finally to come to his journey's end. It was now dark. He went along the hedge, bending down so as not to be seen. He remembered how joyously he had passed there that morning. And he was so weak that he was hardly able to open the wooden gate. He recoiled, alarmed at the noise of the dog's chain as he passed the kennel. He advanced toward the other side of the yard; the wide open door showed the well-lighted table where the supper was smoking. Cadije appeared on the door-sill.

"Ah! father!" said she with a smile, "where now are your twenty-year-old legs? The good man is already returned. The soup is hot. Hurry, because it is not so good cold, and I have brought you a cup of cider to cheer you up."

He drew near with a timid look, and hesitated, with the air of a dog that is going to be beaten. Seated before the table, Antonin Perdigut lowered his head to smell the sweet cabbage, and then cried joyously, "Enough talking; I am dying of hunger in here."

This calm, like that of other evenings, this home-coming, like all the others, frightened old Blas. Ah! How it would all change! How they would cease laughing! How their hunger would depart! The mother demanded, "But, where is the child?"

Behold, the moment had come! The confession could no longer be kept back. It was necessary to answer, "The child is drowned." He raised his head, mouth open, eyes

fixed; as one looks at death, if it rises suddenly before him, so he looked at the strong, good, happy Cadije, with her gay smile.

Then he lowered his head and stammered,—"The child is there, behind the hedge; he has walked slowly on account of a nest that we have found. It is the truth, it is really the truth. Wait an instant. He is there, behind the hedge. I will go and find him."

"Ho! Blas!" called the mother.

"No! no!" repeated he, trembling in all his limbs, "he will—will not obey.—He thinks that he is going to be scolded, because we are so late. I tell you that I am going to look for him myself. Do not be impatient and—begin supper."

Then old Blas turned around, passed through the gate, closed it, and when he was alone outside the farm-yard, said "No, truly no;—I did not dare; I was not able."

And quickly, without any other thought than that of not seeing his daughter in despair, of not hearing the curse of his son, he began to run across the fields, through the shadows and darkness, like one who has committed a crime, or a beast suddenly stricken with madness.

PART III.

THE END OF THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO HAD NO EARS, AND OF THE BLACK DOG WHO SMOKED HIS PIPE.

He did not return. He crossed the plain, climbed the mountain, slept a sleep full of horrible dreams under a projecting rock, and on awakening, fled again. He feared that he was not far enough away from that river that had taken away his child, from that dear farm-house where now they only wept.

With a few sous that he found in his pockets, he bought some food while passing through a village.

People were afraid of him, because he was very pale and was continually looking back, like one who is afraid of being followed. A woman who was sowing corn, seeing him begin to run when he had passed the last house in the village, said to herself, "One would say that that old man had just done something wicked."

The next day he came to another valley where nobody knew him, because in the Basque country the mountains are frontiers that are seldom passed. As he had only a dozen sous left, he asked a man who was breaking stones on the road if he could not be employed in that work.

With the woe-begone air that he had now, he did not inspire confidence; nevertheless, the man answered, "You cannot get this kind of work in a day. It is necessary to have a friend in the government. I advise you to look for some other work. Now if you are an honest man, which everybody that happens along is not, you would do well to go to that saw-mill there, at the end of the valley, by the stream. The owner wants workmen and, although you don't look very strong, perhaps he will hire you to watch the mill, or for some other easy work."

He followed that advice: went to the mill, asked to see the master, offered himself and was accepted. There were some difficulties made, because he had no passport, and did not have a very reassuring look. The master said to himself that he didn't like to take in vagabonds that came from nobody knows where, perhaps from prison; and then added, "I shall keep an eye on that old man."

Days and weeks passed. The work that had been given to him was to scrape the mill-wheel paddles with a knife, so that stones and sand could not lodge there. At first, the work was very painful, on account of the noise of the stream always beside him; it made him shudder; but he

soon resigned himself to it. Old and bent, he ran his knife amid the paddles and always looked as if he were thinking of something afar off.

The death of his grandson had nearly killed him. He was not even sure now that he himself was alive. His ideas grew obscure, his mind confused. He had only these thoughts—little Blas was in the water—it is all true—it is all over—now they know all at the farm and, in their tears, curse him; and he was as if made drowsy by the weight of his sorrow.

Being so absorbed, he did not notice the glances that the other workmen cast on him. At noon, nobody spoke to him, but he would not have heard them if they had. He did not think how suspicious his silence was; he did not know what stories were told about him.

They said that perhaps he had more money than he showed. It happened frequently that a thief, having robbed some peasant, made a show of working and of being poor, for a time, so as not to awaken suspicion. They even said he might have assassinated somebody in order to rob them, because one evening, seated by the water, watching with a mournful eye its rapid flow, he had been heard repeating in a low voice: "Ah! my poor Blas, my poor Blas, I have killed him!"

All this talk made the master determined to find out the truth. The peddlers who go from valley to valley hear much gossip and never keep it to themselves.

So one day the master made old Blas come to him. As he was a rough man, he said harshly, "Old man, you must leave."

Blas, stupefied, said, "Go away! Why?"

"Don't pretend you don't understand," said the master, "we know your story."

"Well?" said the old man.

"Well," said the master, "it is possible that you did not

kill the child, I do not say that you did kill him, but you went out together, you were alone together, the child did not come back, and you fled without saying anything to the parents."

Old Blas burst into tears. Ah, Heaven! see what they believed; that he had killed Blas, his little Blas, for whom he would have died twenty times, had it been possible; who was all his delight, all his joy, all his life! He tried to explain, but the story about the bridge, which was raised and lowered, did not appear very clear. A child that falls into the water at the very moment a train is passing—it is very unlikely. And then to think that this poor man, a peasant, hardly knowing how to read, had had the perfect heroism to sacrifice his grandson for the safety of some unknown travelers. *It would be necessary to esteem him so much that it was much simpler to judge him guilty.*

He himself, who had done a sublime act, without analyzing it; naturally, because it seemed that he ought to do it, could not now explain the sentiment that had animated him; he could not find words to justify himself; he stammered and grew ashamed.

The master said, "All is possible, we will not discuss it. It is not I who send you away; all my workmen will leave me if I do not dismiss you. There they are; speak to them; they will not conceal their opinions."

The workmen entered, two by two, carrying long, swaying planks. They formed a group, spoke in low tones, and then from all sides words like these were heard: "Yes, yes, the old man must go. We will not have him among us. It is too bad to have to work beside a man who has killed a child; to sit beside him at table. Just a glance at his hands and one must shudder. His face, too, says very well what he is. Come, draw your wages, old man, and don't let us see you around here again, or one of us will make an end of you."

Under this unjust wrath, before these menaces, old Blas bent as if he were a criminal, opened the door with trembling hands and went out. Poor, admirable old man! When he commenced to mount the side of the valley, he looked back and saw all the workmen before the mill, who cursed him still with cries he could no longer hear, and who still shook their fists furiously after him.

He advanced through a ravine, the old bed of a mountain torrent, dry at that season. The stones, rolling under his heavy step, made it hard walking. The little Blas had perished in calling to him, stretching out his arms to him; he had been forced to flee the dear farm where his happy old age laughed, and this was not enough. Now they accused him of a crime, and because he had done right, they believed him infamous.

All this seemed very cruel to him. He suffered the more because in his obscure conscience, the conviction of having done well was not sufficiently clear to enable him to console himself, for injustice done him, by pride in his noble deed.

A strong mind would have asserted itself, certain of its rectitude, but this humble intelligence bent under the load. He had even sometimes the idea that he was wrong, since all the world said so.

Where would he go now? They sent him away from here; they would send him away everywhere. To return to the farm? He would never dare. How would Cadije feel toward him? How Antonin Perdigut would hate him, since people who were neither the father nor the mother hated him so much. He must go on, that was evident. But to go on without knowing where, when the heart is heavy with sorrow and the eyes are full of tears, when you are sleepy and hungry and very old,—ah! it is terrible.

Without rebelling, still submissive, he, nevertheless, could not keep from thinking that all the world was very bitter against him, a poor old man.

He climbed upward, pushing through bushes, which scratched his face and tore his beard: maltreated by things as well as by man, he thinks that he resembles a little that Guignonet of the story, always punished when he had done nothing bad.

The day appeared very long. His old limbs were fatigued with climbing slowly, but steadily, the rocky ravine. When evening came, having neither eaten nor drank, he felt that he could go no farther. He threw himself down on a rock, and rested against a fir trunk, worn out, desolate.

Around him were innumerable blocks of granite, huge, weather-beaten, broken by avalanches of long ago. A somber verdure grew between the rocks, and against the sky, where the clouds were gathering, the savage cliff raised itself, black and threatening.

Suddenly, with inconceivable quickness, a thunder-storm bends the trees, moves the huge stones, raises a whirlwind of branches and stones. These sudden storms are common in the Pyrenees. The traveler hardly sees the lightning, before he is enveloped by the whirlwind.

The clouds, hurling themselves together, thunder: from their broken sides the rain pours down, driven in sheets by the wind; already it is running in streams down the rocks. Broken tree-trunks roll down, stripped of foliage; bowlders leap from side to side of the ravine and, above the howling of the storm, now sounds the roar of the avalanche.

It has carried away old Blas. From stone to stone, from tree to tree, amid this tumultuous descent, with hands and head bleeding, dragged as if on an immense hurdle, he can not save himself until the bottom of the ravine is reached. Rocks and trees pile themselves above him, bruised wounded, dying, as if heaven itself had built his tomb.

Under the ever increasing weight of stones which pressed upon him, he was dying. Every inch of his body was in agony.

And then, ready to render up his soul, this old man, although hitherto resigned, revolted.

No! He had done no wrong! And it was terrible, that chance first, then man, and now nature, had been so bitter against him. The plain had cast him unto the mountain, and lo! the mountain had cast him unto death.

Ah, well; there was, then, no such thing as justice; there was no good God. With what could he be reproached? Nothing. Why then must he suffer? Why kill him?

He panted under the immense weight, while the thunder roared and the wind howled.

But hold! He feels a great numbness that mounts his legs, gains his chest, and finally reaches his head, now less painful. Blood still flows from his wounds, but he feels them less and less. He enters into a kind of calm, deep and profound, perhaps because it is the beginning of the everlasting sleep. He hears only vaguely, and like a noise that comes from afar off, the thundering of the tempest. Then he ceases to hear even that. He can almost believe he is sleeping in his old bed at the farm, so soft the stones seem, so comfortable is everything.

Thus, as in a dream, he thinks that he is again on the banks of the river, near the bridge, playing with little Blas amid the flowers of the garden. Yes, the little Blas is there! Oh! he knows well when he had the little Blas on his knees! But the child is no longer a child; his face shines like a brilliant star; he has wings, white like the seraphim.

The little Blas says to him, "Now, that I am in heaven, I know many stories, and I will tell you some if you wish. The end of your beautiful story about the boy without ears and the dog who smoked his pipe—the end of that delightful story you were rather in doubt about, were you not? Listen, grandpa, I will tell it to you myself.

"When the little Guignonet found himself in prison, because they accused him of having stolen, he was at first

very sad, as you are now. He, also, had done nothing but good, and all the world was against him, because of the good he had done. But while he was weeping, believing that he was lost, behold! the black dog who smoked his pipe entered the dungeon, still smoking the pipe, and said, 'Guignonet, thy trials are over. The beggar on the road who returned you your sou with curses, it was I. The hen whose eggs you broke, it was I. The raven with great wings and the dwarf and the policemen—each was I. But I am not a black dog who smokes his pipe. I am a fairy, a good fairy. Look at me.'

"And then the prison was no longer a prison, but a garden all ablaze with luminous flowers. And Guignonet saw a beautiful lady with golden hair, who was clad like the sun in splendor, and who had a diamond wand.

"'Guignonet,' said she, 'you have resisted all temptations, you have never rebelled against injustice; now rejoice, because you are in the golden garden of heaven, where you will play forever, with little angels as companions.' And when she had spoken thus, the fairy disappeared. Guignonet saw running toward him a crowd of beautiful children, more beautiful than he had ever imagined. They asked him to come and play with them, and there is nothing more pleasant than to play hide and seek in the garden of heaven."

It was thus that the little Blas, an angel with snowy wings, spoke to old Blas lying under the rocky *débris*, and thus ended the history of "the Little Boy who had no Ears and the Black Dog who smoked his Pipe."

And the good man, understanding now that justice does exist and that there is a good God, died, without sorrow, on the hard bed of rocks, pressing against his heart the little Blas, now the little angel.

The grandfather hastened to hear the beautiful stories that the child in his turn was now going to tell him in the garden of heaven.

FROM THE APENNINES TO THE ANDES.

BY

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY ISABEL HAPGOOD.

MANY years ago a Genoese lad of thirteen, the son of a workingman, went from Genoa to America, all alone, to seek his mother.

His mother had gone two years before to Buenos Ayres, a city, the capital of the Argentine Republic, to take service in a wealthy family, and thus to earn in a short time enough to place her family once more in easy circumstances, they having fallen through various misfortunes into poverty and debt. There are courageous women—not a few—who take this long voyage with this object in view, and who, thanks to the large wages which people in service receive there, return home at the end of a few years with several thousand *lire.* The poor mother had wept tears of blood at parting from her children,—the one aged eighteen, the other eleven, but she had set out courageously and filled with hope.

The voyage was prosperous; she had no sooner arrived at Buenos Ayres than she had found through a Genoese shopkeeper, a cousin of her husband, who had been established there for a very long time, a good Argentine family, which gave high wages and treated her well. And for a short time she kept up a regular correspondence with her family. As it had been settled between them, her husband addressed his letters to his cousin, who transmitted them to

the woman, and the latter handed her replies to him, and he dispatched them to Genoa, adding a few lines of his own. As she was earning eighty *lire* a month and spending nothing for herself, she sent home a handsome sum every three months, with which her husband, who was a man of honor, gradually paid off their most urgent debts, and thus regained his good reputation. And in the mean time he worked away and was satisfied with the state of his affairs, since he also cherished the hope that his wife would shortly return; for the house seemed empty without her, and the younger son in particular, who was extremely attached to his mother, was very much depressed, and could not resign himself to having her so far away.

But a year had elapsed since they had parted; after a brief letter in which she said her health was not very good, they heard nothing more. They wrote twice to the cousin; the cousin did not reply. They wrote to the Argentine family where the woman was at service; but it is possible that the letter never reached them, for they had distorted the name in addressing it; they received no answer. Fearing a misfortune, they wrote to the Italian Consulate at Buenos Ayres to have inquiries made, and after a lapse of three months they received a response from the consul, that in spite of advertisements in the newspapers no one had presented herself nor sent any word. And it could not have happened otherwise, for this reason if for no other: that with the idea of sparing the good name of her family, which she fancied she was discrediting by becoming a servant, the good woman had not given her real name to the Argentine family.

Several months more passed by; no news. The father and sons were in consternation; the youngest was oppressed by a melancholy which he could not conquer. What was to be done? To whom should they have recourse? The father's first thought had been to set out, to go to America

in search of his wife. But his work? Who would support his sons? And neither could the eldest son go, for he had just begun to earn something, and he was necessary to the family. And in this anxiety they lived, repeating each day the same sad speeches or gazing at each other in silence; when, one evening, Marco, the youngest, declared with decision, "I am going to America to look for my mother."

His father shook his head sadly, and made no reply. It was an affectionate thought, but an impossible thing. To make a journey to America which required a month, alone, at the age of thirteen! But the boy patiently insisted. He persisted that day, the day after, every day, with great calmness, reasoning with the good sense of a man. "Others have gone thither," he said, "and smaller boys than I, too. Once on board the ship, I shall get there like anybody else. Once arrived there, I only have to hunt up our cousin's shop. There are plenty of Italians there who will show me the street. After finding our cousin, my mother is found; and if I do not find him, I will go to the consul; I will search out that Argentine family. Whatever happens, there is work for all there; I shall find work there also; sufficient, at least, to earn enough to get home." And thus little by little he almost succeeded in persuading his father. His father esteemed him; he knew that he had good judgment and courage, that he was inured to privations and to sacrifices, and that all these good qualities had acquired double force in his heart in consequence of the sacred project of finding his mother, whom he adored. In addition to this the captain of a steamer, the friend of an acquaintance of his, having heard the plan mentioned, undertook to obtain a free third-class passage for the Argentine Republic.

And then, after a little hesitation, the father gave his consent. The voyage was decided on. They filled a sack with clothes for him, put a few crowns in his pocket, and gave

him the address of his cousin; and one fine evening in April they saw him on board.

"Marco, my son," his father said to him, as he gave him his last kiss, with tears in his eyes, on the steps of the steamer, which was on the point of starting, "take courage. Thou hast set out on a holy undertaking, and God will aid thee."

Poor Marco! His heart was strong and prepared for the hardest trials of this voyage; but when he beheld his beautiful Genoa disappear on the horizon, and found himself on the open sea, on that huge steamer thronged with emigrating peasants, alone, unacquainted with any one, with that little bag which held his entire fortune, a sudden discouragement assailed him. For two days he remained crouching like a dog on the bows, hardly eating, and oppressed with a great desire to weep. Every description of sad thoughts passed through his mind, and the saddest, the most terrible, was the one which was the most persistent in its return,—the thought that his mother was dead. In his broken and painful slumbers he constantly beheld a strange face, which surveyed him with an air of compassion, and whispered in his ear, "Your mother is dead!" And then he awoke, stifling a shriek.

Nevertheless, after passing the Straits of Gibraltar, at the first sight of the Atlantic Ocean he recovered his spirits a little, and his hope. But it was only a brief respite. That vast but always smooth sea, the increasing heat, the misery of all those poor people who surrounded him, the consciousness of his own solitude, overwhelmed him once more. The empty and monotonous days which succeeded each other became confounded in his memory as is the case with sick people. It seemed to him he had been at sea a year. And every morning, on waking, he felt surprised afresh at finding himself there alone on that vast watery expanse, on his way to America. The beautiful flying fish which fell on deck

every now and then, the marvelous sunsets of the tropics with their enormous clouds colored like flame and blood, and those nocturnal phosphorescences which make the ocean seem all on fire like a sea of lava, did not produce on him the effect of real things, but of marvels beheld in a dream. There were days of bad weather, during which he remained constantly in the cabin, where everything was rolling and crashing in the midst of a terrible chorus of lamentations and imprecations, and he thought that his last hour had come. There were other days, when the sea was calm and yellowish, of insupportable heat, of infinite tediousness; interminable and wretched hours, during which the enervated passengers, stretched motionless on the planks, seemed lifeless. And the voyage was endless; sea and sky, sky and sea; to-day the same as yesterday, to-morrow like to-day, and so on, always, eternally.

And for long hours he stood leaning on the bulwarks gazing at that interminable sea in amazement, thinking vaguely of his mother, until his eyes closed and his head was drooping with sleep; and then again he beheld that unknown face which gazed at him with an air of compassion, and repeated in his ear, "Your mother is dead!" and at the sound of that voice he awoke with a start, to resume his dreaming with wide-open eyes, and to gaze at the unchanging horizon.

The voyage lasted twenty-seven days. But the last days were the best. The weather was fine, and the air cool. He had made the acquaintance of a good old man, a Lombard, who was going to America to find his son, an agriculturist in the vicinity of the town of Rosario; he had told him his whole story, and the old man kept repeating every little while, as he tapped him on the nape of the neck with his hand, "Courage, my lad; you will find your mother well and happy."

This companionship comforted him; his sad presentiments were turned into joyous ones. Seated on the bow,

beside the aged peasant, who was smoking his pipe, beneath the beautiful starry heaven, in the midst of a group of singing peasants, he imagined to himself a hundred times his arrival at Buenos Ayres; he saw himself in a certain street; he found the shop, he flew to his cousin. "How is my mother? Come let us go at once! Let us go at once!" They hurried on together; they ascended a staircase; a door opened. And here his mute soliloquy came to an end; his imagination was swallowed up in a feeling of inexpressible tenderness, which made him secretly pull forth a little medal that he wore on his neck, and murmur his prayers as he kissed it.

On the twenty-seventh day after their departure they arrived. It was a beautiful, rosy May morning, when the steamer cast anchor in the immense river of the Plata, near the shore along which stretches the vast city of Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. This splendid weather seemed to him to be a good augury. He was beside himself with joy and impatience. His mother was only a few miles from him. In a few hours more he would have seen her! He was in America, in the new world, and he had had the daring to come alone. The whole of that extremely long voyage now seemed to him to have passed in an instant. It seemed to him that he had flown hither in a dream, and that he had that moment waked. And he was so happy, that he hardly experienced any surprise or distress when he felt in his pockets and found only one of the two little heaps into which he had divided his little treasure, in order to be the more sure of not losing the whole of it. He had been robbed; he had only a few *lire* left; but what mattered that to him, when he was near his mother? With his bag in his hand, he descended, in company with many other Italians, to the tug-boat which carried him to within a short distance of the shore; clambered from the tug into a boat which bore the name of *Andrea Doria:* was

landed on the wharf, saluted his old Lombard friend, and directed his course, in long strides towards the city.

On arriving at the entrance of the first street, he stopped a man who was passing by, and begged him to show him in what direction he should go in order to reach the street *del los Artes.* He chanced to have stopped an Italian workingman. The latter surveyed him with curiosity, and inquired if he knew how to read. The lad nodded, "Yes."

"Well then," said the laborer, pointing to the street, from which he had just emerged, "keep straight on through there, reading the names of all the streets on the corners; you will end by finding the one you want."

The boy thanked him and turned into the street which opened before him.

It was a straight and narrow street, bordered by low white houses, which looked like so many little villas, filled with people, with carriages, with carts which made a deafening noise; here and there floated enormous banners of various hues, with announcements as to the departure of steamers for strange cities inscribed upon them in large letters. At every little distance along the street, on the right and left, he perceived two other streets which ran straight away as far as he could see, also bordered by low, white houses, filled with people and vehicles, and bounded at their extremity by the level line of the measureless plains of America, like the horizon at sea. The city seemed infinite to him; it seemed to him he might wander for days or weeks, seeing other streets like these, on one hand and on the other, and that all America must be covered with them. He looked attentively at the names of streets: strange names which cost him an effort to read. At every fresh street he felt his heart beat, at the thought that it was the one he was in search of. He stared at all the women, with the thought that he might meet his mother. He caught sight of one in front of him who made his blood

leap; he overtook her; she was a negro. And accelerating his pace, he walked on and on. On arriving at the cross street, he read, and stood as though rooted to the sidewalk. It was the street *del los Artes.* He turned into it, and saw the No. 117, his cousin's shop was No. 175. He quickened his pace still more, and almost ran; at No. 171 he had to pause to regain his breath. And he said to himself, "O, my mother! my mother! It is really true that I shall see you in another moment!" He ran on; he arrived at a little haberdasher shop. This was it. He stepped up close to it. He saw a woman with gray hair and spectacles.

"What do you want, boy?" she asked him in Spanish.

"Is not this," said the boy, making an effort to utter a sound, "the shop of Francesco Merelli?"

"Francesco Merelli is dead," replied the woman in Italian.

The boy felt as though he had received a blow on his breast.

"When did he die?"

"Eh? quite a while ago," replied the woman. "Months ago. His affairs were in a bad state, and he ran away. They say he went to Bahia Blanca, very far from here. And he died just after he reached there. The shop is mine."

The boy turned pale.

Then he said quickly, "Merelli knew my mother; my mother who was at service with Signor Mequinez. He alone could tell me where she is. I have come to America to find my mother. Merelli sent her our letters. I must find my mother."

"Poor boy!" said the woman; "I don't know. I can ask the boy in the courtyard. He knew the young man who did Merelli's errands. He may be able to tell us something."

She went to the end of the shop and called the lad, who came instantly. "Tell me," asked the shop-woman, "do you remember whether Merelli's young man went occasionally to carry letters to a woman in service, in the house of the *son of the country?*"

"To Signor Mequinez," replied the lad; "yes, signora, sometimes he did. At the end of the street *del los Artes.*"

"Ah! thanks, signora!" cried Marco. "Tell me the number; don't you know it? Send some one with me; come with me instantly, my boy; I have still a few soldi."

And he said this with so much warmth, that without waiting for the woman to request him, the boy replied, "Come," and at once set out at a rapid pace.

They proceeded almost at a run, without uttering a word, to the end of the extremely long street, made their way into the entrance of a little white house, and halted in front of a handsome iron gate, through which they could see a small yard filled with vases of flowers. Marco gave a tug at the bell.

A young lady made her appearance.

"The Mequinez family lives here, does it not?" demanded the lad anxiously.

"They did live here," replied the young lady, pronouncing her Italian in Spanish fashion. "Now we, the Zeballos, live here."

"And where have the Mequinez gone?" asked Marco, his heart palpitating.

"They have gone to Cordova."

"Cordova!" exclaimed Marco. "Where is Cordova? And the person whom they had in their service? The woman, my mother! Their servant was my mother! Have they taken my mother away, too?"

The young lady looked at him and said, "I do not know. Perhaps my father may know, for he knew them when they went away. Wait a minute."

She ran away, and soon returned with her father, a tall gentleman, with a gray beard. He looked intently for a minute at this sympathetic type of a little Geneose sailor, with his golden hair and his aquiline nose, and asked him in broken Italian, "Is your mother a Genoese?"

Marco replied that she was.

"Well, then, the Genoese maid went with them; that I know for certain."

"And where have they gone?"

"To Cordova, a city."

The boy gave vent to a sigh; then he said with resignation, "Then I will go to Cordova."

"Ah, poor child!" exclaimed the gentleman in Spanish; "poor boy! Cordova is hundreds of miles from here."

Marco turned white as a corpse and clung with one hand to the railings.

"Let us see, let us see," said the gentleman, moved to pity, and opening the door; "come inside a moment; let us see if anything can be done." He sat down, gave the boy a seat, and made him tell his story, listened to it very attentively, meditated a little, then said resolutely, "You have no money, have you?"

"I still have some, a little," answered Marco.

The gentleman reflected for five minutes more; then seated himself at a desk, wrote a letter, sealed it, and handing it to the boy, he said to him:—

"Listen to me, little Italian. Take this letter to Boca. That is a little city which is half Genoese, and lies two hours' journey from here. Any one will be able to show you the road. Go there and find the gentleman to whom this letter is addressed, and whom every one knows. Carry the letter to him. He will send you off to the town of Rosario tomorrow, and will recommend you to some one there, who will think out a way of enabling you to pursue your journey to Cordova, where you will find the Mequinez family and your

mother. In the meanwhile, take this." And he placed in his hand a few *lire*. "Go, and keep up your courage; you will find fellow-countrymen of yours in every direction, and you will not be deserted. *Adios!*"

The boy said, "Thanks," without finding any other words to express himself, went out with his bag, and having taken leave of his little guide, he set out slowly in the direction of Boca, filled with sorrow and amazement, across that great and noisy town.

Everything that happened to him, from that moment until the evening of that day, ever afterwards lingered in his memory in a confused and uncertain form, like the wild vagaries of a person in a fever, so weary was he, so troubled, so despondent. And at nightfall on the following day, after having slept over night in a poor little chamber in a house in Boca, beside a harbor porter, after having passed nearly the whole of that day seated on a pile of beans, and, as in delirium, in sight of thousands of ships and boats and tugs, he found himself on the poop of a large sailing vessel, loaded with fruit, which was setting out for the town of Rosario, managed by three robust Genoese, who were bronzed by the sun; and their voices and the dialect which they spoke put a little comfort into his heart once more.

They set out, and the voyage lasted three days and four nights, and it was a continual amazement to the little traveler. Three days and four nights on that wonderful river Paranà, in comparison with which our great Po is but a rivulet; and the length of Italy quadrupled does not equal that of its course. The barge advanced slowly against the immeasurable mass of water. It threaded its way among long islands, once the haunts of serpents and tigers, covered with orange-trees and willows, like floating coppices; now they passed through narrow canals, from which it seemed they could never issue forth; now they sailed out on vast expanses of water, having the aspect of great tranquil lakes;

then among islands again, through the intricate channels of an archipelago, amid enormous masses of vegetation. A profound silence reigned. For long stretches the shores and the vast and solitary waters produced the impression of an unknown stream, upon which this poor little sail was the first in all the world to venture itself. The further they advanced, the more this monstrous stream amazed him. He imagined that his mother was at its source, and that their navigation must last for years. Twice a day he ate a little bread and salted meat with the boatmen, who, perceiving that he was sad, never addressed a word to him. At night he slept on deck and woke every little while with a start, astounded by the limpid light of the moon, which silvered the immense expanse of water and the distant shores; and then his heart sank within him. "Cordova!" He repeated that name, "Cordova!" like the name of one of those mysterious cities of which he had heard in fables. But then he thought, "My mother passed this spot; she saw these islands, these shores;" and then these places upon which the glance of his mother had fallen no longer seemed strange and solitary to him. At night one of the boatmen sang. That voice reminded him of his mother's songs, when she had lulled him to sleep as a little child. On the last night, when he heard that song, he sobbed. The boatman interrupted his song. Then he cried, "Courage, courage, my son! What! A Genoese crying because he is far from home! The Genoese make the circuit of the world, glorious and triumphant!"

And at these words he shook himself, he heard the voice of the Genoese race, and he raised his head aloft with pride, dashing his fist down on the rudder. "Well, yes," he said to himself; "and if I am also obliged to travel for years and years to come, all over the world, and to traverse hundreds of miles on foot I will go on until I find my mother, were I to arrive in a dying condition, and fall dead

at her feet! If only I can see her once again! Courage!" And with this frame of mind he arrived at daybreak, on a cool and rosy morning, in front of the city of Rosario, situated on the high bank of the Paranà, where the beflagged yards of a hundred vessels of every land were mirrored in the waves.

Shortly after landing he went to the town, bag in hand, to seek an Argentine gentleman for whom his protector in Boca had intrusted him with a visiting-card, with a few words of recommendation. On entering Rosario, it seemed to him that he was coming into a city with which he was already familiar. There were the straight, interminable streets bordered with low white houses, traversed in all directions, above the roofs by great bundles of telegraph and telephone wires, which looked like enormous spiders' webs; and a great confusion of people, of horses and of vehicles.

His head grew confused; he almost thought that he had got back to Buenos Ayres, and must hunt up his cousin once more. He wandered about for nearly an hour, making one turn after another, and seeming always to come back to the same street; and by dint of inquiring, he found the house of his new protector. He pulled the bell. There came to the door a big, light-haired gruff man, who had the air of a steward, and who demanded awkwardly, with a foreign accent:—"What do you want?"

The boy mentioned the name of his patron.

"The master has gone away," replied the steward; "he set out yesterday afternoon for Buenos Ayres, with his whole family."

The boy was left speechless. Then he stammered, "But I—I have no one here! I am alone!" and he offered the card.

The steward took it, read it, and said surlily: "I don't know what to do for you. I'll give it to him when he returns a month hence."

"But I, I am alone; I am in need!" exclaimed the lad, in a supplicating voice.

"Eh? come now," said the other; "just as though there were not plenty of your sort from your country in Rosario! Be off and do your begging in Italy!" And he slammed the door in his face.

The boy stood there as though he had been turned to stone.

Then he picked up his bag again slowly, and went out, his heart torn with anguish, with his mind in a whirl, assailed all at once by a thousand anxious thoughts. What was to be done? Where was he to go? From Rosario to Cordova was a day's journey, by rail. He had only a few *lire* left. After deducting what he should be obliged to spend that day, he would have next to nothing left. Where was he to find the money to pay his fare? He could work —but how? To whom should he apply for work? Ask alms? Ah, no! To be repulsed, insulted, humiliated, as he had been a little while ago? No; never, never more— rather would he die! And at this idea and at the sight of the very long street which was lost in the distance of the boundless plain, he felt his courage desert him once more, flung his bag on the sidewalk, sat down with his back against the wall, and bent his head between his hands, in an attitude of despair.

People jostled him with their feet as they passed; the vehicles filled the road with noise; several boys stopped to look at him. He remained thus for a while. Then he was startled by a voice saying to him in a mixture of Italian and Lombard dialect, "What is the matter, little boy?"

He raised his face at these words, and instantly sprang to his feet, uttering an exclamation of wonder; "You here!"

It was the old Lombard peasant with whom he had struck up a friendship during the voyage.

The amazement of the peasant was no less than his own;

but the boy did not leave him time to question him, and he rapidly recounted the state of his affairs.

"Now I am without a *soldo*. I must go to work. Find me work, that I may get together a few *lire*. I will do anything; I will carry rubbish, I will sweep the streets; I can run on errands, or even work in the country; I am content to live on black bread; but only let it be that I may set out quickly, that I may find my mother once more. Do me this charity, and find me work, find me work, for the love of God, for I can do no more!"

"Ah me, ah me!" said the peasant, looking about him, and scratching his chin. "What a story is this! To work, to work!—that is soon said. Let us look about a little. Is there no way of finding thirty *lire* among so many fellow-countrymen?"

The boy looked at him, consoled by a ray of hope.

"Come with me!" said the peasant.

"Where?" asked the lad, gathering up his bag again.

"Come with me."

The peasant started on; Marco followed him. They traversed a long stretch of street together without speaking. The peasant halted at the door of an inn which had for its sign a star, and an inscription underneath, *The Star of Italy*. He thrust his face in, and turning to the boy, he said cheerfully, "We have arrived at just the right moment."

They entered a large room, where there were numerous tables, and many men seated, drinking and talking loudly. The old Lombard approached the first table, and from the manner in which he saluted the six guests who were gathered around it, it was evident that he had been in their company until a short time previously. They were red in the face, and were clinking their glasses, and vociferating and laughing.

"Comrades," said the Lombard, without any preface,

remaining on his feet and presenting Marco, "here is a poor lad, our fellow countryman, who has come here alone from Genoa to Buenos Ayres, to seek his mother. At Buenos Ayres they told him 'She is not here, she is in Cordova.' He came in a bark to Rosario, three days and three nights on the way, with a couple of lines of recommendation. He presents the card; they make an ugly face at him; he hasn't a *centesimo* to bless himself with. He is here alone and in despair. He is a lad full of heart. Let us see a bit. Can't we find enough to pay for his ticket to go to Cordova in search of his mother? Are we to leave him here like a dog?"

"Never in the world, by Heavens! That shall never be said!" they shouted all at once, hammering on the table with their fists, "A fellow-countryman of ours! Come hither, little fellow! We are emigrants! See what a handsome young rogue! Out with your coppers, comrades! Bravo! Come alone! He has daring! Drink a sup, *patriotta!* We'll send you to your mother, never fear!' And one pinched his cheek, another slapped his shoulder, a third relieved him of his bag; other emigrants rose from neighboring tables, and gathered about; the boy's story made the round of the inn, three Argentine guests hurried in from the adjoining room; and in less than ten minutes the Lombard peasant who was passing round the hat, had collected forty-two *lire.*

"Do you see," he then said, turning to the boy, "how fast things are done in America?"

"Drink!" cried another to him, offering him a glass of wine; "to the health of your mother!"

All raised their glasses, and Marco repeated, "To the health of my—" But a sob of joy choked him, and, setting the glass on the table, he flung himself on the old man's neck.

PART II.

At daybreak on the following morning Marco set out for Cordova, ardent and smiling, filled with presentiments of happiness. But there is no cheerfulness that rules for long in the face of certain sinister aspects of nature. The weather was close and dull; the train, which was nearly empty, ran through an immense plain, destitute of every sign of habitation. He found himself alone in a very long car, which resembled those on trains for the wounded. He gazed to the right, he gazed to the left, and he saw nothing but an endless solitude, strewn with tiny deformed trees, with contorted trunks and branches, in attitudes such as were never seen before, almost of wrath and anguish, and a sparse and melancholy vegetation, which gave to the plain the aspect of a ruined cemetery.

He dozed for half an hour; then resumed his survey; the spectacle was still the same. The railway stations were deserted, like the dwellings of hermits; and when the train stopped, not a sound was heard; it seemed to him that he was alone in a lost train, abandoned in the middle of a desert. It seemed to him as though each station must be the last, and that he should then enter the mysterious regions of the savages. An icy breeze nipped his face. On embarking at Genoa, towards the end of April, it had not occurred to him that he should find winter in America, and he was dressed for summer.

After several hours of this he began to suffer from cold, and, in connection with the cold, from the fatigue of the days he had recently passed through, filled as they had been with violent emotions, and from sleepless and harassing nights. He fell asleep, slept a long time, and awoke benumbed; he felt ill. Then a vague terror of falling ill, of dying on the journey seized upon him; a fear of being

thrown out there, in the middle of that desolate prairie, where his body would be torn in pieces by dogs and birds of prey, like the corpses of horses and cows which he had caught sight of every now and then beside the track, and from which he had turned aside his eyes in disgust. In this state of anxious illness, in the midst of that dark silence of nature, his imagination grew excited, and looked on the dark side of things.

Was he quite sure, after all, that he should find his mother at Cordova? And what if she had not gone there? What if that gentleman in the *Via del los Artes* had made a mistake? And what if she were dead? Thus meditating, he fell asleep again, and dreamed that he was in Cordova, and it was night, and that he heard cries from all the doors and all the windows: "She is not here! She is not here! She is not here!" This roused him with a start, in terror, and he saw at the other end of the car three bearded men enveloped in shawls of various colors who were staring at him and talking together in a low tone; and the suspicion flashed across him that they were assassins, and that they wanted to kill him for the sake of stealing his bag. Fear was added to his consciousness of illness and to the cold; his fancy, already perturbed, became distorted; the three men kept on staring at him, one of them moved towards him; then his reason wandered, and rushing towards him with arms wide open, he shrieked, "I have nothing; I am a poor boy; I have come from Italy; I am in quest of my mother; I am alone; do not do me any harm!"

They instantly understood the situation; they took compassion on him, caressed and soothed him, speaking to him many words which he did not hear nor comprehend; and perceiving that his teeth were chattering with cold, they wrapped one of their shawls around him, and made him sit down again, so that he might go to sleep. And he did fall asleep once more, when the twilight

was descending. When they aroused him he was at Cordova.

Ah, what a deep breath he drew, and with what impetuosity he flew from the car! He inquired of one of the station employees where the house of the engineer Mequinez was situated; the latter mentioned the name of a church; it stood beside the church; the boy hastened away.

It was night. He entered the city, and it seemed to him that he was entering Rosario once more; that he again beheld those straight streets, flanked with little white houses, and intersected by other very long and straight streets. But there were very few people, and under the light of the rare street lanterns he encountered strange faces of a hue unknown to him, between black and greenish; and raising his head from time to time, he beheld churches of bizarre architecture which were outlined black and vast against the sky. The city was dark and silent, but after having traversed that immense desert, it appeared lively to him. He inquired his way of a priest, speedily found the church and the house, pulled the bell with one trembling hand, and pressed the other on his breast to repress the beating of his heart, which was leaping into his throat.

An old woman, with a light in her hand, opened the door. The boy could not speak at once.

"Whom do you want?" demanded the dame in Spanish.

"The engineer Mequinez," replied Marco.

The old woman made a motion to cross her arms on her breast, and replied, with a shake of the head: "So you, too, have dealings with the engineer Mequinez. It strikes me that it is time to stop this. We have been worried for the last three months. It is not enough that the newspapers have said it. We shall have to have it printed on the corner of the street, that Signor Mequinez has gone to live at Tucuman!"

The boy gave way to a gesture of despair. Then he gave way to an outburst of passion.

"So there is a curse upon me! I am doomed to die on the road, without having found my mother. I shall go mad! I shall kill myself! My God! what is the name of that country? Where is it? At what distance is it situated?"

"Eh, poor boy," replied the old woman, moved to pity; "a mere trifle! We are four or five hundred miles from there, at least."

The boy covered his face with his hands; then he asked with a sob, "And now what am I to do?"

"What am I to say to you, my poor child?" responded the dame. "I don't know."

But suddenly an idea struck her, and she added hastily: "Listen; now that I think of it, there is one thing that you can do. Go down this street, to the right, and at the third house you will find a courtyard; there, there is a *capataz*, a trader, who is setting out to-morrow for Tucuman, with his wagons and his oxen. Go and see if he will take you, and offer him your services; perhaps he will give you a place on his wagons; go at once."

The lad grasped his bag, thanked her as he ran, and two minutes later found himself in a vast courtyard, lighted by lanterns, where a number of men were engaged in loading sacks of grain on certain enormous carts which resembled the movable houses of mountebanks, with rounded tops and very tall wheels; and a tall man with mustaches, enveloped in a sort of mantle of black and white check, and with big boots, was directing the work.

The lad approached this man, and timidly proffered his request, saying that he had come from Italy, and that he was in search of his mother.

The *capataz*, which signifies the head (the head conductor of this convoy of wagons), surveyed him from head to foot with a keen glance, and replied drily, "I have no place."

"I have fifteen *lire*," answered the boy in a supplicating tone; "I will give you my fifteen *lire*. I will work on the journey; I will fetch the water and fodder for the animals; I will perform all sorts of services. A little bread will suffice for me. Make a little place for me, signor."

The *capataz* looked him over again, and replied with a better grace, "There is no room; and then, we are not going to Tucuman; we are going to another town, Santiago dell' Estero. We shall have to leave you at a certain point, and you will still have a long way to go on foot."

"Ah, I will make twice as long a journey!" exclaimed Marco. "I can walk; do not worry about that; I shall get there by some means or other; make a little room for me, signor, out of charity; for pity's sake, do not leave me here alone!"

"It is a journey of twenty days."

"It matters nothing to me."

"It is a hard journey."

"I will endure everything."

"You will have to travel alone."

"I fear nothing, if I can only find my mother. Have compassion!"

The *capataz* drew his face close to a lantern, and scrutinized him. Then he said, "Very well."

The lad kissed his hand.

"You shall sleep in one of the wagons to-night," added the *capataz*, as he quitted him; "to-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I will wake you. Good night."

At four o'clock in the morning, by the light of the stars, the long string of wagons was set in motion with a great noise; each cart was drawn by six oxen, and all were followed by a great number of spare animals for a change.

The boy who had been awakened and placed in one of the carts, on the sacks, instantly fell again into a deep sleep. When he awoke, the convoy had halted in a solitary spot,

full in the sun, and all the men—the *peones*—were seated around a quarter of calf, which was roasting in the open air, beside a large fire, which was flickering in the wind. They all ate together, took a nap, and then set out again; and thus the journey continued, regulated like a march of soldiers. Every morning they set out on the road at five o'clock, halted at nine, set out again at five o'clock in the evening, and halted again at ten. The *peones* rode on horseback, and stimulated the oxen with long goads. The boy lighted the fire for the roasting, gave the beasts their fodder, polished up the lanterns, and brought water for drinking.

The landscape passed before him like an indistinct vision: vast groves of little brown trees; villages consisting of a few scattered houses, with red and battlemented façades; very vast tracts, possibly the ancient beds of great salt lakes, which gleamed white with salt as far as the eye could reach; and on every hand, and always the prairie, solitude, silence. On very rare occasions they encountered two or three travelers on horseback, followed by a herd of picked horses, who passed them at a gallop, like a whirlwind. The days were all alike, as at sea, wearisome and interminable; but the weather was fine. But the *peones* became more and more exacting every day, as though the lad were their bond slave; some of them treated him brutally, with threats; all forced him to serve them without mercy; they made him carry enormous bundles of forage; they sent him to get water at great distances; and he, worn-out with fatigue, could not even sleep at night, continually tossed about as he was by the violent jolts of the wagon, and the deafening groaning of the wheels and wooden axles. And in addition to this, the wind having risen, a fine, reddish, greasy dust, which enveloped everything, penetrated the wagon, made its way under the covers, filled his eyes and mouth, robbed him of sight and breath, constantly, oppressively, insupportably.

Worn out with toil and lack of sleep, reduced to rags and dirt, reproached and ill-treated from morning till night, the poor boy grew every day more dejected, and would have lost heart entirely if the *capataz* had not addressed a kind word to him now and then. He often wept, unseen, in a corner of the wagon, with his face against his bag, which no longer contained anything but rags. Every morning he rose weaker and more discouraged, and as he looked out over the country, and beheld always the same boundless plain, like a terrestrial ocean, he said to himself: "Ah, I shall not hold out until to-night! I shall not hold out until to-night! To-day I shall die on the road!" And his toil increased; his ill treatment was redoubled. One morning, in the absence of the *capataz*, one of the men struck him, because he had delayed in fetching the water. And then they all began to take turns at it, when they gave him an order, dealing him a kick saying: "Take that, you vagabond! Carry that to your mother!"

His heart was breaking. He fell ill; for three days he remained in the wagon, with a coverlet over him, fighting a fever, and seeing no one except the *capataz* who came to give him his drink and feel his pulse. And then he believed that he was lost, and invoked his mother in despair, calling her a hundred times by name: "O, my mother! my mother! Help me! come to me, for I am dying! Oh, my poor mother, I shall never see you again! my poor mother, who will find me dead beside the way!" And he folded his hands over his bosom and prayed. Then he grew better, thanks to the care of the *capataz*, and recovered, but with his recovery arrived the most terrible day of his journey, the day on which he was to be left to his own devices. They had been on the way for more than two weeks; when they arrived at the point where the road to Tucuman parted from that which leads to Santiago dell' Estero, the *capataz* announced to him that they must separate. He gave him

some instructions with regard to the road, tied his bag on his shoulders in a manner which would not annoy him when he walked, and, breaking off short, as though he feared that he should be affected, he bade him farewell. The boy had hardly time to kiss him on one arm. The other men, too, who had treated him so harshly, seemed to feel a little pity at the sight of him left thus alone, and they made signs of farewell to him as they moved away. And he returned the salute with his hand, stood watching the convoy until it was lost to sight in the red dust of the plain, and then set out sadly on his road.

On the other hand, one thing comforted him a little from the first. After all those days of travel across that endless plain, which was forever the same, he saw before him a chain of mountains very high and blue, with white summits which reminded him of the Alps and gave him the feeling of having drawn near to his own country once more. They were the Andes, the dorsal spine of the American continent, that immense chain which extends from Terra del Fuego to the glacial sea of the Arctic pole, through a hundred and ten degrees of latitude. And he was also comforted by the fact that the air seemed to him to grow constantly warmer; and this happened because, in ascending towards the north, he was slowly approaching the tropics. At great distances apart there were tiny groups of houses with a pretty shop; and he bought something to eat. He encountered men on horseback; every now and then he saw women and children seated on the ground, motionless and grave, with faces entirely new to him, of an earthen hue, with oblique eyes and prominent cheek-bones, who looked at him intently, and accompanied him with their gaze, turning their heads slowly like automatons. They were Indians.

The first day he walked as long as his strength would permit, and slept under a tree. On the second day he made considerably less progress and with less spirit. His shoes

were dilapidated, his feet wounded, his stomach weakened by bad food. Towards evening he began to be alarmed. He had heard, in Italy, that in this land there were serpents; he fancied that he heard them crawling; he halted, then set out on a run, and with cold chills in all his bones. At times he was seized with a profound pity for himself and he wept silently as he walked. Then he thought, "Oh, how much my mother would suffer if she knew that I am afraid!" and this thought restored his courage. Then, in order to distract his thoughts from fear, he meditated much of her; he called to mind her words when she set out from Genoa, and the movement with which she arranged the coverlet beneath his chin when he was in bed, and when he was a baby; for every time that she took him in her arms, she said to him, "Stay here a little while with me;" and thus she remained for a long time with her head resting on his, thinking, thinking.

And he said to himself: "Shall I see thee again, dear mother? Shall I arrive at the end of my journey, my mother?" And he walked on and on among strong trees, vast plantations of sugar-cane, and fields without end, always with those blue mountains in front of him, which cut the sky with their exceedingly lofty crests. Four days, five days—a week passed. His strength was rapidly declining, his feet were bleeding. Finally, one evening at sunset, they said to him:—

"Tucuman is fifty miles from here."

He uttered a cry of joy, and hastened his steps, as though he had, in that moment, regained all his lost vigor. But it was a brief illusion. His forces suddenly abandoned him, and he fell on the brink of a ditch, exhausted. But his heart was beating with content. The heaven, thickly sown with the most brilliant stars, had never seemed so beautiful to him. He contemplated it as he lay stretched out on the grass to sleep, and thought that, perhaps, at that

very moment, his mother was gazing at him. And he said :—

"O, my mother, where art thou? What art thou doing now? Dost thou think of thy son? Dost thou think of thy Marco who is so near to thee?"

Poor Marco! If he could have seen in what peril his mother was at that moment, he would have made a superhuman effort to proceed on his way, and to reach her a few hours earlier. She was ill in bed, in a ground-floor room of a lordly mansion, where dwelt the entire Mequinez family. The latter had become very fond of her, and had helped her a great deal. The poor woman had already been ailing when the engineer Mequinez had been obliged, unexpectedly, to set out far from Buenos Ayres, and she had not been benefited at all by the fine air of Cordova. But then, the fact that she had received no response to her letters from her husband, nor from her cousin, the presentiment, always lively, of some great misfortune, the continual anxiety in which she had lived, between the parting and the staying, expecting every day some bad news, had caused her to grow worse. Finally a very serious malady had declared itself. She had not risen from her bed for a fortnight. A surgical operation was necessary to save her life. And at precisely the moment when Marco was apostrophizing her, the master and mistress of the house were standing beside her bed, arguing with her with great gentleness, to persuade her to allow herself to be operated on, and she was persisting in her refusal, and weeping. A good physician of Tucuman had come in vain a week before.

"No, my dear master," she said, "do not count upon it; I have not the strength to resist; I should die under the surgeon's knife. It is better to allow me to die as I am. I no longer cling to life. All is at an end for me. It is better to die before learning what has happened to my family."

Her master and mistress argued otherwise, and said that

she must take courage; that she would receive a reply to her last letters, which had been sent directly to Genoa; that she must allow the operation to be performed; that it must be done for the sake of her family. But this suggestion of her children only aggravated her profound discouragement, which for a long time prostrated her, with increasing anguish. At these words she burst into tears.

"Ah, my sons! my sons!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands; "perhaps they are no longer alive! It is better that I should die also. I thank you, my good master and mistress; I thank you from my heart. But it is better that I should die. At all events, I am certain that I shall not be cured by this operation. Thanks for all your care, my good master and mistress. It is useless for the doctor to come again after to-morrow. I wish to die. It is my fate to die here. I have decided!"

And they began again to console her, and to repeat, "Don't say that."

But she closed her eyes then in exhaustion, and fell into a doze, so that she appeared to be dead. Her master and mistress remained there a little while, by the faint light of a taper, watching with great compassion this admirable mother, who for the sake of saving her family, had come to die six thousand miles from her country, to die after having toiled so hard. Poor woman! she was so honest, so good, so unfortunate!

Early on the morning of the following day, Marco, bent and limping, with his bag on his back, entered the city of Tucuman, one of the youngest and most flourishing towns of the Argentine Republic. It seemed to him, that he beheld again Cordova, Rosario, Buenos Ayres: there were the same straight and extremely long streets, the same low white houses, but on every hand there was a new and magnificent vegetation, a perfumed air, a marvelous light, a sky limpid and profound, such as he had never seen, even

in Italy. As he advanced through the streets, he experienced once more the feverish agitation which had seized him at Buenos Ayres; he stared at the windows and doors of all the houses; he stared at all the women who passed him with an anxious hope that he might meet his mother; he would have liked to question every one, but did not dare to stop any one. All the people who were standing at their doors turned to see the poor, tattered, dusty lad, who showed that he had come from afar. And he was seeking among all these people, a countenance which would inspire him with confidence, in order to direct to its owner that tremendous query, when his eyes fell upon the sign of an inn upon which was inscribed an Italian name. Inside were a man with spectacles, and two women. He approached the door slowly, and summoning up a resolute spirit, he inquired :—

"Can you tell me, signor, where the family Mequinez is?"

"The engineer Mequinez?" asked the innkeeper in his turn.

"The engineer Mequinez," replied the lad in a tremulous voice.

"The Mequinez family is not in Tucuman," replied the innkeeper.

A cry of desperate pain, like that of one who has been stabbed, found an echo to these words.

The innkeeper and the woman rose and some neighbors ran up.

"What's the matter? what ails you, my boy?" said the innkeeper, drawing him into the shop and making him sit down. "Indeed, there's no reason for despairing! The Mequinez family is not here but at a little distance off, a few hours from Tucuman."

"Where? where?" shrieked Marco, springing up like one restored to life.

"Fifteen miles from here," continued the man, "on the river, at Saladillo, in a place where a big sugar factory is

being built, and a cluster of houses; Signor Mequinez's house is there; every one knows it: you can reach it in a few hours."

"I was there a month ago," said a youth, who had hastened up at the cry.

Marco stared at him with wide-open eyes, and asked him hastily, turning pale as he did so, "Did you see the servant of Signor Mequinez—the Italian?"

"The Genoese? Yes; I saw her."

Marco burst into a convulsive sob, which was half a laugh and half a sob. Then, with a burst of violent resolution, "Which way am I to go? quick, the road! I shall set out instantly; show me the way!"

"But it is a day's march," they all told him, in one breath. "You are weary; you should rest; you can set out to-morrow."

"Impossible! impossible!" replied the lad. "Tell me the way; I will not wait another instant; I shall set out at once, were I to die on the road."

On perceiving him so inflexible, they no longer opposed him. "May God accompany you!" they said to him. "Look out for the path through the forest. A fair journey to you, little Italian!" A man accompanied him outside of the town, pointed out to him the road, gave him some good counsel, and stood still to watch him start. At the expiration of a few minutes, the lad disappeared, limping, with his bag on his shoulders, behind the thick trees which lined the road.

Poor Marco, after having passed many hours on the brink of a ditch, his strength exhausted, walked through a forest of gigantic trees, monsters of vegetation, huge boles like the pillars of a cathedral, which interlaced their enormous crests, silvered by the moon, at a wonderful height. Vaguely, amid the half gloom, he caught glimpses of myriads of trunks of all forms, up-

right, inclined, contorted, crossed in strange postures of menace and of conflict; some overthrown on the earth, like towers which had fallen bodily, and covered with a dense and confused mass of vegetation, which seemed like a furious throng, disputing the ground span by span; others collected in great groups, vertical and serrated, like trophies of Titanic lances, whose tips touched the clouds; a superb grandeur, a prodigious disorder of colossal forms, the most majestically terrible spectacle which vegetable nature ever presented.

At times he was overwhelmed by a great stupor. But his mind instantly took flight again towards his mother. He was worn out, with bleeding feet, alone in the middle of this formidable forest, where it was only at long intervals that he saw tiny human habitations, which seemed like ant-hills, at the foot of these trees; he was exhausted, but he was not conscious of his exhaustion; he was alone, and he felt no fear. The grandeur of the forest rendered his soul grand; his nearness to his mother gave him the strength and the hardihood of a man; the memory of the ocean, of the alarms and the sufferings which he had undergone and vanquished, of the toil which he had endured, of the iron constancy which he had displayed, caused him to uplift his brow. All his strong and noble Genoese blood flowed back to his heart in an ardent tide of joy and intrepidity. And a new thing took place within him; while he had, up to this time, borne in his mind an image of his mother, dimmed and paled somewhat by the two years of absence, at that moment the image grew clear; he again beheld her face, perfect and distinct, as he had not beheld it for a long time; he beheld it close to him, illuminated, speaking; he again beheld the most fleeting motions of her eyes, and of her lips, all her attitudes, all the shades of her thoughts; and urged on by these gathering recollections, he hastened his steps; and a new affection, an unspeakable tenderness, grew in his heart; and as he ad-

vanced through the gloom, he thought over the words which he would murmur in her ear in a little while more:—

"I am here, my mother; behold me here. I will never leave you again; we shall return home together, and I will remain always beside you on board the ship, close beside you, and no one shall ever part me from you again, no one, so long as I have life!"

And in the mean time he did not observe how the silvery light of the moon was dying away on the summits of the gigantic trees in the delicate whiteness of dawn.

At eight o'clock on that morning, the doctor from Tucuman, a young Argentine, was already by the bedside of the sick woman, in company with an assistant, endeavoring, for the last time, to persuade her to undergo the operation, and the engineer Mequinez and his wife added their warmest persuasions. But all was in vain. The woman, feeling her strength exhausted had no longer any faith in the operation; she was perfectly certain that she would die under it, or that she would only survive it a few hours, after having suffered in vain pains that were more poignant than those of which she should die in any case. The doctor lingered to tell her once more:—

"But the operation is a safe one; your safety is certain, provided you exercise a little courage! And your death is equally certain if you refuse!" It was a sheer waste of words.

"No," she replied in a faint voice, "I still have courage to die; but I no longer have courage to suffer uselessly. Leave me to die in peace."

The doctor desisted, in discouragement. No one said anything more. Then the woman turned her face towards her mistress, and addressed to her her last prayers in a dying voice.

"Dear, good Signora," she said with a great effort, sobbing, "you will send this little money and my poor effects

to my family through the consul. I hope that they may all be alive. I feel in these, my last moments, that all is well with them. You will do me the favor to write—that I have always thought of them, that I have always toiled for them—for my children—that my sole grief was not to see them once more—but that I died courageously—with resignation—blessing them; and that I recommend to my husband—and to my elder son—the youngest, my poor Marco—that I bore him in my heart until the last moment—" And suddenly she became excited, and shrieked, as she clasped her hands: "My Marco, my child! my life!—" But on casting her tearful eyes round her, she perceived that her mistress was no longer there; she had been secretly called away. She sought her master; he had disappeared. No one remained with her except the two nurses and the assistant. She heard in the adjoining room the sound of hurried footsteps, a murmur of hasty and subdued voices, and repressed exclamations. The sick woman fixed her glazing eyes on the door, in expectation. At the end of a few minutes she saw the doctor appear with an unusual expression on his face; then her mistress and master, with their countenances also altered. All three gazed at her with a singular expression, and exchanged a few words in a low tone. She fancied that the doctor said to her mistress, "Better let it be at once." She did not understand.

"Josefa," said her mistress to the sick woman, in a trembling voice; "I have some good news for you. Prepare your heart for good news."

The woman observed her intently.

"News," pursued the lady, with increasing agitation, "which will give you great joy."

The sick woman's eyes dilated.

"Prepare yourself," continued her mistress, "to see a person—of whom you are very fond."

The woman raised her head with a vigorous movement,

and began with flashing eyes, to look in rapid succession, first at the lady and then at the door.

"A person," added the lady, turning pale, "who has just arrived—unexpectedly."

"Who is it?" shrieked the woman, with a strange and choked voice, like that of a person in terror. An instant later she gave vent to a shrill scream, sprang into a sitting posture in her bed, and remained motionless, with starting eyes, and her hands pressed to her temples, as in the presence of a supernatural apparition.

Marco, tattered and dusty, stood there on the threshold, held back by the doctor's hand on one arm.

Marco rushed forward. His mother stretched out to him her attenuated arms, and, straining him to her heart, she burst into deep, tearless sobs, which caused her to fall back breathless on her pillow.

But she speedily recovered herself, and, wild with joy, she cried, as she covered his head with kisses: "How do you come here? Why, is it you? How you have grown! Who brought you? Are you alone? You are not ill? It is you, Marco! It is not a dream! Speak to me!"

Then she suddenly changed her tone; "No! Be silent! Wait!" And turning to the doctor, she said: "Quick, doctor! this instant! I want to get well. I am ready. Do not lose a moment. Take Marco away, so that he may not hear.—Marco, my love, it is nothing. I will tell you about it. One more kiss. Go!—Here I am, doctor."

Marco was taken away. The master, the mistress, and the women retired in haste; the surgeon and his assistant remained behind, and closed the door.

Signor Mequinez attempted to lead Marco to a distant room, but it was impossible; he seemed rooted to the pavement.

"What is it?" he asked. "What is the matter with my mother? What are they doing to her?"

And then Mequinez said softly, still trying to draw him away: "Here! listen to me. I will tell you now. Your mother is ill; she must undergo a little operation; I will explain it all to you; come with me."

"No," replied the lad, resisting; "I want to stay here. Explain it to me here."

The engineer heaped words on words, as he drew him away; the boy began to grow terrified and to tremble.

Suddenly an acute cry, like that of one wounded to the death, rang through the whole house.

The boy responded with a cry of despair, "My mother is dead!"

The doctor appeared on the threshold and said, "Your mother is saved."

The boy gazed at him for a moment, and then flung himself at his feet, sobbing, "Thanks, doctor!"

But the doctor raised him up, saying; "Rise! It is you, you heroic child, who have saved your mother!"

ALPINE CLIMBING,

BY

PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL.

PART I.

THE MATTERHORN.

THE oil of life burnt rather low with me in 1868. Driven from London by Dr. Bence Jones, I reached the Giessbach hotel on the lake of Brientz early in July. No pleasanter position could be found for an invalid. My friend Hirst was with me, and we made various little excursions in the neighborhood. The most pleasant of these was to the Hinterburger See, a small and lonely lake high up among the hills, fringed on one side by pines, and overshadowed on the other by the massive limestone buttresses of the Hinterburg. It is an exceedingly lovely spot, but rarely visited. The Giessbach hotel is an admirably organized establishment. The table is served by Swiss girls in Swiss costume, fresh, handsome, and modest, well brought up, who come there, not as servants, but to learn the mysteries of housekeeping. And among her maidens moved, like a little queen, the daughter of the host—noiseless, but effectual in her rule and governance. I went to the Giessbach with a prejudice against the illumination of the fall. The crowd of spectators may suggest the theater, but the lighting up of the water is fine. I liked the colorless light best; it merely intensified the contrast revealed by ordinary daylight between the white foam of the cascades and the black surrounding pines.

From the Giessbach we went to Thun, and thence up the Simmenthal to Lenk. Over the sulphur spring a large hotel has been recently erected, and here we found a number of Swiss and Germans, who thought the waters did them good. In one large room the liquid gushes from a tap into a basin, diffusing through the place the odor of rotten eggs. The patients like this smell; indeed they regard its foulness as a measure of their benefit. The director of the establishment is intelligent and obliging, sparing no pains to meet the wishes and promote the comfort of his guests. We wandered while at Lenk to the summit of the Rawyl pass, visited the Siebenbrunnen, where the river Simmen bursts full grown from the rocks, and we should have climbed up the Wildstrubel had the weather been tolerable. From Lenk we went to Gsteig, a finely situated hamlet, but not celebrated for the peace and comfort of its inn; and from Gsteig to the Diablerets hotel. While there I clambered up the Diablerets mountain, and was amazed at the extent of the snow field upon its tabular top. The peaks, if they ever existed, have been shorn away, and miles of flat *névé*, unseen from below, overspread their section.

From the Diablerets we drove down to Aigle. The Traubenkur had not commenced, and there was therefore ample space for us at the excellent hotel. We were compelled to spend a night at Martigny. I heard the trumpet of its famous mosquito but did not feel its attacks. The following night was more pleasantly spent on the cool col of the Great St. Bernard. On Tuesday, July 21, we reached Aosta, and, in accordance with previous telegraphic arrangement, met there the Chanoine Carrel. Jean Jacques Carrel, the old companion of Mr. Hawkins and myself, and others at Breuil, were dissatisfied with the behavior of the *bersaglier* last year and this feeling the Chanoine shared. He had written to me during the winter, stating that two new men had scaled the Matterhorn and that they were ready to

accompany me anywhere. He now drove, with Hirst and myself, to Chatillon, where at the noisy and comfortless inn we spent the night. Here Hirst quitted me, and I turned with the Chanoine up the valley to Breuil.

At Val Tournanche I saw a maiden niece of the Chanoine who had gone high up the Matterhorn, and who, had the wind not assailed her petticoats too roughly, might, it was said, have reached the top. I can believe it. Her wrist was like a weaver's beam, and her frame seemed a mass of potential energy. The Chanoine had recommended to me as guides the brothers Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz, of Val Tournanche, his praises of Joseph as a man of unshaken coolness, courage and capacity as a climber, being particularly strong. Previous to reaching Breuil, I saw this Joseph, who seemed to divine by instinct my name and aim.

Carrel was at Breuil, looking very dark, Bich petitioned for a porter's post, blaming Carrel bitterly for his greed in the previous year; but I left the arrangement of these matters wholly in the hands of Maquignaz. He joined me in the evening, and on the following day we ascended one of the neighboring summits, discussing, as we went, our chances on the Matterhorn. In 1867, the chief precipitation took place in a low, atmospheric layer, the base of the mountain being heavily laden with snow, while the summit and the higher rocks were bare. In 1868, the distribution was inverted, the top being heavily laden and the lower rocks clear. An additional element of uncertainty was thus introduced. Maquignaz could not say what obstacles the snow might oppose to us above, but he was resolute and hopeful. My desire was to finish forever my contest with the Matterhorn, by making a pass over its summit from Breuil to Zermatt. In this attempt my guide expressed his willingness to join me, his interest in the project being apparently equal to my own.

He, however, only knew the Zermatt side of the mountain through inspection from below; and he acknowledged that

a dread of it had filled him the previous year. He now reasoned, however, that as Mr. Whymper and the Taugwalds had managed to descend, we ought to be able to do the same. On the Friday we climbed to the Col de la Furka, examined from it the northern face of the pyramid, and discovered the men who were engaged in building the cabin on that side. We worked afterwards along the ridge which stretches from the Matterhorn to the Theodule, crossing its gullies and scaling all its heights. It was a pleasant piece of discipline, on new ground, to both my guide and me.

On the Thursday evening a violent thunder-storm had burst over Breuil, discharging new snow upon the heights, but also clearing the oppressive air. Though the heavens seemed clear in the early part of Friday, clouds showed a disposition to meet us from the south as we returned from the col. I inquired of my companion whether, in the event of the day being fine, he would be ready to start on Sunday. His answer was a prompt negative. In Val Tournanche, he said, they always sanctified the Sunday! I mentioned Bennen, my pious Catholic guide, whom I permitted and encouraged to attend his mass on all possible occasions, but who, nevertheless, always yielded without a murmur to the demands of the weather. The reasoning had its effect. On Saturday Maquignaz saw his confessor, and arranged with him to have a mass at 2 A.M. on Sunday; after which, unshaded by the sense of duties unperformed, he would commence the ascent.

The claims of religion being thus met, the point of next importance, that of money, was set at rest by my immediate acceptance of the tariff published by the Chanoine Carrel. The problem being thus reduced to one of muscular physics, we pondered the question of provisions, decided on a bill of fare, and committed its execution to the industrious mistress of the hotel.

A fog, impenetrable to the vision, had filled the whole

of the Val Tournanche on Saturday night and the mountains were half concealed and half revealed by this fog when we rose on Sunday morning. The east at sunrise was lowering, and the light which streamed through the cloud orifices was drawn in ominous red bars across the necks of the mountains. It was one of those uncomfortable Laodicean days which engender indecision—threatening, but not sufficiently so to warrant postponement. Two guides and two porters were considered necessary for the first day's climb. A volunteer, moreover, attached himself to our party, who carried a sheepskin as part of the furniture of the cabin. To lighten their labor, the porters took a mule with them as far as the quadruped could climb, and afterwards divided the load among themselves. While they did so, I observed the weather. The sun had risen with considerable power, and had broken the cloud-plane to pieces. The severed clouds gathered into masses more or less spherical, and were rolled grandly over the ridges into Switzerland. Save for a swathe of fog which now and then wrapped its flanks, the Matterhorn itself remained clear, and strong hopes were raised that the progress of the weather was in the right direction.

We halted at the base of the Tête du Lion, a bold precipice formed by the sudden cutting down of the ridge which flanks the Val Tournanche to the right. From its base to the Matterhorn stretches the Col du Lion, crossed for the first time in 1860, by Mr. Hawkins, myself and our two guides. We were now beside a snow-gully, which was cut by a deep furrow along its center, and otherwise scarred by the descent of stones. Here each man arranged his bundle and himself so as to cross the gully in the minimum of time. The passage was safely made, a few flying shingle only coming down upon us. But danger declared itself where it was not expected. Joseph Maquignaz led the way up the rocks. I was next, Pierre Maquignaz next, and last

of all the porters. Suddenly a yell issued from the leader: 'Cachez-vous!' I crouched instinctively against the rock, which formed a by no means perfect shelter, when a bowlder buzzed past me through the air, smote the rocks below me, and with a savage hum flew down to the lower glacier. Thus warned, we swerved to an *arête*, and when stones fell afterwards they plunged to the right or left of us.

In 1860 the great couloir which stretches from the Col du Lion downwards was filled with a *névé* of deep snow. But the atmospheric conditions which have caused the glaciers of Switzerland to shrink so remarkably during the last ten years have swept away this *névé*. We had descended it in 1860 hip-deep in snow, and I was now reminded of its steepness by the inclination of its bed. Maquignaz was incredulous when I pointed out to him the line of descent to which we had been committed, in order to avoid the falling stones of the Tête du Lion. Bennen's warnings on the occasion were very emphatic, and I could understand their wisdom now better than I did then.

When Mr. Hawkins and myself first tried the Matterhorn, a temporary danger, sufficient to quell for a time the enthusiasm even of our lion-hearted guide, was added to the permanent ones. Fresh snow had fallen two days before; it had quite over-sprinkled the Matterhorn, converting the brown of its crags into an iron-gray; this snow had been melted and refrozen, forming upon the rocks an enamelling of ice. Besides their physical front, moreover, in 1860, the rocks presented a psychological one, derived from the rumor of their savage inaccessibility. The crags, the ice, and the character of the mountain, all conspired to stir the feelings. Much of the wild mystery has now vanished, especially at those points which in 1860 were places of virgin difficulty, but down which ropes now hang to assist the climber. The intrinsic grandeur of the Matterhorn, however cannot be effaced.

After some hours of steady climbing we halted upon a platform beside the tattered remnant of one of the tents employed by me in 1862. Here we sunned ourselves for an hour. We subsequently worked upward, scaling the crags and rounding the bases of those wild and wonderful rock-towers, into which the weather of ages has hewn the southern ridge of the Matterhorn. The work required knowledge, but with a fair amount of skill it is safe work. I can fancy nothing more fascinating to a man given by nature and habit to such things than a climb alone among these crags and precipices. He need not be *theological*, but, if complete, the grandeur of the place would certainly fill him with religious awe.

Looked at from Breuil, the Matterhorn presents two summits—the one, the proper summit, a square rock-tower in appearance; the other, which is really the end of a sharp ridge abutting against the rock-tower, an apparently conical peak. On this peak Bennen and myself planted our flag-staff in 1862. At some distance below it the mountain is crossed by an almost horizontal ledge, always loaded with snow, which, from its resemblance to a white necktie has been called the *Cravate*. On this ledge a cabin was put together in 1867. It stands above the precipice where I quitted my rope in 1862. Up this precipice, by the aid of a thicker —I will not say a stronger—rope, we now scrambled, and following the exact route pursued by Bennen and myself five years previously, we came to the end of the Cravate. At some places the snow upon the ledge fell steeply from its juncture with the cliff; deep step-cutting was also needed where the substance had been melted and recongealed. The passage, however, was soon accomplished along the Cravate to the cabin, which was almost filled with snow.

Our first need was water. We could, of course, always melt the snow, but this would involve a wasteful expenditure of heat. The cliff at the base of which the hut was built,

overhung, and from its edge the liquified snow fell in showers beyond the cabin. Four ice-axes were fixed on the ledge, and over them was spread the residue of a second tent which I had left at Breuil in 1862. The water falling upon the canvas flowed towards its center. Here an orifice was made through which the liquid descended into vessels placed to receive it. Some modification of this plan might probably be employed with profit for the storing up of water for droughty years in England.

I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank, the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an India rubber mattress, on which I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheep-skins. The mattress was a poor defense against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and folding a sheep-skin around me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced, when I opened my eyes.

It was past six o'clock when the two brothers and I quitted the cabin. The porters deemed their work accomplished, but they halted for a time to ascertain whether we were likely to be driven back or to push forward. We skirted the Cravate, and reached the ridge at its western extremity. This we ascended along the old route of Bennen and myself to the conical peak already referred to, which, as seen from Breuil, constitutes a kind of second summit of the Matterhorn. From this point to the base of the final precipice of the mountain stretches an *arête*, terri-

bly hacked by the weather but, on the whole, horizontal. When I first made the acquaintance of this savage ridge—called by the Italians the Spalla— it was almost clear of snow. It was now loaded, the snow being bevelled to an edge of exceeding sharpness. The slope to the left, falling towards Zmutt, was exceedingly steep, while the precipices on the right were abysmal. No other part of the Matterhorn do I remember with greater interest than this. It was terrible, but its difficulties were fairly within the grasp of human skill, and this association is more ennobling than where the circumstances are such as to make you conscious of your own helplessness. On one of the sharpest teeth of the ridge Joseph Maquignaz halted, and turning to me with a smile, remarked: "There is no room for giddiness here, sir." In fact such possibilities, in such places must be altogether excluded from the chapter of accidents of the climber.

It was at the end of this ridge, where it abuts against the last precipice of the Matterhorn, that my second flag-staff was left in 1862. I think there must have been something in the light falling upon this precipice that gave it an aspect of greater verticality when I first saw it than it seemed to possess on the present occasion. We had, however, been struggling for many hours previously, and may have been dazed by our exertion. I cannot otherwise account for three of my party declining flatly to make any attempt upon the precipice. It looks very bad, but no real climber with his strength unimpaired would pronounce it, without trial, insuperable. Fears of this rock-wall, however, had been excited long before we reached it. It was probably the addition of the psychological element to the physical—the reluctance to encounter new dangers on a mountain which had hitherto inspired a superstitious fear—that quelled further exertion.

Seven hundred feet, if the barometric measurement can be

trusted, of very difficult rock-work now lay above us. In 1862 this height had been underestimated by both Bennen and myself. Of the 14,800 feet of the Matterhorn, we then thought we had accomplished 14,600. If the barometer speaks truly, we had only cleared 14,200.

Descending the end of the ridge, we crossed a narrow cleft, and grappled with the rocks at the other side of it. Our ascent was oblique, bearing to the right. The obliquity at one place fell to horizontality, and we had to work on the level round a difficult protuberance of rock. We cleared the difficulty without haste, and then rose straight against the precipice. Above us a rope hung down the cliff, left there by Maquignaz on the occasion of his first ascent. We reached the end of this rope, and some time was lost by my guide in assuring himself that it was not too much frayed by friction. Care in testing was doubly necessary, for the rocks, bad in themselves, were here crusted with ice. The rope was in some places a mere hempen core surrounded by a casing of ice, over which the hands slid helplessly. Even with the aid of the rope in this condition it required an effort to get to the top of the precipice, and we willingly halted there to take a minute's breath. The ascent was virtually accomplished, and a few minutes more of rapid climbing placed us on the lightning-smitten top. Thus ended the long contest between me and the Matterhorn.

The day, thus far, had swung through alternations of fog and sunshine. While we were on the ridge below, the air at times was blank and chill with mist; then with rapid solution the cloud would vanish, and open up the abysses right and left of us. On our attaining the summit a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven, and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered amongst

them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d'Érin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monto Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.

The world of peaks and glaciers surrounding this immediate circlet of giants was also open to us, up to the horizon. Our glance over it was brief, for it was eleven o'clock, and the work before us soon claimed all our attention. I found the *débris* of my former expedition everywhere below, the fragments of my tents, and on the top a piece of my ladder fixed in the snow as a flagstaff. The summit of the Matterhorn is a sharp horizontal *arête*, and along this we now moved eastward. On our left was the roof-like slope of snow seen from the Riffel and Zermatt; on our right were the savage precipices which fall into Italy. Looking to the further end of the ridge, the snow there seemed to be trodden down and I drew my companions' attention to the apparent footmarks. As we approached the place it became evident that human feet had been there two or three days previously. I think it was Mr. Elliot, of Brighton, who had made this ascent—the first accomplished from Zermatt since 1865. On the eastern end of the ridge we halted to take a little food—not that I seemed to need it; it was the remonstrance of reason rather than consciousness of physical want that caused me to do so.

We took our ounce of nutriment and gulp of wine (my only sustenance during the entire day), and stood for a moment silently and earnestly looking down towards Zermatt. There was a certain official formality in the manner in which the guides turned to me and asked, "*Etes-vous content d'essayer?*" A sharp responsive "*Oui*" set us immediately in motion. It was nearly half-past eleven when we quitted the

summit. The descent of the roof-like slope already referred to offered no difficulty; but the gradient very soon became more formidable.

One of the two faces of the Matterhorn pyramid, seen from Zermatt, falls towards the Zmutt glacier, and has a well-known snow-plateau at its base.

The other face falls towards the Furgge glacier. We were on the former. For some time, however, we kept close to the *arête* formed by the intersection of the two faces of the pyramid, because nodules of rock jutted from it which offered a kind of footing. These rock protuberances helped us in another way; round them an extra rope which we carried was frequently doubled, and we let ourselves down by the rope as far as it could reach, liberating it afterwards (sometimes with difficulty) by a succession of jerks. In the choice and use of these protuberances the guides showed both judgment and skill. The rocks became gradually larger, and more precipitous, a good deal of time being consumed in dropping down and doubling round them. Still we preferred them to the snow-slope at our left, as long as they continued practicable.

This they at length ceased to be, and we had to commit ourselves to the slope. It was in the worst possible condition. When snow first falls at these great heights it is usually dry, and has no coherence. It resembles, to some extent, flour, or sand, or sawdust. Shone upon by a strong sun it partly melts, shrinks, and becomes more consolidated, and when subsequently frozen it may be safely trusted. Even though the melting of the snow and its subsequent freezing may be only very partial, the cementing of the granules adds immensely to the safety of the footing. Hence the advantage of descending such a slope before the sun has had time to unlock the rigidity of the night's frost. But we were on the steepest Matterhorn slope during the two hottest hours of the day, and the sun had done his work ef-

fectually. The layer of snow was about fifteen inches thick. In treading it we came immediately upon the rock, which in most cases was too smooth to furnish either prop or purchase. It was on this slope that the Matterhorn catastrophe occurred: it is on this slope that other catastrophes will occur, if the mountain should ever become fashionable.

Joseph Maquignaz was the leader of our little party, and a brave, cool, and competent leader he proved himself to be. He was silent, save when he answered his brother's anxious and oft-repeated questions, "*Es-tu bien placé, Joseph?*" Along with being perfectly cool and brave, he seemed to be perfectly truthful. He did not pretend to be "*bien placé*" when he was not, nor avow a power of holding which he knew he did not possess. Pierre Maquignaz is, I believe, under ordinary circumstances, an excellent guide, and he enjoys the reputation of being never tired. But in such circumstances as we encountered on the Matterhorn he is not the equal of his brother. Joseph, if I may use the term, is a man of high boiling point, his constitutional *sang-froid* resisting the ebullition of fear. Pierre, on the contrary, shows a strong tendency to boil over in perilous places.

Our progress was exceedingly slow, but it was steady and continued. At every step, our leader trod the snow cautiously, seeking some rugosity on the rock beneath it. This however was rarely found, and in most cases he had to establish a mechanical attachment between the snow and the slope which bore it. No semblance of a slip occurred in the case of any one of us, and had it occurred I do not think the worst consequences could have been avoided. I wish to stamp this slope of the Matterhorn with the character that really belonged to it when I descended it, and I do not hesitate to say that the giving way of any one of our party would have carried the whole of us to ruin. Why, then, it may be asked, employ the rope? The rope, I reply, notwithstanding all its possible drawbacks under such circum-

stances, is the safeguard of the climber. Not to speak of the moral effect of its presence, an amount of help upon a dangerous slope that might be measured by the gravity of a few pounds is often of incalculable importance ; and thus, though the rope may be not only useless but disastrous, if the footing be clearly lost and the glissade fairly begun, it lessens immensely the chance of this occurrence.

With steady perseverance, difficulties upon a mountain, as elsewhere, come to an end. We were finally able to pass from the face of the pyramid to its rugged edge, where it was a great relief to feel that honest strength and fair skill, which might have gone for little on the slope, were masters of the situation.

Standing on the *arête*, at the foot of a remarkable cliff-gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance is exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages, while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this under-estimate of the steepness of the mountain is checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid to-day was incessant, and at any moment, by detaching a single bowlder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a thunderous clatter down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the *arête*, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as our planet yields less heat to space than she receives from the bodies of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation, and as soon as equilibrium, in regard to heat, has been established, we shall

have, as Thomson has pointed out, not peace, but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change, and the self-same power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still, there is something chilling in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose integration through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression that it made was that of savage strength, but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay, however, implied a reference to a period when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. My thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there, but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the *sadness* with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the *thought* which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force? For if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate, if not untrue.

Questions like these, useless as they seem, may still have a practical outcome. For if the final goal of man has not been yet attained, if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? Without this

upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and weakness of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do? —what is my answer? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial which they excite, and which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time; would the undeflected human mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium? Such are the questions, without replies, which could run through consciousness during a ten minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

We shook the rope away from us, and went rapidly down the rocks. The day was well advanced when we reached the cabin, and between it and the base of the pyramid we missed our way. It was late when we regained it, and by the time we reached the ridge of the Hörnli, we were unable to distinguish rock from ice. We should have fared better than we did, if we had kept along the ridge and felt our way to the Schwartz See, whence there would have been no difficulty in reaching Zermatt, but we left the Hörnli to our right, and found ourselves incessantly checked in the darkness by ledges and precipices, possible and actual. We were afterwards entangled in the woods of Zmutt, carving our way wearily through bush and bramble, and creeping at times along dry and precipitous stream-beds. But we finally struck the path and followed it to Zermatt, which we reached between one and two o'clock in the morning.

PART II.

THE ALETSCHHORN.

AT twenty minutes past two we quitted the Bel Alp. The moon, which seven hours previously had cleared the eastern mountain-tops with a visible motion, was now sloping to the west. The light was white and brilliant, and shadows of corresponding darkness were cast upon the earth. The larger stars were out, those near the horizon especially sparkling with many-colored fires. The Pleiades were near the zenith, while Orion hung his sword a few degrees above the eastern horizon. Our path lay along the slope of the mountain, parallel to the Oberaletsch glacier, the lateral moraine of which was close to us on our right. After climbing sundry grass acclivities we mounted this moraine, and made it our pathway for a time. At a certain point the shingly ridge became depressed, opening a natural passage to the glacier. We found the ice "hummocky," and therefore crossed it to a medial moraine composed of granite *débris* and loaded here and there with clean granite blocks of enormous size. Beyond this moraine we found smoother ice and better light, for we had previously journeyed in the shadow of the mountains.

We marched upwards along the glacier, chatting sociably at times, but at times stilled into silence by the stillness of the night. "*Es Tagt!*" at length exclaimed my companion. It dawns! Orion had moved upwards, leaving space between him and the horizon for the morning star. All the east was belted by that "daffodil sky" which, in some states of the atmosphere, announces the approach of day in the Alps. We spun towards the east. It brightened and deepened, but deeper than the orange of the spectrum it did not fall. Amid this the mountains rose. Silently and solemnly their dark and dented outlines rested against the dawn.

The mass of light thus thrown over the shaded earth long before the sun appeared above the horizon came not from illuminated *clouds*, but from matter far more attenuated than clouds—matter which maintains comparative permanence in the atmosphere, while clouds are formed and dissipated. It is not light reflected from concentric shells of air of varying density, of which our atmosphere may be rightly assumed to be made up; for the light reflected from these convex layers is thrown, not upon the earth at all, but into space. The "rose of dawn" is usually ascribed, and with sufficient correctness, to *transmitted* light, the blue of the sky to *reflected* light; but in each case there is both transmission and reflection. No doubt the daffodil and orange of the east, this morning, must have been transmitted through long reaches of atmospheric air, and no doubt it was during this passage of the rays that the selective winnowing of the light occurred, which gave the sky its tint and splendor. But if the distance of the sun below the horizon when the dawn first appeared be taken into account, it will become evident that the solar rays must have been caused to swerve from their rectilineal course by *reflection*. The *refraction* of the atmosphere would be wholly incompetent to bend the rays round the convex earth to the extent now under contemplation.

Thus the light which is reflected must be first transmitted to the reflecting particles, while the transmitted light, except in the direct line of the sun, must be reflected to reach the eyes. What mainly holds the light in our atmosphere after the sun has retired behind the earth is, I imagine, the suspended matter which produces the blue of the sky, and the morning and the evening red. Through the reverberation of the rays from particle to particle, there must be at the very noon of night a certain amount of illumination. Twilight must continue with varying degrees of intensity all night long, and the visibility of the nocturnal firmament itself may be due, not, as my excellent friend Dove seems

to assume, to the light of the stars, but in great part to the light of the sun, scattered in all directions through the atmosphere by the almost infinitely attenuated matter held there in suspension.

We had every prospect of a glorious day. To our left was the almost full moon, now close to the ridge of the Sparrenhorn. The firmament was as blue as ever I have seen it—deep and dark, and to all appearance *pure;* that is to say, unmixed with any color of a lower grade of refrangibility than the blue. The lunar shadows had already become weak, and were finally washed away by the light of the east. But while the shadows were at their greatest depth, and therefore least invaded by the dawn, I examined the firmament with a Nicol's prism. The moonlight, as I have said, came from the left, and right in front of me was a mountain of dark brown rock, behind which spread a heaven of the most impressive depth and purity. I looked over the mountain-crest through the prism. In one position of the instrument the blue was not sensibly affected; in the rectangular position it was so far quenched as to reduce the sky and the dark mountain beneath it to the same uniform hue. The outline of the mountain could hardly be detached from the sky above it. This was the direction in which the prism showed its maximum quenching power; in no other direction was the extinction of the light of the sky so perfect. And it was at right angles to the lunar rays; so that, as regards the polarization of the sky, the beams of the moon behave exactly like those of the sun.

The glacier along which we first marched was a trunk of many tributaries, and consequently of many "medial moraines," such moraines being always *one* less in number than the tributaries. But two principal branches absorbed all the others as constituents. One of these descended from the Great and Little Nesthorn and their spurs; the other from the Aletschhorn. Up this latter branch we steered

from the junction. Hitherto the surface of the glacier, disintegrated by the previous day's sun, and again hardened by the night's frost, had crackled under our feet; but on the Aletschhorn branch the ice was coated by a kind of fur, resembling the nap of velvet: it was as soft as a carpet, but at the same time perfectly firm to the grip of the boot. The sun was hidden behind the mountain; and, thus steeped in shade, we could enjoy, with spirits unblunted by the heat, the loveliness and grandeur of the scene.

Right before us was the pyramid of the Aletschhorn, bearing its load of glaciers, and thrusting above them its pinnacle of rock; while right and left of us towered, and fell to snowy cols, such other peaks as usually hang about a mountain of nearly 14,000 feet elevation. And amid them all, with a calmness corresponding to the deep seclusion of the place, wound the beautiful system of glaciers along which we had been marching for nearly three hours. I know nothing which can compare in point of glory with these winter palaces of the mountaineer, under the opening illumination of the morning. And the best of it is, that no right of property in the scene could enhance its value. To Switzerland belongs the rock—to the early climber, competent to enjoy them, belong the sublimity and beauty of mass, form, color, and grouping. And still, the outward splendor is by no means all. "In the midst of a puddly moor," says Emerson, "I am afraid to say how glad I am:" which is a strong way of affirming the influence of the inner man as regards the enjoyment of external nature. And surely the inner man is a high factor in the effect. The magnificence of the world outside suffices not. Like light falling upon the polished plate of the photographer, the glory of Nature, to be felt, must descend upon a soul prepared to receive its image and superscription.

Mind, like force, is known to us only through matter. Take, then, what hypothesis you will—consider matter as an

instrument through which the insulated mind exercises its powers, or consider both as so inextricably mixed that they stand or fall together; from both points of view the care of the body is equally important. The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and masters. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact ought to give to the food we eat and to the air we breathe a transcendental significance. Boldly and truly writes Mr. Ruskin, "Whenever you throw your window wide open in the morning, you let in Athena, as wisdom and fresh air at the same instant; and whenever you draw a pure, long, full breath of right heaven, you take Athena into your heart, through your blood; and with the blood into thoughts of the brain." No higher value than this could be assigned to atmospheric oxygen.

Precisely three hours after we had quitted our hotel the uniform gradient of the Aletschhorn glacier came to an end. It now suddenly steepened to run up the mountain. At the base we halted to have some food, a huge slab of granite serving us for a table. It is not good to go altogether without food in these climbing expeditions; nor is it good to eat copiously. Here a little, and there a little, as the need makes itself apparent, is the prudent course. For, left to itself, the stomach infallibly sickens, and the forces of the system ooze away. Should the sickness have set in so as to produce a recoil from nutriment, the stomach must be forced to yield. A small modicum of food usually suffices to set it right. The strongest guides and the strongest porters have sometimes to use this compulsion. "*Sie müssen sich zwingen.*" The guides refer the capriciousness of the stomach, at great elevations, to the air. This may be *a* cause, but I am inclined to think that something is also due to the motion—the long continued action of the same muscles upon the diaphragm. The condition of things antecedent to the journey must also be taken into account. There

is little, if any sleep; the starting meal is taken at an unusual hour; and if the start be made from a mountain cave or cabin, instead of from the bed of an hotel, the deviation from normal conditions is aggravated. It could not be the mere difference in height between Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa which formerly rendered their effects upon travelers so different. It is that, in the one case, you had the melted snow of the Grands Mulets for your coffee, and a bare plank for your bed, while in the other you had the comparative comforts of the *auberge* on the Riffel. On the present occasion I had a bottle of milk, which suits me better than anything else. That and a crust are all I need to keep my vigor up and to ward off *le mal des montagnes.*

After half an hour's halt we made ready for the peak, meeting first a quantity of moraine matter mingled with patches of snow, and afterwards the rifted glacier. We threaded our way among the crevasses, and here I paid particular attention to the deportment of my guide. The want of confidence, or rather the absence of that experience of a guide's powers, on which alone perfect reliance can be based, is a serious drawback to the climber. This source of weakness has often come home to me since the death of my brave friend Bennen. His loss to me was like that of an arm to a fighter. But I was glad to notice that my present guide was not likely to err on the score of rashness. He left a wider margin between us and accident than I should have deemed necessary; he sounded with his staff where I should have trod without hesitation: and, knowing my own caution, I had good reason to be satisfied with his. Still, notwithstanding all his vigilance, he once went into a concealed fissure—only waist deep, however, and he could certainly have rescued himself without the tug of the rope which united us.

After some time we quitted the ice, striking a rocky shoulder of the mountain. The rock had been pulled to

pieces by the weather, and its fragments heaped together to an incoherent ridge. Over the lichened stones we worked our way, our course, though rough, being entirely free from danger. On this ridge the sun first found us, striking us at intervals, and at intervals disappearing behind the sloping ridge of the Aletschhorn. We attained the summit of the rocks, and had now the upper reaches of the *nèvè* before us. To our left the glacier was greatly torn, exposing fine vertical sections, deep blue pits and chasms which were bottomless to vision; and ledges, from whose copings hung vaster stalactites than those observed below. The beauty of the higher crevasses is mightily enhanced by the long transparent icicles which hang from their eaves, and which, loosened by the sun, fall into them with ringing sound. Above us was the customary *bergschrund:* but the spring avalanches had swept over it, and closed it, and since the spring it had not been able to open its jaws. At this *schrund* we aimed, reached it, and crossed it, and immediately found ourselves at the base of the final cap of the mountain.

Looking at the Aletschhorn from the Sparrenhorn, or from any other point which commands a similar view of the pyramid, we see upon the ridge which falls from the summit to the right, and at a considerable distance from the top, a tooth or pinnacle of rock, which encloses with the ridge a deep indentation. At this gap we now aimed. We varied our ascent from steep snow to rock, and from steep rock to snow, avoiding the difficulties when possible, and facing them when necessary. We met some awkward places, but none whose subjugation was otherwise than pleasant, and at length surmounted the edge of the *arête.* Looking over this, the facette of the pyramid fell almost sheer to the middle Aletsch glacier. This was a familiar sight to me, for, years ago, I had strolled over it alone. Below it was the Great Aletsch, into which the middle

Aletsch flows, and beyond both was the well-known ridge of the Aeggischhorn. We halted, but only for a moment. Turning suddenly to the left, we ascended the rocky ridge to a sheltered nook which suggested a brief rest and a slight renewal of that nutriment which, as stated, is so necessary to the well-being of the climber.

From time to time as we ascended I examined the polarization of the sky. I should not have halted had not the fear of haze or clouds upon the summit admonished me. Indeed, as we ascended, one thin arrowy cloud shot like a comet's tail through the air above us, spanning ninety degrees or more of the heavens. Never, however, have I observed the sky of a deeper, darker and purer blue. It was to examine this color that Iascended the Aletschhorn, and I wished to observe it where the hue was deepest and the polarization most complete. You can look through very different atmospheric thicknesses at right angles to the solar beams. When for example, the sun is in the eastern or western horizon, you can look across the sun's rays towards the northern or southern horizon, or you can look across them to the zenith. In the latter direction the blue is deeper and purer than in either of the former, the proportion of the polarized light of the sky to its total light being also a maximum.

The sun, however, when I was on the Aletschhorn, was not in the horizon, but high above it. I placed my staff upright on a platform of snow. It cast a shadow. Inclining the staff *from* the sun, the shadow lengthened for a time, reached its major limit, and then shortened. The simplest geometrical consideration will show that the staff when its shadow was longest was perpendicular to the solar rays; the atmosphere in this direction was shallower and the sky bluer than in any other direction perpendicular to the same rays. Along this line I therefore looked through the Nicol. The light, I found, could be quenched so as to leave a residue as

dark as the firmament upon a moonless night; but still there *was* a residue—the polarization was not complete. Nor was the color, however pure its appearance, by any means a monochromatic blue. A disc of selenite, gradually thickening from the center to the circumference, when placed between the Nicol and the sky yielded vivid *iris* colors. The blue was very marked: but there was vivid purple, which requires an admixture of red to produce it. There was also a bright green, and some yellow. In fact, however purely blue the sky might seem, it sent to the eye all the colors of the spectrum: it owed its color to the *predominance* of blue, that is to say, to the enfeeblement and not to the extinction, of the other colors of the spectrum. The green was particularly vivid in the portion of the sky nearest to the mountains, where the light was "daffodil."

A pocket spectroscope confirmed these results. Permitting the light of an illuminated cloud to enter the slit of the instrument, a vivid spectrum was observed; but on passing beyond the rim of the cloud to the adjacent firmament, a sudden fall in the intensity of all the less refrangible rays of the spectrum was observed. There was an absolute shortening of the spectrum in the direction of the red, through the total extinction of the extreme red. The fall in luminousness was also very striking as far as the green; the blue also suffered, but not so much as the other colors.

The scene as we ascended grew more and more superb, both as regards grouping and expansion. Viewed from the Bel Alp the many-peaked Dom is a most imposing mountain; it has there no competitor. The mass of the Weisshorn is hidden, its summit alone appearing. The Matterhorn, also, besides being more distant, has a portion of its pyramid cut obliquely away by the slope of the same ridge that intercepts the Weisshorn, and which is seen to our right when we face the valley of the Rhone, falling steeply

to the promontory called the Nessel. Viewed from this promontory, the Dom finds its match, and more than its match, in its mighty neighbor, whose hugeness is here displayed from top to bottom. On the lower reaches of the Aletschhorn also, the Dom maintains its superiority, the Weisshorn being for a time wholly unseen, and the Matterhorn but imperfectly. As we rise, however, the Dom steadily loses its individuality, until from the ridge of the Aletschhorn it is jumbled to a single leviathan heap with the mass of Monte Rosa. The Weisshorn, meanwhile, as steadily gains in grandeur, rising like a mountain Saul amid the congregated hills, until from the *arête* it distances all competitors. In comparison with this kingly peak, the Matterhorn looks small and mean. It has neither the mass nor the form which would enable it to compete, from a distant point of view, with the Weisshorn.

The ridge of the Aletschhorn is of schistose gneiss, in many places smooth, in all places steep, and sometimes demanding skill and strength on the part of the climber. I thought we could scale it with greater ease if untied, so I flung the rope away from me. My guide was in front, and I carefully watched his action among the rocks. For some time there was nothing to cause anxiety for his safety. There was no likelihood of a slip, and if a slip occurred there was opportunity for recovery. But after a time this ceased to be the case. The rock had been scaled away by weathering, parallel to the planes of foliation, the surfaces left behind being excessively smooth, and in many cases flanked by slopes and couloirs of perilous steepness. I saw that a slip might occur here, and that its consequences would be serious. The rope was therefore resumed.

A fair amount of skill and an absence of all precipitancy rendered our progress perfectly secure. In every place of danger one of us planted himself as securely as the rock on which he stood, and remained thus fixed until the dan-

ger was passed by the other. Both of us were never exposed to peril at the same moment. The bestowal of a little extra time renders this arrangement possible along the entire ridge of the Aletschhorn; in fact, the dangers of the Alps can be almost reduced to the level of the dangers of the street by the exercise of skill and caution. For rashness, ignorance, or carelessness, the mountains leave no margin; and to rashness, ignorance, or carelessness, three-fourths of the catastrophes which shock us are to be traced. Even those whose faculties are ever awake in danger are sometimes caught napping when danger seems remote; they receive accordingly the punishment of a tyro for a tyro's neglect.

While ascending the lower glacier we found the air in general crisp and cool; but we were visited at intervals by gusts of *Föhn*—warm breathings of the unexplained Alpine sirocco, which passed over our cheeks like puffs from a gently heated stove. On the *arête* we encountered no *Föhn;* but the rocks were so hot as to render contact with them painful. I left my coat among them, and went upward in my shirt-sleeves. At our last bivouac my guide had allowed two hours for the remaining ascent. We accomplished it in one, and I was surprised by the shout which announced the passage of the last difficulty, and the proximity of the top of the mountain. This we reached precisely eight hours after starting—an ascent of fair rapidity, and without a single mishap from beginning to end.

Rock, weathered to fragments, constitutes the crown of the Aletschhorn; but against this and above it is heaped a buttress of snow, which tapers, as seen from the Aeggischhorn, to a pinnacle of surpassing beauty. This snow was firm, and we readily attained its highest point. Over this I leaned for ten minutes, looking along the face of the pyramid, which fell for thousands of feet to the *névés* at its base. We looked *down* upon the Jungfrau, and upon every other

peak for miles around us, one only excepted. The exception was the Finsteraarhorn, the highest of the Oberland mountains, after which comes the Aletschhorn. I could clearly track the course pursued by Bennen and myself eleven years previously,—the spurs of rock and slopes of snow, the steep and weathered crest of the mountain, and the line of our swift glissade as we returned.

Round about the dominant peak of the Oberland was grouped a crowd of other peaks, retreating eastward to Graubünden and the distant Engadin, retreating southward over Italy, and blending ultimately with the atmosphere. At hand were the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger. A little further off the Blumlis Alp, the Weisse Frau, and the Great and Little Nesthorn. In the distance the grim precipices of Mont Blanc, rising darkly from the Allée Blanche, and lifting to the firmament the snow-crown of the mountain. The Combin and its neighbors were distinct; and then came that trinity of grandeur, with which the reader is so well acquainted—the Weisshorn, the Matterhorn, and the Dom —supported by the Alphubel, the Allaleinhorn, the Rympfischhorn, the Strahlhorn, and the mighty Monte Rosa. From no other point of the Alps have I had a greater command of their magnificence—perhaps from none so great; while the blessedness of perfect health, on this perfect day, rounded off within me the external splendor. The sun seemed to take a pleasure in bringing out the glory of the hills. The intermixture of light and shade was astonishing; while to the whole scene a mystic air was imparted by a belt of haze, in which the furthest outlines disappeared, as if infinite distance had rendered them impalpable.

Two concentric shells of atmosphere, perfectly distinct in character, clasped the earth this morning. That which hugged the surface was of a deep neutral tint, too shallow to reach more than midway up the loftier mountains. Upon this, as upon an ocean, rested the luminous

higher atmospheric layer, both being separated along the horizon by a perfectly definite line. This higher region was without a cloud; the arrowy streamer that had shot across the firmament during our ascent, first reduced to feathery streaks, had long since melted utterly away. Blue was supreme above, while all round the horizon the intrinsic brilliance of the upper air was enhanced by contrast with the dusky ground on which it rested. But this gloomier portion of the atmosphere was also transparent. It was not a cloud-strata cutting off the view of things below it, but an attenuated mist, through which were seen, as through a glass darkly, the lower mountains, and out of which the higher peaks and ridges sprung into sudden glory.

Our descent was conducted with the same care and success that attended our ascent. I have already stated it to be a new thing for one man to lead a traveler up the mountain, and my guide in ascending had informed me that his wife had been in a state of great anxiety about him. But until he had cleared all dangers he did not let me know the extent of her devotion, nor the means she had adopted to ensure his safety. When we were once more upon the lower glacier, having left all difficulties behind us, he remarked with a chuckle that she had been in a terrible state of fear, and had informed him of her intention to have a mass for his safety celebrated by the village priest. But if he profited by this mediation, I must have done so equally; for in all dangerous places we were tied together by a rope which was far too strong to break had I slipped. My safety was, in fact, bound up in his, and I therefore thought it right to pay my share of the expense. "How much did the mass cost?" I asked. "Oh not much, sir," he replied, "only ninety centimes." Not deeming the expense worth dividing, I let him pay for such advantage as I had derived from the priest's intercession.

of the cloud has consumed in its formation a little polyhedron of vapor, and a moment's reflection will make it clear that the size of the cloud-particles must depend, not only on the size of the vapor polyhedron, but on the relation of the density of the vapor to that of its liquid. If the vapor were light and the liquid heavy, other things being equal, the cloud-particle would be *smaller* than if the vapor were heavy and the liquid light. There evidently would be more *shrinkage* in the one case than in the other. Now there are various liquids whose weight is not greater than that of water, while the weight of their vapors, bulk for bulk, is five or six times that of aqueous vapor. When those heavy vapors are precipitated as clouds, which is easily done artificially, their particles are found to be far coarser than those of an aqueous cloud. Indeed water is without a parallel in this particular. Its vapor is the lightest of all vapors, and to this fact the soft and tender beauty of the clouds of our atmosphere is mainly due.

After an hour's halt upon the summit the descent began. Jenni is the most daring man and powerful character among the guides of Pontresina. The manner in which he bears down all the others in conversation, and imposes his own will upon them, shows that he is the dictator of the place. He is a large and rather an ugly man, and his progress up hill through resistless, is slow. He had repeatedly expressed a wish to make an excursion with me, and on this occasion he may have desired to show us what he could do upon the mountains. He accomplished two daring things—the one successfully, while the other was within a hair's-breadth of a very shocking issue.

In descending we went straight down upon a *bergschrund*, which had compelled us to make a circuit in coming up. This particular kind of fissure is formed by the lower portion of a snow-slope, falling away from the upper, a crevasse being thus formed between both, which often surrounds the

mountain as a fosse of terrible depth. Walter was the first of our party, and Jenni was the last. It was quite evident that the leader hesitated to cross the chasm; but Jenni came forward and, half by expostulation, half by command, caused him to sit down on the snow at some height above the fissure. I think, moreover, he helped him with a shove. At all events, the slope was so steep that the guide shot down it with an impetus sufficient to carry him clear over the *schrund*. We all afterwards shot the chasm in this pleasant way. Jenni was behind. Deviating from our track, he deliberately chose the widest part of the chasm, and shot over it, lumbering like behemoth down the snow-slope at the other side. It was an illustration of that practical knowledge which long residence among the mountains can alone impart, and in possession of which our best English climbers fall far behind their guides.

The remaining steep slopes were also descended by glissade, and we afterwards marched cheerily over the gentler inclines. We had ascended by the Rosegg glacier, and now we wished to descend upon the Morteratsch glacier and make it our highway home.

We reached the point when it was necessary to quit our morning's track, and immediately afterwards got upon some steep rocks, rendered slippery here and there by the water which had trickled over them. To our right was a broad *couloir*, filled with snow, which had been melted and refrozen, so as to expose a steeply sloping wall of ice. We were tied together in the following order: Jenni led, I came next, then Mr. Hutchinson, a practised mountaineer, then Mr. Lee-Warner, and last of all the guide Walter. Lee-Warner had had but little experience of the higher Alps, and he was placed in front of Walter, so that any false step on his part might be instantly checked.

After descending the rocks for a time, Jenni turned and asked me whether I thought them or the ice-slope the

better track. I pronounced without hesitation in favor of the rocks, but he seemed to misunderstand me, and turned towards the *couloir*. I stopped him at the edge of it, and said, "Jenni, you know where you are going: the slope is pure ice." He replied, "I know it; but the ice is quite bare for a few yards only. Across this exposed portion I will cut steps, and then the snow which covers the ice will give us a footing." He cut the steps, reached the snow and descended carefully along it, all following him, apparently in good order. After some time he stopped, turned, and looked upwards at the last three men. "Keep carefully in the steps, gentlemen," he said; "a false step here might detach an avalanche." The word was scarcely uttered when I heard the sound of a fall behind me, then a rush, and in a moment my two friends and their guide, all apparently entangled together, whirred past me. I suddenly planted myself to resist their shock, but in an instant I was in their wake, for their impetus was irresistible. A moment afterwards Jenni was whirled away, and thus, in the twinkling of an eye, all five of us found ourselves riding downwards with uncontrollable speed on the back of an avalanche which a single step had originated.

Previous to stepping on the slope, I had, according to habit, made clear to my mind what was to be done in case of mishap; and accordingly, when overthrown, I turned promptly on my face and drove my bâton through the moving snow, and into the ice underneath. No time however was allowed for the break's action; for I had held it firmly thus for a few seconds only, when I came into collision with some obstacle and was rudely tossed through the air, Jenni being at the same time shot down upon me. Both of us here lost our bâtons. We had been carried over a crevasse, had hit its lower ledge, and, instead of dropping into it, were pitched by our great velocity far beyond it. I was quite bewildered for a moment, but immediately

righted myself, and could see the men in front of me half buried in the snow, and jolted from side to side by the ruts among which we were passing. Suddenly I saw them tumbled over by a lurch of the avalanche, and immediately afterwards found myself imitating their motion. This was caused by a second crevasse. Jenni knew of its existence and plunged, he told me, right into it—a brave act, but for the time unavailing. By jumping into the chasm he thought a strain might be put upon the rope sufficient to check the motion. But though over thirteen stone in weight, he was violently jerked out of the fissure and almost squeezed to death by the pressure of the rope.

A long slope was below us, which led directly downwards to a brow where the glacier fell precipitously. At the base of the declivity the ice was cut by a series of profound chasms, toward which we were rapidly borne. The three foremost men rode up the forehead of the avalanche, and were at times almost wholly immersed in the snow; but the moving layer was thinner behind, and Jenni rose incessantly and with desperate energy drove his feet into the firmer substance underneath. His voice shouting "Halt! halt!" was the only one heard during the descent. A kind of condensed memory, such as that described by people who have narrowly escaped drowning, took possession of me, and my power of reasoning remained intact. I thought of Bennen on the Haut de Cry, and muttered, "It is now my turn." Then I coolly scanned the men in front of me, and reflected that, if their *vis viva* was the only thing to be neutralized, Jenni and myself could stop them; but to arrest both them and the mass of snow in which they were caught was hopeless. I experienced no intolerable dread. In fact, the start was too sudden and the excitement of the rush too great to permit of the development of terror.

Looking in advance, I noticed that the slope, for a short distance, became less steep, and then fell as before. "Now or

never we must be brought to rest." The speed visibly slackened, and I thought we were saved. But the momentum had been too great; the avalanche crossed the brow and in part regained its motion. Here Hutchinson threw his arm around his friend, all hope being extinguished, while I grasped my belt and struggled to free myself. Finding this difficult, from the tossing, I sullenly resumed the strain upon the rope. Destiny had so related the downward impetus to Jenni's pull as to give the latter a slight advantage, and the whole question was whether the opposing force would have sufficient time to act. This was also arranged in our favor, for we came to rest so near the brow that two or three seconds of our average motion of descent must have carried us over. Had this occurred, we should have fallen into the chasms, and been covered up by the tail of the avalanche. Hutchinson emerged from the snow with his forehead bleeding, but the wound was superficial; Jenni had a bit of flesh removed from his hand by collision against a stone; the pressure of the rope had left black welts on my arms; and we all experienced a tingling sensation over the hands, like that produced by incipient frost-bite, which continued for several days. This was all. I found a portion of my watch-chain hanging around my neck, another portion in my pocket; the watch was gone.

This happened on the 30th of July. Two days afterwards I went to Italy, and remained there for ten or twelve days. On the 16th of August, being again at Pontresina, I made on that day an expedition in search of the lost watch. Both the guides and myself thought the sun's heat might melt the snow above it, and I inferred that if its back should happen to be uppermost the slight absorbent power of gold for the solar rays would prevent the watch from sinking as a stone sinks under like circumstances. The watch would thus be brought quite to the surface; and, although a small object, it might possibly be seen from some distance. Five friends

accompanied me up the Morteratsch glacier. One of them was the late Mr. North, member for Hastings, a most lovable man. He was then sixty-four years of age, but he exhibited a courage and collectedness, and indeed a delight, in the wild savagery of the crevasses which were perfectly admirable.

Two only of the party, both competent mountaineers, accompanied me to the track of our glissade, but none of us ventured on the ice where it originated. Just before stepping upon the snow, a stone some tons in weight, detached by the sun from the heights above us, came rushing down the line of our descent. Its leaps became more and more impetuous, and on reaching the brow near which we had been brought to rest, it bounded through the air, and with a single spring reached the lower glacier, raising a cloud of ice dust. Some fragments of rope found upon the snow assured us that we were upon the exact track of the avalanche, and then the search commenced. It had not continued twenty minutes when a cheer from one of the guides,—Christian Michel, of Grindelwald—announced the discovery of the watch. It had been brought to the surface in the manner surmised, and on examination seemed to be dry and uninjured. I noticed, moreover, that the position of the hands indicated that it had only run down beneath the snow. I wound it up, hardly hoping, however, to find it capable of responding. But it showed instant signs of animation. It had remained eighteen days in the avalanche, but the application of its key at once restored it to action, and it has gone with unvarying regularity ever since.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

IN FOUR STAVES.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

STAVE ONE.—MARLEY'S GHOST.

MARLEY was dead, to begin with. There was no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to.

Old Marley was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, his sole mourner.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name however. There it yet stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door—Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley. He answered to both names. It was all the same to him.

O! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, was Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on him. No warmth could warm, no cold could chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain and snow and hail and sleet

could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect—they often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blindmen's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting, foggy weather; and the city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already.

The door of Scrooge's counting-house was open, that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who, in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coal-box in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who

came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation Scrooge had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge; "humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure!"

"I do. Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I had my will, every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!"

"Nephew, keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it! But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then. Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say, Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time, when it has come round,—apart from the veneration due to its sacred origin, if anything belonging to it *can* be apart from that,—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-travelers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, 'God bless it'!"

The clerk in the tank involuntarily applauded.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation! You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us to-morrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?"

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good afternoon."

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good afternoon."

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel, to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good afternoon!"

"And, A Happy New Year!"

"Good afternoon!"

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. The clerk, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge, or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years. He died seven years ago, this very night."

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?"

"Plenty of prisons. But under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the unoffending multitude, a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat, and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when Want is keenly felt, and Abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!"

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone. Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the prisons and the workhouses,—they cost enough,—and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die, they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

At length the hour for shutting up the counting-house arrived. With an ill will Scrooge, dismounting from his stool, tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out, and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?"

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient, and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself mightily ill used, I'll be bound?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you don't think *me* ill used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

"It's only once a year, sir."

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December! But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier *next* morning."

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no great-coat), went down a slide, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and, having read all the newspapers, and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of a building up a yard. The building was old enough now, and dreary enough; for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being let out as offices.

Now it is a fact, that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door of this house, except that it was very large; also, that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also, that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London. And yet Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change, not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face, with a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but it looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up upon his ghostly forehead.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon it was a knocker again. He said, "Pooh, pooh!" and closed the door with a bang.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine-merchant's cellar below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs. Slowly too, trimming his candle as he went.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for its being very dark. Darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting-room, bed-room, lumber-room, all as they should be. Nobody under the table, nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing-gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber-room as usual. Old fire-guard, old shoes, two fish-baskets, washing-stand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed the door, and locked himself in; double locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat, put on his dressing-gown and slippers and his nightcap, and sat down before the very low fire to take his gruel.

As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated, for some purpose now forgotten,

with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. Soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This was succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine-merchant's cellar.

Then he heard the noise much louder on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight towards his door.

It came on through the heavy door, and a spectre passed into the room before his eyes. And upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's ghost!"

The same face, the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him,—though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes, and noticed the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin,—he was still incredulous.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!" Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you, then?"

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?"

"I can."

"Do it, then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that, in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

"You don't believe in me."

"I don't."

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know."

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel in his heart by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart, as a means of distracting his own attention, and keeping down his horror.

But how much greater was his horror when, the phantom taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me? Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man, that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot tell you all I would. A very little more is permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life my spirit

never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead. And traveling all the time? You travel fast?"

"On the wings of the wind."

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years."

"O, blind man, blind man! not to know that ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunities misused! Yet I was like this man: I once was like this man!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, benevolence, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the spectre going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me! My time is nearly gone."

"I will. But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me. Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted by Three Spirits."

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob? I—I—think I'd rather not."

"Without their visits, you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls One. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third, upon the next night, when the last stroke of Twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

It walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that, when the apparition reached it, it was wide open.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say, "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

STAVE TWO.—THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark, that looking out of bed he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber, until suddenly the church clock tolled a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside by a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest

bloom was on the skin. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers.

But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprung a bright, clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?"

"I am!"

"Who and what are you?"

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?"

"No. Your past. The things that you will see with me are shadows of the things that have been; they will have no consciousness of us."

Scrooge then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare. Rise, and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that the bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing-gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made towards the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal, and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood in the busy thoroughfares of a city. It was

made plain enough by the dressing of the shops that here, too, it was Christmas time.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! I was apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow-'prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

'Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life for ever more; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire: and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ball-room as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and loveable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many,—four times,—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would

Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance,—advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place,—Fezziwig "cut"—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude. He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money—three or four perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter self,—"it isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up: what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and stopped.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing particular."

"Something, I think?"

"No, no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now. That's all."

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge, or to any one whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again he saw himself. He was older now; a man in the prime of life.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a black dress, in whose eyes there were tears.

"It matters little," she said softly to Scrooge's former self. To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What Idol has displaced you?"

"A golden one. You fear the world too much. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then? Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed towards you. Have I ever sought release from our engagement?"

"In words, no. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit: in another atmosphere of life; another Hope as its great end. If you were free to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl; or choosing her, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

"Spirit! remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!"

"Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed. "I cannot bear it! Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!"

As he struggled with the Spirit he was conscious of being exhausted, and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness; and, further, of being in his own bed-room. He had barely time to reel to bed before he sank into a heavy sleep.

STAVE THREE.—THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

Scrooge awoke in his own bed-room. There was no doubt about that. But it and his own adjoining sitting-room, into which he shuffled in his slippers, attracted by a great light there, had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green, that it looked a perfect grove. The leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney, as that petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marleys, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince-pies, plum-puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and great bowls of punch. In easy state upon this couch there sat a Giant, glorious to see; who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and who raised it high to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in,—come in! and know me better, man! I am the Ghost of Christmas Present. Look upon me! You have never seen the likes of me before!"

"Never."

"Have never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers, born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have, I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred."

"A tremendous family to provide for! Spirit, conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

The room and its contents all vanished instantly, and they stood in the city streets upon a snowy Christmas morning. Scrooge and the Ghost passed on, invisible, straight to Scrooge's clerk's; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day), into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable Parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies while he (not proud, although his collar

nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant,—"not coming, upon Christmas day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were

in a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs,—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby,—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and

grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there was ever such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone,—too nervous to bear witnesses,—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break, in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose,—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered,—flushed but smiling proudly,—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

O, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by

Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire.

Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:—

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us, every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

Scrooge raised his head speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you, Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas day!"

"It should be Christmas day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also, how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song,

about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, as this scene vanished to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's, and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at that same nephew.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed, Scrooge's niece by marriage laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends, being not a bit behindhand, laughed out lustily.

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women! they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty; exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face, a ripe little mouth that seemed made to be kissed,—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed: and the sunniest pair of eyes

you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would have called provoking, but satisfactory, too. O, perfectly satisfactory.

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offences carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He don't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same, and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner; and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper clearly had his eyes on one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker; not the one with the roses—blushed.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you,—especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child himself. There was first a game at blind-man's-buff, though. And I no more believe Topper

was really blinded than I believe he had eyes in his boots. Because the way in which he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went there went he! He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding, and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a Game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every new question put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled, that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister cried out,—

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your uncle Scro-o-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal

sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes."

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart, that he would have drank to the unconscious company in an inaudible speech. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The spirit stood beside sick-beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door and barred the spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts. Suddenly, as they stood together in an open place, the bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it no more. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a mist along the ground towards him.

STAVE FOUR.—THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the air through which this spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. He knew no more, for the spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come? Ghost of the Future! I fear you more than any

spectre I have seen. But as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on! Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them. But there they were in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him? I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin. "Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to me. That's all I know. By, by!"

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversation apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that it must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. It could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future.

He looked about in that very place for his own image;

but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however, for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and he thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

They left this busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, to a low shop where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. A gray-haired rascal, of great age, sat smoking his pipe.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman similarly laden came in too, and she was closely followed by a man in faded black. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two ain't strangers. What have you got to sell? What have you got to sell?"

"Half a minute's patience, Joe, and you shall see."

"What odds then? What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman.

"Every person has a right to take care of themselves. He always did! Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

Mrs. Dilber, whose manner was remarkable for general propitiation, said, "No, indeed, ma'am."

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw, why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke; it's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier judgment, and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it."

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening the bundle, and dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this? Bed-curtains!"

"Ah! Bed-curtains! Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now!"

"*His* blankets?"

"Whose else's do you think? He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say. Ah! You may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had and a fine one too. They'd have wasted it by dressing him up in it, if it hadn't been for me."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror.

"Spirit! I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way now. Merciful Heaven, what is this?"

The scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bare, uncurtained bed. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon this bed; and on it, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this plundered unknown man.

"Spirit, let me see some tenderness connected with a

death, or this dark chamber, Spirit, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him to poor Bob Cratchit's house,—the dwelling he had visited before,—and found the mother and the children seated around the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in needle-work. But surely they were very quiet.

"'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.'"

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again. It makes them weak by candle-light; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he has walked a little slower than he used, these last few evenings, mother."

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was very light to carry, and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble,—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should

help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went to-day, then, Robert?"

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child! my little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

"Spectre," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was, with the covered face, whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him to a dismal, wretched, ruinous churchyard.

The spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to One.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point, answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of the things that May be only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's courses will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead. But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept towards it, trembling as he went; and, following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name,—Ebenezer Scrooge.

"Am I that man who lay upon the bed? No, Spirit! O no, no! Spirit! hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this, if I am past all hope? Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life."

For the first time the kind hand faltered.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. O, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes, and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard.

Running to the window he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night; clear, bright, stirring, golden day.

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"EH?"

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day! Why, Christmas day."

"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hallo, my fine fellow!"

"Hallo!"

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! A remarkable boy! do you know whether they've sold the prize Turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize Turkey,—the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? go and buy it."

"Walk-ER!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no, I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's! He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went down-stairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man.

It *was* a Turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em short off in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good morning, sir! A merry Christ-

mas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that, of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon, he turned his steps towards his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times, before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?"

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress."

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

"Fred!"

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. O, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it. The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. Bob was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

Bob's hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen, as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir. I *am* behind my time."

"You are? Yes. I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend. I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," Scrooge continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again,—"and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him; but his own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived in that respect upon the Total-Abstinence Principle ever afterwards; and it was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God Bless Us, Every One!"

ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT,

BY

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there lived in the island of Fühnen a noble knight, called Froda, the friend of the Skalds, who was so named because he not only offered free hospitality in his fair castle to every renowned and noble bard, but likewise strove with all his might to discover those ancient songs, and tales and legends which, in Runic writings or elsewhere, were still to be found; he had even made some voyages to Iceland in search of them, and had fought many a hard battle with the pirates of those seas—for he was also a right valiant knight, and he followed his great ancestors not only in their love of song, but also in their bold deeds of arms. Although he was still scarcely beyond the prime of youth, yet all the other nobles in the island willingly submitted themselves to him, whether in council or in war; nay, his renown had even been carried, ere now, over the sea to the neighboring land of Germany.

One bright autumn evening, this honor-loving knight sat before his castle, as he was often wont to do, that he might look far and wide over land and sea, and that he might invite any travelers who were passing by, as was his custom, to share in his noble hospitality. But on this day he saw little of all that he was accustomed to look upon; for on his knees there lay an ancient book with skillfully and richly painted characters, which a learned Icelander had just sent to him across the sea: it was the history of Aslauga, the fair daughter of Sigurd, who at first, concealing her high birth, kept goats among the simple peasants of the land, clothed in mean attire; then, in the golden veil of her flowing hair,

won the love of King Ragnar Lodbrog; and at last shone brightly on the Danish throne as his glorious queen, till the day of her death.

To the Knight Froda it seemed as though the gracious Lady Aslauga rose in life and birth before him, so that his calm and steadfast heart, true indeed to ladies' service, but never yet devoted to one particular female image, burst forth in a clear flame of love for the fair daughter of Sigurd "What matters it," thought he to himself, "that it is more than a hundred years since she disappeared from earth? She sees so clearly into this heart of mine—and what more can a knight desire?—wherefore she shall henceforth be my honored love, and shall inspire me in battle and in song." And therewith he sang a lay on his new love, which ran in the following manner:

"They ride over hill and dale apace
To seek for their love the fairest face—
They search through city and forest glade
To find for their love the gentlest maid—
They climb wherever a path may lead
To seek the wisest dame for their meed.
Ride on, ye knights; but ye never may see
What the light of song has shown to me;
Loveliest, gentlest and wisest of all,
Bold be the deeds that her name shall recall;
What though she ne'er bless my earthly sight?
Yet death shall reveal her countenance bright.
Fair world, good night! Good day, sweet love!
Who seeks here in faith shall find above."

"Such purpose may come to good," said a hollow voice near the knight; and when he looked round, he saw the form of a poor peasant woman, so closely wrapped in a gray mantle that he could not discern any part of her countenance. She looked over his shoulder on the book, and said, with a deep sigh, "I know that story well; and it fares no better with me than with the princess of whom it tells."

Froda looked at her with astonishment. "Yes, yes," pursued she, with strange becks and nods; "I am the descendant of the mighty Rolf, to whom the fairest castles and forests and fields of this island once belonged; your castle and your domains, Froda, amongst others, were his. We are now cast down to poverty; and because I am not so fair as Aslauga, there is no hope that my possessions will be restored to me; and therefore I am fain to veil my poor face from every eye." It seemed that she shed warm tears beneath her mantle. At this Froda was greatly moved, and begged her, for God's sake, to let him know how he could help her, for that he was a descendant of the famous northern heroes of the olden time; and, perhaps, yet something more than they—namely, a good Christian. "I almost think," murmured she from beneath her covering, "that you are that very Froda whom men call the Good, and the friend of the Skalds, and of whose generosity and mildness such wonderful stories are told. If it be so, there may be help for me. You need only give up to me the half of your fields and meadows, and I should be in a condition to live in some measure such a life as befits the descendant of the mighty Rolf." Then Froda looked thoughtfully on the ground; partly because she had asked for so very much; partly, also, because he was considering whether she could really be descended from the powerful Rolf. But the veiled form said, after a pause, "I must have been mistaken, and you are not indeed that renowned, gentle-hearted Froda; for how could he have doubted so long about such a trifle? But I will try the utmost means. See now! for the sake of the fair Aslauga, of whom you have both read and sung—for the sake of the honored daughter of Sigurd, grant my request!" Then Froda started up eagerly, and cried, "Let it be as you have said!" and gave her his knightly hand to confirm his words. But he could not grasp the hand of the peasant woman, although her dark

form remained close before him. A secret shudder began to run through his limbs, whilst suddenly a light seemed to shine forth from the apparition—a golden light—in which she became wholly wrapped; so that he felt as though Aslauga stood before him in the flowing veil of her golden hair, and smiling graciously on him. Transported and dazzled, he sank on his knees. When he rose up once more, he only saw a cloudy mist of autumn spreading over the meadow, fringed at its edges with lingering evening lights, and then vanishing far over the waves. The knight scarcely knew what had happened to him. He returned to his chamber buried in thought, and sometimes feeling sure that he had beheld Aslauga, sometimes, again, that some goblin had risen before him with deceitful tricks, mocking in spiteful wise the service which he had vowed to his dead mistress. But henceforth, wherever he roved, over valley or forest or heath, or whether he sailed upon the waves of the sea, the like appearances met him. Once he found a lute lying in a wood, and drove a wolf away from it; and when sounds burst from the lute without its being touched, a fair child rose up from it, as of old Aslauga herself had done. At another time he would see goats clambering among the highest cliffs by the sea-shore; and it was a golden form who tended them. Then, again, a bright queen, resplendent in a dazzling bark, would seem to glide past him, and salute him graciously;—and if he strove to approach any of these, he found nothing but cloud, and mist and vapor. Of all this many a lay might be sung. But so much he learnt from them all—that the fair lady Aslauga accepted his service, and that he was now indeed and in truth become her knight.

Meanwhile the winter had come and gone. In northern lands this season never fails to bring, to those who understand and love it, many an image full of beauty and meaning, with which a child of man might well be satisfied, so far as earthly happiness can satisfy, through all his time on

earth. But when the spring came glancing forth with its opening buds and flowing waters, there came also bright and sunny tidings from the land of Germany to Fühnen.

There stood on the rich banks of the Maine, where it pours its waters through the fertile land of Franconia, a castle of almost royal magnificence, whose orphan-mistress was a relation of the German emperor. She was named Hildegardis; and was acknowledged far and wide as the fairest of maidens. Therefore her imperial uncle wished that she should wed none but the bravest knight who could anywhere be met with. Accordingly he followed the example of many a noble lord in such a case, and proclaimed a tournament, at which the chief prize should be the hand of the peerless Hildegardis, unless the victor already bore in his heart a lady wedded or betrothed to him; for the lists were not to be closed to any brave warrior of equal birth, that the contest of strength and courage might be so much the richer in competitors.

Now the renowned Froda had tidings of this from his German brethren-in-arms; and he prepared himself to appear at the festival. Before all things, he forged for himself a splendid suit of armor; as, indeed, he was the most excellent armorer of the north, far-famed as it is for skill in that art. He worked the helmet out of pure gold, and formed it so that it seemed to be covered with bright flowing locks, which called to mind Aslauga's tresses. He also fashioned on the breast-plate of his armor, overlaid with silver, a golden image in half-relief, which represented Aslauga in her veil of flowing locks, that he might make known, even at the beginning of the tournament—"This knight, bearing the image of a lady upon his breast, fights not for the hand of the beautiful Hildegardis, but only for the joy of battle and for knightly fame." Then he took out of his stables a beautiful Danish steed, embarked it carefully on board a vessel, and sailed prosperously to the opposite shore.

CHAPTER II.

In one of those fair beech-woods which abound in the fertile land of Germany, he fell in with a young and courteous knight of delicate form, who asked the noble northman to share the meal which he had invitingly spread out upon the greensward, under the shade of the pleasantest boughs. Whilst the two knights sat peacefully together at their repast they felt drawn towards each other; and rejoiced when on rising from it, they observed that they were about to follow the same road. They had not come to this good understanding by means of many words; for the young knight Edwald was of a silent nature, and would sit for hours with a quiet smile upon his lips without opening them to speak. But even in that quiet smile there lay a gentle, winning grace; and when from time to time a few simple words of deep meaning sprang to his lips, they seemed like a gift deserving of thanks. It was the same with the little songs which he sang ever and anon; they were ended almost as soon as begun; but in each short couplet there dwelt a deep and winning spirit, whether it called forth a kindly sigh or a peaceful smile. It seemed to the noble Froda as if a younger brother rode beside him, or even a tender, blooming son. They traveled thus many days together; and it appeared as if their path were marked out for them in inseparable union; and much as they rejoiced at this, yet they looked sadly at each other whenever they set out afresh, or where cross-roads met, on finding that neither took a different direction: nay, it seemed at times as if a tear gathered in Edwald's downcast eye.

It happened on a time, that at their hostelry they met an arrogant, overbearing knight, of gigantic stature and powerful frame, whose speech and carriage proved him to be not of German but foreign birth. He appeared to come from

the land of Bohemia. He cast a contemptuous smile on Froda, who, as usual, had opened the ancient book of Aslauga's history, and was attentively reading in it. "You must be a ghostly knight!" he said, inquiringly; and it appeared as if a whole train of unseemly jests were ready to follow. But Froda answered so firmly and seriously with a negative that the Bohemian stopped short suddenly; as when the beasts, after venturing to mock their king, the lion, are subdued to quietness by one glance of his eye. But not so easily was the Bohemian knight subdued; rather the more did he begin to mock young Edwald for his delicate form and for his silence—all which he bore for some time with great patience; but when at last the stranger used an unbecoming phrase, he arose, girded on his sword, and bowing gracefully, he said, "I thank you, Sir Knight, that you have given me this opportunity of proving that I am neither a slothful nor unpracticed knight; for only thus can your behavior be excused, which otherwise must be deemed most unmannerly. Are you ready?"

With these words he moved towards the door; the Bohemian knight followed, smiling scornfully; while Froda was full of care for his young and slender companion, although his honor was so dear to him that he could in no way interpose.

But it soon appeared how needless were the northman's fears. With equal vigor and address did Edwald assault his gigantic adversary, so that, to look upon, it was almost like one of those combats between a knight and some monster of the forest, of which ancient legends tell. The issue, too, was not unlike. While the Bohemian was collecting himself for a decisive stroke, Edwald rushed in upon him, and, with the force of a wrestler, cast him to the ground. But he spared his conquered foe, helped him courteously to rise, and then turned to mount his own steed. Soon after, he and Froda left the hostelry, and once more their journey led them on the same path as before.

"From henceforth this gives me pleasure," said Froda, pointing with satisfaction to their common road. "I must own to you, Edchen"—he had accustomed himself, in loving confidence, to call his young friend by that child-like name—"I must own to you that hitherto, when I have thought that you might perhaps be journeying with me to the tournament held in honor of the fair Hildegardis, a heaviness came over my heart. Your noble knightly spirit I well knew, but I feared lest the strength of your slender limbs might not be equal to it. Now I have learned to know you as a warrior who may long seek his match; and God be praised if we still hold on in the same path, and welcome our earliest meeting in the lists!"

But Edwald looked at him sorrowfully, and said, "What can my skill and strength avail if they be tried against you, and for the greatest earthly prize, which one of us alone can win? Alas! I have long foreboded with a heavy heart the sad truth, that you also are journeying to the tournament of the fair Hildegardis."

"Edchen," answered Froda, with a smile, "my gentle, loving youth, see you not that I already wear on my breast-plate the image of a liege lady? I strive but for renown in arms, and not for your fair Hildegardis!"

"*My* fair Hildegardis!" answered Edwald, with a sigh. "*That* she is not, nor ever will be—or should she, ah! Froda, it would pierce your heart. I know well the northland faith is deep-rooted as your rocks, and hard to dissolve as their summits of snow; but let no man think that he can look unscathed into the eyes of Hildegardis. Has not she, the haughty, the too haughty maiden, so bewitched my tranquil, lowly mind, that I forget the gulf which lies between us, and still pursue her,-and would rather perish than renounce the daring hope to win that eagle spirit for my own?"

"I will help you to it, Edchen," answered Froda, smiling still. "Would that I knew how this all-conquering lady

looks! She must resemble the Valkyrien of our heathen forefathers, since so many mighty warriors are overcome by her."

Edwald solemnly drew forth a picture from beneath his breastplate, and held it before him. Fixed, and as if enchanted, Froda gazed upon it with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes; the smile passed away from his countenance, as the sunlight fades away from the meadows before the coming darkness of the storm.

"See you not now, my noble comrade," whispered Edwald, "that for one of us two, or perhaps for both, the joy of life is gone?"

"Not yet," replied Froda, with a powerful effort; "but hide your magic picture, and let us rest beneath this shade. You must be somewhat spent with your late encounter, and a strange weariness oppresses me with leaden weight." They dismounted from their steeds, and stretched themselves upon the ground.

The noble Froda had no thought of sleep; but he wished to be undisturbed whilst he wrestled strongly with himself, and strove, if it might be, to drive from his mind that image of fearful beauty. It seemed as if this new influence had already become a part of his very life, and at last a restless, dreamy sleep did indeed overshadow the exhausted warrior. He fancied himself engaged in combat with many knights, whilst Hildegardis looked on smiling from a richly-adorned balcony; and just as he thought he had gained the victory the bleeding Edwald lay groaning beneath his horse's feet. Then again it seemed as if Hildegardis stood by his side in a church, and they were about to receive the marriage-blessing. He knew well that this was not right, and the "yes," which he was to utter, he pressed back with resolute effort into his heart, and forthwith his eyes were moistened with burning tears. From yet stranger and more bewildering visions the voice of Edwald at last awoke him. He raised

himself up, and heard his young companion saying courteously, as he looked toward a neighboring thicket, "Only return, noble maiden; I will surely help you if I can; and I had no wish to scare you away, but that the slumbers of my brother in arms might not be disturbed by you." A golden gleam shone through the branches as it vanished.

"For heaven's sake, my faithful comrade," cried Froda, "to whom are you speaking, and who has been here by me?"

"I cannot myself rightly understand," said Edwald. "Hardly had you dropped asleep when a figure came forth from the forest, closely wrapped in a dark mantle. At first I took her for a peasant. She seated herself at your head; and though I could see nothing of her countenance, I could well observe that she was sorely troubled, and even shedding tears. I made signs to her to depart, lest she should disturb your sleep; and would have offered her a piece of gold, supposing that poverty must be the cause of her deep distress. But my hand seemed powerless, and a shudder passed through me, as if I had entertained such a purpose towards a queen. Immediately glittering locks of gold waved here and there between the folds of her close-wrapped mantle, and the thicket began almost to shine in the light which they shed. 'Poor youth,' said she then, 'you love truly, and can well understand how a lofty woman's heart burns in keenest sorrow when a noble knight, who vowed himself to be her own, withdraws his heart, and, like a weak bondman, is led away to meaner hopes.' Hereupon she arose, and, sighing, disappeared in yonder thicket. It almost seemed to me, Froda, as though she uttered your name."

"Yes, it was I she named," answered Froda; "and not in vain she named me. Aslauga, thy knight comes, and enters the lists, and all for thee and thy reward alone! At the same time, my Edchen, we will win for you your haughty bride.

With this he sprang upon his steed, full of the proud joy of former times; and when the magic of Hildegardis' beauty, dazzling and bewildering, would rise up before him, he said, smiling, "Aslauga!" and the sun of his inner life shone forth again cloudless and serene.

CHAPTER III.

FROM a balcony of her castle on the Maine, Hildegardis was wont to refresh herself in the cool of the evening by gazing on the rich landscape below, but gazing more eagerly on the glitter of arms, which often came in sight from many a distant road; for knights were approaching singly, or with a train of followers, all eager to prove their courage and their strength in striving for the high prize of the tournament. She was in truth a proud and high-minded maiden—perhaps more so than became even her dazzling beauty and her princely rank. As she now gazed with a proud smile on the glittering roads a damsel of her train began the following lay:—

"The joyous song of birds in spring
Upon the wing
Doth echo far through wood and dell,
And freely tell
Their treasures sweet of love and mirth,
Too gladsome for this lowly earth.

"The gentle breath of flowers in May,
O'er meadows gay,
Doth fill the pure and balmy air
With perfume rare;
Still floating round each slender form,
Though scorched by sun or torn by storm.

"But every high and glorious aim,
And the pure flame
That deep abiding in my heart
Can ne'er depart,
Too lofty for my falt'ring tongue,
Must die with me, unknown, unsung."

"Wherefore do you sing that song, and at this moment?" said Hildegardis, striving to appear scornful and proud, though a deep and secret sadness was plainly enough seen to overshadow her countenance. "It came into my head unawares," replied the damsel, "as I looked upon the road by which the gentle Edwald with his pleasant lays first approached us; for it was from him I learnt it. But seems it not to you, my gracious lady, and to you too, my companions, as if Edwald himself were again riding that way towards the castle?" "Dreamer!" said Hildegardis, scornfully—and yet could not for some space withdraw her eyes from the knight, till at length, with an effort, she turned them on Froda, who rode beside him saying: "Yes, truly, that knight is Edwald; but what can you find to notice in the meek-spirited, silent boy? Here, fix your eyes, my maidens, on this majestic figure, if you would behold a knight indeed." She was silent. A voice within her, as though of prophecy, said, "Now the victor of the tournament rides into the court-yard;" and she, who had never feared the presence of any human being, now felt humbled, and almost painfully awed, when she beheld the northern knight.

At the evening meal the two newly arrived knights were placed opposite to the royal Hildegardis. As Froda, after the northern fashion, remained in full armor, the golden image of Aslauga gleamed from his silver breast-plate full before the eyes of the haughty lady. She smiled scornfully, as if conscious that it depended on her will to drive that image from the breast and from the heart of the stranger-knight. Then suddenly a clear golden light passed through

the hall, so that Hildegardis said, "O, the keen lightning!" and covered her eyes with both her hands. But Froda looked into the dazzling radiance with a joyful gaze of welcome. At this Hildegardis feared him yet more, though at the same time she thought, "This loftiest and most mysterious of men must be born for me alone." Yet could she not forbear, almost against her will, to look from time to time in friendly tenderness on the poor Edwald, who sat there silent, and with a sweet smile seemed to pity and to mock his own suffering and his own vain hopes.

When the two knights were alone in their sleeping chamber Edwald looked for a long time in silence into the dewy, balmy night. Then he sang to his lute:

"A hero wise and brave,
A lowly, tender youth,
Are wandering through the land
In steadfast love and truth.

"The hero, by his deeds,
Both bliss and fame had won,
And still, with heartfelt joy,
The faithful child looked on."

But Froda took the lute from his hands, and said, "No, Edchen, I will teach you another song; listen!—

"'There's a gleam in the hall, and like morning's light
Hath shone upon all her presence bright.
Suitors watch as she passes by—
She may gladden their hearts by one glance of her eye:
But coldly she gazeth upon the throng,
And they that have sought her may seek her long.
She turns her away from the richly clad knight,
She heeds not the words of the learned wight;
The prince is before her in all his pride,
But other the visions around her that glide.

Then tell me, in all the wide world's space,
Who may e'er win that lady's grace?
In sorrowful love there sits apart
The gentle squire who hath her heart;
They all are deceived by fancies vain,
And he knows it not who the prize shall gain.'"

Edwald thrilled. "As God wills," said he, softly to himself. "But I cannot understand how such a thing could be." "As God wills," repeated Froda. The two friends embraced each other, and soon after fell into a peaceful slumber.

Some days afterwards, Froda sat in a secluded bower of the castle garden, and was reading in the ancient book of his lovely mistress Aslauga. It happened at that very time that Hildegardis passed by. She stood still, and said, thoughtfully, "Strange union that you are of knight and sage, how comes it that you bring forth so little out of the deep treasures of your knowledge? And yet I think you must have many a choice history at your command, even such as that which now lies open before you; for I see rich and bright pictures of knights and ladies painted amongst the letters."

"It is, indeed, the most surpassing and enchanting history in all the world," said Froda; "but you have neither patience nor thoughtfulness to listen to our wonderful legends of the north."

"Why think you so?" answered Hildegardis, with that pride which she rejoiced to display towards Froda, when she could find courage to do so; and, placing herself on a stone seat opposite, she commanded him at once to read something to her out of that fair book.

Froda began, and in the very effort which he made to change the old heroic speech of Iceland into the German tongue, his heart and mind were stirred more fervently and solemnly. As he looked up from time to time, he beheld

the countenance of Hildegardis beaming in ever-growing beauty with joy, wonder and interest; and the thought passed through his mind whether this could indeed be his destined bride, to whom Aslauga herself was guiding him.

Then suddenly the characters became strangely confused; it seemed as if the pictures began to move, so that he was obliged to stop. While he fixed his eyes with a strong effort upon the book, endeavoring to drive away this strange confusion, he heard a well-known, sweetly solemn voice, which said, "Leave a little space for me, fair lady. The history which that knight is reading to you relates to me, and I hear it gladly."

Before the eyes of Froda, as he raised them from his book, sat Aslauga in all the glory of her flowing golden locks beside Hildegardis, on the seat. With tears of affright in her eyes, the maiden sank back and fainted. Solemnly, yet graciously, Aslauga warned her knight with a motion of her fair right hand, and vanished.

"What have I done to you?" said Hildegardis, when recovered from her swoon by his care, "what have I done to you, evil-minded knight, that you call up your northern spectres before me, and well nigh destroy me through terror of your magic arts?" "Lady," answered Froda, "may God help me, as I have not called hither the wondrous lady who but now appeared to us. But now her will is known to me, and I commend you to God's keeping."

With that he walked thoughtfully out of the bower. Hildegardis fled in terror from the gloomy shade, and, rushing out on the opposite side, reached a fair open grass-plot, where Edwald, in the soft glow of twilight, was gathering flowers, and, meeting her with a courteous smile, offered her a nosegay of narcissus and pansies.

CHAPTER IV.

At length the day fixed for the tournament arrived, and a distinguished noble, appointed by the German emperor, arranged all things in the most magnificent and sumptuous guise for the solemn festival. The field of combat opened wide, and fair and level, thickly strewn with the finest sand, so that both man and horse might find sure footing; and, like a pure field of snow, it shone forth from the midst of the flowery plain. Rich hangings of silk from Arabia, curiously embroidered with Indian gold, adorned with their various colors the lists enclosing the space, and hung from the lofty galleries which had been erected for the ladies and the nobles who were to behold the combat. At the upper end, under a canopy of majestic arches, richly wrought in gold, was the place of the Lady Hildegardis. Green wreaths and garlands waved gracefully between the glittering pillars in the soft breezes of July. And with impatient eyes, the multitude, who crowded beyond the lists, gazed upwards, expecting the appearance of the fairest maiden of Germany, and were only at times drawn to another part by the stately approach of the combatants. Oh, how many a bright suit of armor, how many a silken richly embroidered mantle, how many a lofty waving plume was here to be seen! The splendid troop of knights moved within the lists, greeting and conversing with each other, as a bed of flowers stirred by a breath of wind; but the flower-stems had grown to lofty trees, the yellow and white flower leaves had changed to gold and silver, and the dew-drops to pearls and diamonds. For whatever was most fair and costly, most varied and full of meaning, had these noble knights collected in honor of this day. Many an eye was turned on Froda, who, without scarf, plume or mantle, with his shining silver breastplate, on which appeared the golden image of

Aslauga, and with his well wrought helmet of golden locks, shone, in the midst of the crowd, like polished brass. Others again there were, who took pleasure in looking at the young Edwald; his whole armor was covered by a mantle of white silk, embroidered in azure and silver, as his whole helmet was concealed by a waving plume of white feathers. He was arrayed with almost feminine elegance, and yet the conscious power with which he controlled his fiery, snow-white steed made known the victorious strength and manliness of the warlike stripling.

In strange contrast appeared the tall and almost gigantic figure of a knight, clothed in a mantle of black, glossy bear-skin, bordered with costly fur, but without any ornament of shining metal. His very helmet was covered with dark bear-skin, and, instead of plumes, a mass of blood-red horsehair hung, like a flowing mane, profusely on every side. Well did Froda and Edwald remember that dark knight, for he was the uncourteous guest of the hostelry. He also seemed to remark the two knights, for he turned his unruly steed suddenly round, forced his way through the crowd of warriors, and, after he had spoken over the enclosure to a hideous bronze-colored woman, sprang with a wild leap across the lists, and with the speed of an arrow, vanished out of sight. The old woman looked after him with a friendly nod. The assembled people laughed, as at a strange masquing device; but Edwald and Froda had their own almost shuddering thoughts concerning it, which, however, neither imparted to the other.

The kettle-drums rolled, the trumpets sounded, and, led by the aged duke, Hildegardis advanced, richly appareled, but more dazzling through the brightness of her own beauty. She stepped forward beneath the arches of the golden bower, and bowed to the assembly. The knights bent low, and the feeling rushed into many a heart, "There is no man on earth who can deserve a bride so queenly." When

Froda bowed his head, it seemed to him as if the golden radiance of Aslauga's tresses floated before his sight; and his spirit rose in joy and pride that his lady held him worthy to be so often reminded of her.

And now the tournament began. At first the knights strove with blunted swords and battle-axes; then they ran their course with lances, man to man; but at last they divided into two equal parties, and a general assault began, in which every one was allowed to use, at his own will, either sword or lance. Froda and Edwald equally surpassed their antagonists, as (measuring each his own strength and that of his friend) they had foreseen. And now it must be decided by a single combat, with lances, to whom the highest prize of victory should belong. Before this trial began, they rode slowly together into the middle of the course, and consulted where each should take his place. "Keep you your guiding star still before your sight," said Froda with a smile; "the like gracious help will not be wanting to me." Edwald looked round, astonished, for the lady of whom his friend seemed to speak, but Froda went on, "I have done wrong in hiding aught from you, but after the tournament you shall know all. Now lay aside all needless thoughts of wonder, dear Edchen, and sit firm in your saddle, for I warn you that I shall run this course with all my might. Not my honor alone is at stake, but the far higher honor of my lady."

"So also do I purpose to demean myself," said Edwald, with a friendly smile. They shook each other by the hand, and rode to their places.

Amidst the sound of trumpets, they met again, running their course with lightning speed; the lances shivered with a crash, the horses staggered, the knights, firm in their saddles, pulled them up and rode back to their places. But as they prepared for another course, Edwald's white steed snorted in wild affright, and Froda's powerful chestnut reared up foaming.

It was plain that the two noble animals shrunk from a second hard encounter, but their riders held them fast with spur and bit, and, firm and obedient, they again dashed forward at the second call of the trumpet. Edwald, who by one deep, ardent gaze on the beauty of his mistress had stamped it afresh on his soul, cried aloud at the moment of encounter, "Hildegardis!" and so mightily did his lance strike his valiant adversary, that Froda sank backwards on his steed, with difficulty keeping his seat in his saddle, or holding firm in his stirrups, whilst Edwald flew by unshaken, lowered his spear to salute Hildegardis as he passed her bower, and then, amidst the loud applause of the multitude, rushed to his place, ready for the third course. And, ah! Hildegardis herself, overcome by surprise, had greeted him with a blush and a look of kindness; it seemed to him as if the overwhelming joy of victory were already gained. But it was not so, for the valiant Froda, burning with noble shame, had again tamed his affrighted steed, and chastising him sharply with the spur for his share in this mischance, said in low voice, "Beautiful and beloved lady, show thyself to me—the honor of thy name is at stake." To every other eye it seemed as if a golden, rosy-tinted summer's cloud was passing over the deep blue sky, but Froda beheld the heavenly countenance of his lady, felt the waving of her golden tresses, and cried, "Aslauga!" The two rushed together, and Edwald was hurled from his saddle far upon the dusty plain.

Froda remained for a time motionless, according to the laws of chivalry, as though waiting to see whether any one would dispute his victory, and appearing on his mailed steed like some lofty statue of brass. All around stood the multitude in silent wonderment. When at length they burst forth into shouts of triumph, he beckoned earnestly with his hand, and all were again silent. He then sprang lightly from his saddle, and hastened to the spot

where the fallen Edwald was striving to rise. He pressed closely to his breast, led his snow-white steed towards him, and would not be denied holding the stirrups of the youth whilst he mounted. Then he bestrode his own steed, and rode by Edwald's side towards the golden bower of Hildegardis, where, with lowered spear and open visor, he thus spoke: "Fairest of all living ladies, I bring you here Edwald, your knightly bridegroom, before whose lance and sword all the knights of this tournament have fallen away, I only excepted, who can make no claim to the choicest prize of victory, since I, as the image on my breastplate may show, already serve another mistress."

The duke was even now advancing towards the two warriors, to lead them into the golden bower, but Hildegardis restrained him with a look of displeasure, saying immediately, while her cheeks glowed with anger, "Then you seem, Sir Froda, the Danish knight, to serve your lady ill; for even now you openly styled me the fairest of living ladies."

"That did I," answered Froda, bending courteously, "because my fair mistress belongs to the dead."

A slight shudder passed at these words through the assembly, and through the heart of Hildegardis; but soon the anger of the maiden blazed forth again, and the more because the most wonderful and excellent knight she knew had scorned her for the sake of a dead mistress.

"I make known to all," she said, with solemn earnestness, "that according to the just decree of my imperial uncle, this hand can never belong to a vanquished knight, however noble and honorable he may otherwise have proved himself. As the conqueror of this tournament, therefore, is bound to another service, this combat concerns me not; and I depart hence as I came, a free and unbetrothed maiden."

The duke seemed about to reply, but she turned haughtily away and left the bower. Suddenly a gust of wind

shook the green wreaths and garlands, and they fell untwined and rustling behind her. In this, the people, displeased with the pride of Hildegardis, thought they beheld an omen of punishment, and with jeering words noticed it as they departed.

CHAPTER V.

THE two knights had returned to their apartments in deep silence. When they arrived there, Edwald caused himself to be disarmed, and laid every piece of his fair shining armor together with a kind of tender care, almost as if he were burying the corpse of a beloved friend. Then he beckoned to his squires to leave the chamber, took his lute on his arm, and sang the following song to its notes:—

"Bury them, bury them out of sight,
For hope and fame are fled;
And peaceful resting and quiet night
Are all now left for the dead."

"You will stir up my anger against your lute," said Froda. "You had accustomed it to more joyful songs than this. It is too good for a passing-bell, and you too good to toll it. I tell you yet, my young hero, all will end gloriously."

Edwald looked a while with wonder in his face, and he answered kindly: "Beloved Froda, if it displeases you, I will surely sing no more." But at the same time he struck a few sad chords, which sounded infinitely sweet and tender. Then the northern knight, much moved, clasped him in his arms, and said: "Dear Edchen, sing and say and do whatever pleases you; it shall ever rejoice me. But you may well believe me, for I speak not this without a spirit of presage—your sorrow shall change, whether to death or life I know not, but great and overpowering joy awaits you."

Edwald rose firmly and cheerfully from his seat, seized his companion's arm with a strong grasp, and walked forth with him through the blooming alleys of the garden into the balmy air.

At that very hour an aged woman, muffled in many a covering, was led secretly to the apartment of the Lady Hildegardis. The appearance of the dark-complexioned stranger was mysterious, and she had gathered round her for some time, by many feats of jugglery, a part of the multitude returning home from the tournament, but had dispersed them at last in wild affright. Before this happened, the tire-woman of Hildegardis had hastened to her mistress, to entertain her with an account of the rare and pleasant feats of the bronze-colored woman. The maidens in attendance, seeing their lady deeply moved, and wishing to banish her melancholy, bade the tire-woman bring the old stranger hither. Hildegardis forbade it not, hoping that she should thus divert the attention of her maidens, while she gave herself up more deeply and earnestly to the varying imaginations which flitted through her mind.

The messenger found the place already deserted, and the strange old woman, alone in the midst, laughing immoderately. When questioned by her, she did not deny that she had all at once taken the form of a monstrous owl, announcing to the spectators in a screeching voice that she was the Devil—and that every one upon this rushed screaming home.

The tire-woman trembled at the fearful jest, but durst not return to ask again the pleasure of Hildegardis, whose discontented mood she had already remarked. She gave strict charge to the old woman, with many a threat and promise, to demean herself discreetly in the castle; after which she brought her in by the most secret way, that none of those whom she had terrified might see her enter.

The aged crone now stood before Hildegardis, and winked

to her, in the midst of her low and humble salutation, in a strangely familiar manner, as though there were some secret between them. The lady felt an involuntary shudder, and could not withdraw her gaze from the features of that hideous countenance, hateful as it was to her. The curiosity which had led the rest to desire a sight of the strange woman was by no means gratified, for she performed none but the most common tricks of jugglery, and related only well-known tales, so that the tire-woman felt weary and indifferent; and, ashamed of having brought the stranger, she stole away unnoticed. Several other maidens followed her example, and, as these withdrew, the old crone twisted her mouth into a smile, and repeated the same hideous confidential wink towards the lady. Hildegardis could not understand what attracted her in the jests and tales of the bronze-colored woman; but so it was, that in her whole life she had never bestowed such attention on the words of any one. Still the old woman went on and on, and already the night looked dark without the windows, but the attendants who still remained with Hildegardis had sunk into a deep sleep, and had lighted none of the wax tapers in the apartment.

Then, in the dusky gloom, the dark old crone rose from the low seat on which she had been sitting, as if she now felt herself well at ease, advanced toward Hildegardis, who sat as if spell-bound with terror, placed herself beside her on the purple couch, and embracing her in her long dry arms with a hateful caress, whispered a few words in her ear. It seemed to the lady as if she uttered the names of Froda and Edwald, and from them came the sound of a flute, which, clear and silvery as were its tones, seemed to lull her into a trance. She could indeed move her limbs, but only to follow those sounds, which, like a silver network, floated round the hideous form of the old woman. She moved from the chamber, and Hildegardis followed her through all her slumbering

maidens, still singing softly as she went, "Ye maidens, ye maidens, I wander by night."

Without the castle, accompanied by squire and groom, stood the gigantic Bohemian warrior: he laid on the shoulders of the crone a bag of gold so heavy that she sank half whimpering, half laughing, on the ground; then lifted the entranced Hildegardis on his steed, and galloped with her silently into the ever-deepening gloom of night.

"All ye noble lords and knights, who yesterday contended gallantly for the prize of victory and the hand of the peerless Hildegardis, arise, arise! saddle your steeds, and to the rescue! The peerless Hildegardis is carried away!"

Thus proclaimed many a herald through castle and town in the bright red dawn of the following day; and on all sides rose the dust from the tread of knights and noble squires along those roads by which so lately, in the evening twilight, Hildegardis in proud repose had gazed on her approaching suitors.

Two of them, well known to us, remained inseparably together, but they knew as little as the others whether they had taken the right direction, for how and when the adored lady could have disappeared from her apartments was still to the whole castle a fearful and mysterious secret.

Edwald and Froda rode as long as the sun moved over their heads, unwearied as he; and now when he sank in the waves of the river, they thought to win the race from him, and still spurred on their jaded steeds. But the noble animals staggered and panted, and the knights were constrained to grant them some little refreshment in a grassy meadow. Secure of bringing them back at their first call, their masters removed both bit and curb, that they might be refreshed with the green pasture, and with the deep blue waters of the Maine, while they themselves reposed under the shade of a neighboring thicket of alders.

And deep in the cool, dark shade, there shone, as it were,

a mild but clear sparkling light, and checked the speech of Froda, who at that moment was beginning to tell his friend the tale of his knightly service to his sovereign lady, which had been delayed hitherto, first by Edwald's sadness, and then by the haste of their journey. Ah, well did Froda know that lovely golden light! "Let us follow it, Edchen," said he in a low tone, "and leave the horses a while to their pasture." Edwald in silence followed his companion's advice. A secret voice, half sweet, half fearful, seemed to tell him that here was the path, the only right path to Hildegardis. Once only he said in astonishment, "Never before have I seen the evening glow shine on the leaves so brightly." Froda shook his head with a smile, and they pursued in silence their unknown track.

When they came forth on the other side of the alder-thicket upon the bank of the Maine, which almost wound round it, Edwald saw well that another glow than that of evening was shining on them, for dark clouds of night already covered the heavens, and the guiding light stood fixed on the shore of the river. It lit up the waves, so that they could see a high woody island in the midst of the stream, and a boat on the hither side of the shore fast bound to a stake. But on approaching, the knights saw much more; a troop of horsemen of strange and foreign appearance were all asleep, and in the midst of them, slumbering on cushions, a female form in white garments.

"Hildegardis!" murmured Edwald to himself, with a smile, and at the same time he drew his sword in readiness for the combat as soon as the robbers should awake, and beckoned to Froda to raise the sleeping lady, and convey her to a place of safety. But at this moment something like an owl passed whizzing over the dark squadron, and they all started up with clattering arms and hideous outcries. A wild, unequal combat arose in the darkness of night, for that beaming light had disappeared. Froda and Edwald were

driven asunder, and only at a distance heard each other's mighty war-cry. Hildegardis, startled from her magic sleep, uncertain whether she were waking or dreaming, fled bewildered and weeping into the deep shades of the alder-thicket.

CHAPTER VI.

FRODA felt his arm grow weary, and the warm blood was flowing from two wounds in his shoulder; he wished so to lie down in death that he might rise up with honor from his bloody grave to the exalted lady whom he served. He cast his shield behind him, grasped his sword-hilt with both hands, and rushed wildly, with a loud war-cry, upon the affrighted foe. Instantly he heard some voices cry, "It is the rage of the northern heroes which has come upon him." And the whole troop were scattered in dismay, while the exhausted knight remained wounded and alone in the darkness.

Then the golden hair of Aslauga gleamed once more in the alder-shade; and Froda said, leaning, through weariness, on his sword, "I think not that I am wounded to death; but whenever that time shall come, O beloved lady, wilt thou not indeed appear to me in all thy loveliness and brightness?" A soft "Yes" breathed against his cheek, and the golden light vanished.

But now Hildegardis came forth from the thicket, half fainting with terror, and said feebly, "Within is the fair and frightful spectre of the north—without is the battle. Oh, merciful heaven! whither shall I go?"

Then Froda approached to soothe the affrighted one, to speak some words of comfort to her, and to inquire after Edwald; but wild shouts and the rattling of armor announced the return of the Bohemian warriors. With haste Froda led the maiden to the boat, pushed off from the

shore, and rowed her with the last effort of his failing strength toward the island which he had observed in the midst of the stream. But the pursuers had already kindled torches, and waved them sparkling here and there. By this light they soon discovered the boat; they saw that the dreaded Danish knight was bleeding, and gained fresh courage for their pursuit. Hardly had Froda pushed the boat to the shore of the island, before he perceived a Bohemian on the other side in another skiff, and soon afterwards the greater number of the enemy embarked to row towards the island. "To the wood, fair maiden," he whispered as soon as he had landed Hildegardis on the shore; "there conceal yourself, whilst I endeavor to prevent the landing of the robbers." But Hildegardis, clinging to his arm, whispered again, "Do I not see that you are pale and bleeding? and would you have me expire with terror in the dark and lonely clefts of this rock? Ah! and if your northern gold-haired spectre were to appear again and seat herself beside me! Think you that I do not see her there now, shining through the thicket!" "She shines!" echoed Froda and new strength and hope ran through every vein. He climbed the hill, following the gracious gleam; and Hildegardis, though trembling at the sight, went readily with her companion, saying only from time to time, in a low voice, "Ah, Sir Knight!—my noble, wondrous knight—leave me not here alone; that would be my death." The knight soothing her courteously, stepped ever onwards through the darkness of dell and forest, for already he heard the sound of the Bohemians landing on the shore of the island. Suddenly he stood before a cave thick-covered with underwood, and the gleam disappeared. "Here then," he whispered, and endeavoring to hold the branches asunder. For a moment she paused and said, "If you should but let the branches close again behind me, and I were to remain alone with spectres in this cave! But, Froda, you will surely follow me—a

trembling, hunted child as I am? Will you not?" Without more misgivings she passed through the branches, and the knight, who would willingly have remained without as a guard, followed her. Earnestly he listened through the stillness of the night, whilst Hildegardis hardly dared to draw her breath. Then was heard the tramp of an armed man, coming ever nearer and nearer, and now close to the entrance of the cave. In vain did Froda strive to free himself from the trembling maiden. Already the branches before the entrance were cracking and breaking, and Froda sighed deeply. "Must I, then, fall like a lurking fugitive, entangled in a woman's garments? It is a base death to die. But can I cast this half-fainting creature away from me on the dark, hard earth, perhaps into some deep abyss? Come, then, what will, thou, Lady Aslauga, knowest that I die an honorable death!"

"Froda! Hildegardis!" breathed a gentle, well-known voice at the entrance, and, recognizing Edwald, Froda bore the lady towards him into the starlight, saying, "She will die of terror in our sight in this deep cavern. Is the foe near at hand?" "Most of them lie lifeless on the shore, or swim bleeding through the waves," said Edwald. "Set your mind at rest, and repose yourself. Are you wounded, beloved Froda?" He gave this short account to his astonished companions—how, in the darkness, he had mixed with the Bohemians and pressed into the skiff, and that it had been easy to him on landing to disperse the robbers entirely, who supposed that they were attacked by one of their own crew, and thought themselves bewitched. "They began at last to fall on one another"—so he ended his history—"and we have only now to wait for the morning to conduct the lady home, for those who are wandering about of that owl-squadron will doubtless hide themselves from the eye of day." While speaking, he had skillfully and carefully arranged a couch of twigs and moss for Hildegardis, and

when the wearied one, after uttering some gentle words of gratitude, had sunk into a slumber, he began, as well as the darkness would allow, to bind up the wounds of his friend. During this anxious task, while the dark boughs of the trees murmured over their heads, and the rippling of the stream was heard from afar, Froda, in a low voice, made known to his brother-in-arms to the service of what lady he was bound. Edwald listened with deep attention, but at last he said tenderly, "Trust me, the noble Princess Aslauga will not resent it, if you pledge yourself to this earthly beauty in faithful love. Ah! Even now doubtless you are shining in the dreams of Hildegardis, richly-gifted and happy knight! I will not stand in your way with my vain wishes; I see now clearly that she can never, never love me. Therefore I will this very day hasten to the war which so many valiant knights of Germany are waging in the heathen land of Prussia, and the black cross, which distinguishes them for warriors of the Church, I will lay as the best balm on my throbbing heart. Take, then, dear Froda, that fair hand which you have won in battle, and live henceforth a life of surpassing happiness and joy."

"Edwald," said Froda, gravely, "this is the first time that I ever heard one word from your lips which a true knight could not fulfill. Do as it pleases you towards the fair and haughty Hildegardis, but Aslauga remains my mistress ever, and no other do I desire in life or death." The youth was startled by these stern words, and made no reply. Both, without saying more to each other, watched through the night in solemn thought.

The next morning, when the rising sun shone brightly over the flowery plains around the Castle of Hildegardis, the watchman on the tower blew a joyful blast from his horn, for his keen eye had distinguished far in the distance his fair lady, who was riding from the forest between her two deliverers; and from castle, town, and hamlet, came

forth many a rejoicing train to assure themselves with their own eyes of the happy news.

Hildegardis turned to Edwald with eyes sparkling through tears, and said, "Were it not for you, young knight, they might have sought long and vainly before they found the lost maiden or the noble Froda, who would now be lying in that dark cavern a bleeding and lifeless corpse." Edwald bowed lowly in reply, but persevered in his wonted silence. It even seemed as though an unusual grief restrained the smile which erewhile answered so readily, in child-like sweetness, to every friendly word.

The noble guardian of Hildegardis had, in the overflowing joy of his heart, prepared a sumptuous banquet, and invited all the knights and ladies present to attend it. Whilst Froda and Edwald, in all the brightness of their glory, were ascending the steps in the train of their rescued lady, Edwald said to his friend, "Noble, steadfast knight, you can never love me more!" And as Froda looked in astonishment, he continued—"Thus it is when children presume to counsel heroes, however well they may mean it. Now have I offended grievously against you, and yet more against the noble Lady Aslauga." "Because you would have plucked every flower of your own garden to gladden me with them?" said Froda. "No; you are my gentle brother-in-arms now, as heretofore, dear Edchen, and are perhaps become yet dearer to me."

Then Edwald smiled again in silent contentment, like a flower after the morning showers of May.

The eyes of Hildegardis glanced mildly and kindly on him, and she often conversed graciously with him, while, on the other hand, since yesterday, a reverential awe seemed to separate her from Froda. But Edwald also was much altered. However he welcomed, with modest joy, the favor of his lady, it yet seemed as if some barrier were between them, which forbade him to entertain the most distant hope of successful love.

It chanced that a noble count, from the court of the Emperor, was announced, who, being bound on an important embassy, had wished to pay his respects to the Lady Hildegardis, by the way. She received him gladly, and as soon as the first salutations were over, he said, looking at her and at Edwald, "I know not if my good fortune may not have brought me hither to a very joyful festivity. That would be right welcome news to the Emperor my master." Hildegardis and Edwald were lovely to look upon in their blushes and confusion, but the count, perceiving at once that he had been too hasty, inclined himself respectfully towards the young knight, and said, "Pardon me, noble Duke Edwald, my too great forwardness, but I know the wish of my sovereign, and the hope to find it already fulfilled prompted my tongue to speak." All eyes were fixed inquiringly on the young hero, who answered, in graceful confusion, "It is true; the Emperor, when I was last in his camp, through his undeserved favor, raised me to rank of a duke. It was my good fortune that, in an encounter, some of the enemy's horse, who had dared to assault the sacred person of the Emperor, dispersed and fled on my approach." The count then, at the request of Hildegardis, related every circumstance of the heroic deed; and it appeared that Edwald had not only rescued the Emperor from the most imminent peril, but also, with the cool and daring skill of a general, had gained the victory which decided the event of the war.

Surprise at first sealed the lips of all; and even before their congratulations could begin, Hildegardis had turned towards Edwald, and said in a low voice, which yet, in that silence, was clearly heard by all, "The noble count has made known the wish of my imperial uncle, and, I conceal it no longer, my own heart's wish is the same—I am Duke Edwald's bride." And with that she extended to him her fair right hand, and all present waited only till he should take it, before they burst into a shout of congratulation.

But Edwald forbore to do so; he only sunk on one knee before his lady, saying, "God forbid that the lofty Hildegardis should ever recall a word spoken solemnly to noble knights and dames. 'To no vanquished knight,' you said, 'might the hand of the Emperor's niece belong'—and behold there Froda, the noble Danish knight, my conqueror." Hildegardis, with a slight blush, turned hastily away, hiding her eyes, and as Edwald arose, it seemed as though there were a tear upon his cheek.

In his clanging armor Froda advanced to the middle of the hall, exclaiming, "I declare my late victory over Duke Edwald to have been the chance of fortune, and I challenge the noble knight to meet me again to-morrow in the lists."

At the same time he threw his iron gauntlet ringing on the pavement.

But Edwald moved not to take it up. On the contrary, a glow of lofty anger was on his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with indignation, so that his friend would hardly have recognized him; and after a silence he spoke—

"Noble Sir Froda, if I have ever offended you, we are now even. How durst you, a warrior gloriously wounded by two sword-strokes, challenge a man unhurt into the lists to-morrow, if you did not despise him?"

"Forgive me, Duke Edwald," answered Froda, somewhat abashed, but with cheerfulness, "I have spoken too boldly. Not till I am completely cured do I call you to the field."

Then Edwald took up the gauntlet joyfully. He knelt once more before Hildegardis, who, turning away her face, gave him her fair hand to kiss, and walked, with his arm in that of his noble Danish friend, out of the hall.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Froda's wounds were healing Edwald would sometimes wander, when the shades of evening fell dark and silent around, on the flowery terraces beneath the windows of Hildegardis, and sing pleasant little songs; amongst others the following:—

"Heal fast, heal fast, ye hero-wounds;
O knight, be quickly strong;
Beloved strife
For fame and life,
O tarry not too long!"

But that one which the maidens of the castle loved best to learn from him was this, and it was perhaps the longest song that Edwald had ever sung in his whole life:—

"Would I on earth were lying,
By noble hero slain;
So that love's gentle sighing
Breathed me to life again!

"Would I an emperor were,
Of wealth and power!
Would I were gathering twigs
In woodland bower!

"Would that in lone seclusion
I lived a hermit's life!
Would, amid wild confusion,
I led the battle-strife!"

"O would the lot were mine,
In bower or field,
To which my lady fair
Her smile would yield!"

At this time it happened that a man who held himself to be very wise, and who filled the office of secretary to the

aged guardian of Hildegardis, came to the two knightly friends to propose a scheme to them. His proposal, in few words, was this, that as Froda could gain no advantage from his victory, he might in the approaching combat suffer himself to be thrown from his steed, and thus secure the lady for his comrade, at the same time fulfilling the wish of the Emperor, which might turn to his advantage hereafter in many ways.

At this the two friends at first laughed heartily; but then Froda advanced gravely towards the secretary, and said, "Thou trifler, doubtless the old duke would drive thee from his service did he know of thy folly, and teach thee to talk of the Emperor. Good-night, worthy sir, and trust me that when Edwald and I meet each other, it will be with all our heart and strength."

The secretary hastened out of the room with all speed, and was seen next morning to look unusually pale.

Soon after this Froda recovered from his wounds; the course was again prepared as before, but crowded by a still greater number of spectators; and, in the freshness of a dewy morning, the two knights advanced solemnly together to the combat.

"Beloved Edwald," said Froda, in a low voice, as they went, "take good heed to yourself, for neither this time can the victory be yours—on that rose-colored cloud appears Aslauga."

"It may be so," answered Edwald, with a quiet smile; "but under the arches of that golden bower shines Hildegardis, and this time she has not been waited for."

The knights took their places—the trumpets sounded, the course began, and Froda's prophecy seemed to be near its fulfillment, for Edwald staggered under the stroke of his lance, so that he let go the bridle, seized the mane with both hands, and thus hardly recovered his seat, whilst his high-

mettled snow-white steed bore him wildly around the lists without control. Hildegardis also seemed to shrink at this sight, but the youth at length reined in his steed, and the second course was run.

Froda shot like lightning along the plain, and it seemed as if the success of the young duke were now hopeless; but in the shock of their meeting, the bold Danish steed reared, starting aside as if in fear; the rider staggered, his stroke passed harmless by, and both steed and knight fell clanging to the ground before the steadfast spear of Edwald, and lay motionless upon the field.

Edwald did now as Froda had done before. In knightly wise he stood still a while upon the spot, as if waiting to see whether any other adversary were there to dispute his victory; then he sprang from his steed, and flew to the assistance of his fallen friend.

He strove with all his might to release him from the weight of his horse, and presently Froda came to himself, rose on his feet, and raised up his charger also. Then he lifted up his visor, and greeted his conqueror with a friendly smile, though his countenance was pale. The victor bowed humbly, almost timidly, and said, "You, my knight, overthrown—and by me! I understand it not."

"It was her own will," answered Froda, smiling. "Come now to your gentle bride."

The multitude around shouted aloud, each lady and knight bowed low, when the aged duke pointed out to them the lovely pair, and at his bidding, the betrothed, with soft blushes, embraced each other beneath the green garlands of the golden bower.

That very day were they solemnly united in the chapel of the castle, for so had Froda earnestly desired. A journey into a far-distant land, he said, lay before him, and much he wished to celebrate the marriage of his friend before his departure.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE torches were burning clear in the vaulted halls of the castle, Hildegardis had just left the arm of her lover to begin a stately dance of ceremony with the aged duke, when Edwald beckoned to his companion, and they went forth together into the moonlit gardens of the castle.

"Ah, Froda, my noble, lofty hero," exclaimed Edwald, after a silence, "were you as happy as I am! But your eyes rest gravely and thoughtfully on the ground, or kindle almost impatiently heavenwards. It would be dreadful, indeed, had the secret wish of your heart been to win Hildegardis—and I, foolish boy, so strangely favored, had stood in your way."

"Be at rest, Edchen," answered the Danish hero, with a smile. "On the word of a knight, my thoughts and yearnings concern not your fair Hildegardis. Far brighter than ever does Aslauga's radiant image shine into my heart: but now hear what I am going to relate to you.

"At the very moment when we met together in the course —oh, had I words to express it to you!—I was enwrapped, encircled, dazzled by Aslauga's golden tresses, which were waving all around me. Even my noble steed must have beheld the apparition, for I felt him start and rear under me. I saw you no more—the world no more—I saw only the angel face of Aslauga close before me, smiling, blooming like a flower in a sea of sunshine which floated around her. My senses failed me. Not till you raised me from beneath my horse did my consciousness return, and then I knew, with exceeding joy, that her own gracious pleasure had struck me down. But I felt a strange weariness, far greater than my fall alone could have caused, and I felt assured at the same time that my lady was about to send me on a far-distant mission. I hastened to repose myself in my chamber, and a deep sleep immediately fell upon me. Then came Aslauga

in a dream to me, more royally adorned than ever; she placed herself at the head of my couch, and said, 'Haste to array thyself in all the splendor of thy silver armor, for thou art not the wedding-guest alone, thou art also the—'

"And before she could speak the word my dream had melted away, and I felt a longing desire to fulfill her gracious command, and rejoiced in my heart. But in the midst of the festival I seemed to myself more lonely than in all my life before, and I cannot cease to ponder what that unspoken word of my lady could be intended to announce."

"You are of a far loftier spirit than I am, Froda," said Edwald, after a silence, "and I cannot soar with you into the sphere of your joys. But tell me, has it never awakened a deep pang within you that you serve a lady so withdrawn from you—alas! a lady who is almost ever invisible?"

"No, Edwald, not so," answered Froda, his eyes sparkling with happiness. "For well I know that she scorns not my service; she has even deigned sometimes to appear to me. Oh, I am in truth a happy knight and minstrel!"

"And yet your silence to-day—your troubled yearnings?"

"Not troubled, dear Edchen; only so heartfelt, so fervent in the depth of my heart—and so strangely mysterious to myself withal. But this, with all belonging to me, springs alike from the words and commands of Aslauga. How, then, can it be otherwise than something good and fair, and tending to a high and noble aim?"

A squire, who had hastened after them, announced that the knightly bridegroom was expected for the torch-dance, and as they returned, Edwald entreated his friend to take his place in the solemn dance next to him and Hildegardis. Froda inclined his head in token of friendly assent.

The horns and hautboys had already sounded their solemn invitation; Edwald hastened to give his hand to his fair bride; and while he advanced with her to the midst of the

stately hall, Froda offered his hand for the torch-dance to a noble lady who stood the nearest to him, without farther observing her, and took with her the next place to the wedded pair.

But how was it when a light began to beam from his companion, before which the torch in his left hand lost all its brightness? Hardly dared he, in sweet and trembling hope, raise his eyes to the lady; and when at last he ventured, all his boldest wishes and longings were fulfilled. Adorned with a radiant bridal crown of emeralds, Aslauga moved in solemn loveliness beside him, and beamed on him from amid the sunny light of her golden hair, blessing him with her heavenly countenance. The amazed spectators could not withdraw their eyes from the mysterious pair—the knight in his light silver mail, with the torch raised on high in his hand, earnest and joyful, moving with a measured step, as if engaged in a ceremony of deep and mysterious meaning. His lady beside him, rather floating than dancing, beaming light from her golden hair, so that you would have thought the day was shining into the night; and when a look could reach through all the surrounding splendor to her face, rejoicing heart and sense with the unspeakably sweet smile of her eyes and lips.

Near the end of the dance she inclined towards Froda, and whispered to him with an air of tender confidence, and with the last sound of the horns and hautboys she had disappeared.

The most curious spectator dared not question Froda about his partner. Hildegardis did not seem to have been conscious of her presence, but shortly before the end of the festival Edwald approached his friend, and asked in a whisper, "Was it?"

"Yes, dear youth," answered Froda; "your marriage dance has been honored by the presence of the most exalted beauty which has been ever beheld in any land. Ah!

and if I rightly understood her meaning, you will never more see me stand sighing and gazing upon the ground. But hardly dare I hope it. Now good-night, dear Edchen, good-night. As soon as I may I will tell you all."

CHAPTER IX.

THE light and joyous dreams of morning still played round Edwald's head when it seemed as though a clear light encompassed him. He remembered Aslauga, but it was Froda, the golden locks of whose helmet shone now with no less sunny brightness than the flowing hair of his lady. "Ah!" thought Edwald in his dream, "how beautiful has my brother-in-arms become!" And Froda said to him, "I will sing something to you, Edchen; but softly, softly, so that it may not awaken Hildegardis. Listen to me.

"'She glided in, bright as the day,
There where her knight in slumber lay;
And in her lily hand was seen
A band that seemed of the moonlight sheen.
"We are one," she sang, as about his hair
She twined it, and over her tresses fair.
Beneath them the world lay dark and drear:
But he felt the touch of her hand so dear,
Uplifting him far above mortals' sight,
While around him were shed her locks of light,
Till a garden fair lay about him spread—
And this was Paradise, angels said'."

"Never in your life did you sing so sweetly," said the dreaming Edwald.

"That may well be, Edchen," said Froda, with a smile, and vanished.

But Edwald dreamed on and on, and many other visions passed before him, all of a pleasing kind, although he could

not recall them when, in the full light of morning, he unclosed his eyes with a smile. Froda alone, and his mysterious song, stood clear in his memory. He now knew full well that his friend was dead; but the thought gave him no pain, for he felt sure that the pure spirit of that minstrel-warrior could only find its proper joy in the gardens of Paradise, and in blissful solace with the lofty spirits of the ancient times. He glided softly from the side of the sleeping Hildegardis to the chamber of the departed. He lay upon his bed of rest, almost as beautiful as he had appeared in the dream, and his golden helmet was entwined with a wondrously-shining lock of hair. Then Edwald made a fair and shady grave in consecrated ground, summoned the chaplain of the castle, and with his assistance laid his beloved Froda therein.

He came back just as Hildegardis awoke; she beheld, with wonder and humility, his mien of chastened joy, and asked him whither he had been so early, to which he replied, with a smile, "I have just buried the corpse of my dearly-loved Froda, who, this very night, has passed away to his golden-haired mistress." Then he related the whole history of Aslauga's Knight, and lived on in subdued, unruffled happiness, though for some time he was even more silent and thoughtful than before. He was often found sitting on the grave of his friend, and singing the following song to his lute:—

"Listening to celestial lays,
Bending thy unclouded gaze
On the pure and living light,
Thou art blest, Aslauga's Knight!

Send us from thy bower on high
Many an angel melody,
Many a vision soft and bright,
Aslauga's dear and faithful Knight!"

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

BY

FREDERICK WILHELM CAROVE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. SARAH AUSTIN.

I.

THERE was once a Child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed and a looking-glass, which hung in a dark corner. Now the Child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass; but, as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement, and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he arose, and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook dew-drops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to partake his feast; but his favorite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured a good deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches; but the Child thought that if *he* were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

To this the Butterfly assented; and he told how, once on a time, he too had been greedy and sordid; how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upwards to the blue heavens. At length, however,

a complete change had come over him; and instead of crawling spiritless about the dirty earth, half dreaming, he all at once awaked as out of a deep sleep. And now he would rise into the air; and it was his greatest joy sometimes to play with the light, and to reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings, sometimes to listen to the soft language of the flowers, and catch their secrets. Such talk delighted the Child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

But when the Bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the Butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the Dragon-fly still remained, poised on a blade of grass. Her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sunbeam; and her net-like wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and the rain. The Dragon-fly sipped a little of the Child's clear dew-drops and blue violet-honey, and then whispered her winged words. And the Child made an end of his repast, closed his dark blue eyes, bent down his beautiful head, and listened to the sweet prattle.

Then the Dragon-fly told much of the merry life in the green wood; how sometimes she played hide-and-seek with her playfellows under the broad leaves of the oak and the beech trees; or hunt-the-hare along the surface of the still waters; sometimes quietly watched the sunbeams, as they flew busily from moss to flower and from flower to bush, and shed life and warmth over all. But at night, she said the moonbeams glided softly around the wood, and dropped dew into the mouths of all the thirsty plants; and when the dawn pelted the slumberers with the soft roses of heaven some of the half-dazed flowers looked up and smiled; but most of them could not so much as raise their heads for a long, long time.

Such stories did the Dragon-fly tell; and as the Child sat motionless, with his eyes shut and his head rested on his little hand, she thought he had fallen asleep; so she poised her double wings and flew into the rustling wood.

II.

BUT the Child was only sunk into a dream of delight, and was wishing *he* were a sunbeam or a moonbeam; and he would have been glad to hear more and more, and forever. At last, as all was still, he opened his eyes and looked around for his dear guest; but she was flown far away; so he could not bear to sit there any longer alone, and he rose and went to the gurgling brook. It gushed and rolled merrily and tumbled wildly along as it hurried to throw itself head over heels into the river, just as if the great massy rock out of which it sprang were close behind it, and could only be escaped by a breakneck leap.

Then the Child began to talk to the little waves, and asked them whence they came. They would not stay to give him an answer, but danced away, one over another; till at last, that the sweet Child might not be grieved, a drop of water stopped behind a piece of rock. From her the Child heard strange histories, but he could not understand them all, for she told him about her former life, and about the depths of the mountain.

"A long while ago," said the Drop of Water, "I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean, in peace and unity. We had all sorts of pastimes; sometimes we mounted up high into the air, and peeped at the stars; then we sank plump down deep below, and watched how the coral builders work till they are tired, that they may reach the light of day at last. But I was conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. And so one day, when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars, and become one

of them. But I had not ascended far, when the sunbeam shook me off, and in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud. And soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud, and now I thought I must surely die; but the whole cloud laid itself down softly upon the top of a mountain, and so I escaped with my fright, and a black eye. Now I thought I should remain hidden, when all on a sud den I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another, down into the depths of the mountain, till at last it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything. Then I found, indeed, that 'pride goeth before a fall,' resigned myself to my fate, and, as I had already laid aside all my unhappy pride in the cloud, my portion was now the salt of humility; and after undergoing many purifications from the hidden virtues of metals and minerals, I was at length permitted to come up once more into the free, cheerful air; and now will I run back to my sisters, and there wait patiently till I am called to something better."

But hardly had she done, when the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by her hair and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret, and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.

III.

THE Child did not very well know what to think of all this: he went thoughtfully home and laid himself on his little bed; and all night long he was wandering about on the ocean, and among the stars, and over the dark mountain. But the moon loved to look on the slumbering Child as he lay with his little head softly pillowed on his right arm. She lingered a long time before his little window, and went slowly away to lighten the dark chamber of some sick person.

As the moon's soft light lay on the child's eyelids, he fancied he sat in a golden boat, on a great, great water, while countless stars swam glittering on the dark mirror. He

stretched out his hand to catch the nearest star, but it had vanished, and the water sprayed up against him. Then he saw clearly that these were not the real stars; he looked up to heaven, and wished he could fly thither.

But in the mean time the moon had wandered on her way, and now the Child was led in his dream into the clouds, and he thought he was sitting on a white sheep, and he saw many lambs grazing around him. He tried to catch a little lamb to play with, but it was all mist and vapor; and the Child was sorrowful, and wished himself down again in his own meadow, where his own lamb was sporting gayly about.

Meanwhile the moon was gone to sleep behind the mountains, and all around was dark. Then the Child dreamt that he fell down into the dark, gloomy caverns of the mountain, and at that he was so frightened, that he suddenly awoke, just as morning opened her clear eye over the nearest hill.

IV.

THE Child started up, and, to recover himself from his fright, went into the little flower-garden behind his cottage where the beds were surrounded by ancient palm-trees, and where he knew that all the flowers would nod kindly at him. But, behold, the Tulip turned up her nose, and the Ranunculus held her head as stiffly as possible, that she might not bow good-morrow to him. The Rose, with her fair round cheeks, smiled and greeted the Child lovingly; so he went up to her and kissed her fragrant mouth. And then the Rose tenderly complained that he so seldom came into the garden, and that she gave out her bloom and her fragrance the live-long day in vain; for the other flowers could not see her, because they were too low, or did not care to look at her, because they themselves were so rich in bloom and fragrance. But she was most delighted when she glowed in

the blooming head of a child, and could pour out all her heart's secrets to him in sweet odors. Among other things, the Rose whispered in his ear that she was the fulness of beauty.

And, in truth, the Child, while looking at her beauty, seemed to have quite forgotten to go on; till the Blue Larkspur called to him and asked whether he cared nothing more about his faithful friend; she said that she was unchanged, and that even in death she should look upon him with eyes of unfading blue.

The Child thanked her for her true-heartedness, and passed on to the Hyacinth, who stood near the puffy, full-cheeked, gaudy Tulips. Even from a distance the Hyacinth sent forth kisses to him, for she knew not how to express her love. Although she was not remarkable for her beauty, yet the Child felt himself wondrously attracted by her, for he thought no flower loved him so well. But the Hyacinth poured out her full heart and wept bitterly, because she stood so lonely; the Tulips indeed were her countrymen, but they were so cold and unfeeling that she was ashamed of them. The Child encouraged her, and told her he did not think things were so bad as she fancied. The Tulips spoke their love in bright looks, while she uttered hers in fragrant words; that these, indeed, were lovelier and more intelligible, but that the others were not to be despised.

Then the Hyacinth was comforted, and said she would be content; and the Child went on to the powdered Auricula, who, in her bashfulness, looked kindly up to him, and would gladly have given him more than kind looks, had she had more to give. But the Child was satisfied with her modest greeting; he felt that he was poor too, and he saw the deep, thoughtful colors that lay beneath her golden dust. But the humble flower, of her own accord, sent him to her neighbor, the Lily, whom she willingly acknowledged as her queen. And when the Child came to the Lily, the slender

flower waved to and fro and bowed her pale head with gentle pride and stately modesty, and sent forth a fragrant greeting to him. The Child knew not what had come to him: it reached his inmost heart, so that his eyes filled with soft tears. Then he marked how the Lily gazed with a clear and steadfast eye upon the sun, and how the sun looked down again into her pure chalice, and how, amid this interchange of looks, the three golden threads united in the center. And the Child heard how one scarlet Lady-bird at the bottom of the cup said to another, "Knowest thou not that we dwell in the flower of heaven?" and the other replied, "Yes; and now will the mystery be fulfilled." And, as the Child saw and heard all this, the dim image of his unknown parents, veiled as it were in a holy light, floated before his eyes: he strove to grasp it, but the light was gone, and the Child slipped, and would have fallen, had not the branch of a currant bush caught and held him; and he took some of the bright berries for his morning's meal, and went back to his hut and stripped the little branches.

V.

But he stayed not long in the hut; all was so gloomy, close, and silent within, and abroad everything seemed to smile, and to exult in the clear and unbounded space. Therefore the Child went out into the green wood, of which the Dragon-fly had told him such pleasant stories. He found everything far more beautiful and lovely even than she had described it; for all about, wherever he went, the tender moss pressed his little feet, and the delicate grass embraced his knees, and the flowers kissed his hands, and even the branches stroked his cheeks with a kind and refreshing touch, and the high trees threw their fragrant shade around him.

There was no end to his delight. The little birds warbled

and sang, and fluttered and hopped about, and the delicate wood-flowers gave out their beauty and their odors; and every sweet sound took a sweet odor by the hand, and thus walked through the open door of the Child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein. The Nightingale and the Lily of the Valley led the dance; for the Nightingale sang of nought but love, and the Lily breathed of nought but innocence, and he was the bridegroom and she was the bride. And the Nightingale was never weary of repeating the same thing a hundred times over, for the spring of love which gushed from his heart was ever new; and the Lily bowed her head bashfully, that no one might see her glowing heart. And yet the one lived so solely and entirely in the other, that no one could see whether the notes of the Nightingale were floating lilies, or the lilies visible notes, falling like dew-drops from the Nightingale's throat.

The Child's heart was full of joy even to the brim. He set himself down, and he almost thought he should like to take root there, and live forever among the sweet plants and flowers, and so become a true sharer in all their gentle pleasures. For he felt a deep delight in the still, secluded, twilight existence of the mosses and small herbs, which felt not the storm, nor the frost, nor the scorching sunbeam; but dwelt quietly among their many friends and neighbors, feasting in peace and good fellowship on the dew and cool shadows which the mighty trees shed upon them. To them it was a high festival when a sunbeam chanced to visit their lowly home; whilst the tops of the lofty trees could find joy and beauty only in the purple rays of morning or evening.

VI.

And as the Child sat there, a little Mouse rustled from among the dry leaves of last year, and a Lizard half glided from a crevice in the rock, and both of them fixed

their bright eyes upon the little stranger; and when they saw that he designed them no evil, they took courage and came nearer to him.

"I should like to live with you," said the Child to the two little creatures, in a soft, subdued voice, that he might not frighten them. "Your chambers are so snug, so warm, and yet so shaded, and the flowers grow in at your windows, and the birds sing you their morning song, and call you to table and to bed with their clear warblings."

"Yes," said the Mouse, "it would be all very well if all the plants bore nuts and mast, instead of those silly flowers; and if I were not obliged to grub under ground in the spring, and gnaw the bitter roots, whilst they are dressing themselves in their fine flowers and flaunting it to the world, as if they had endless stores of honey in their cellars."

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the Lizard, pertly; "do you think, because you are gray, that other people must throw away their handsome clothes, or let them lie in the dark wardrobe under ground, and wear nothing but gray too? I am not so envious. The flowers may dress themselves as they like for me; they pay for it out of their own pockets, and they feed bees and beetles from their cups; but what I want to know is, of what use are birds in the world? Such a fluttering and chattering, truly, from morning early to evening late, that one is worried and stunned to death, and there is never a day's peace for them. And they do nothing; only snap up the flies and the spiders out of the mouths of such as I. For my part, I should be perfectly satisfied, provided all the birds in the world were flies and beetles."

The Child changed color, and his heart was sick and saddened when he heard their evil tongues. He could not imagine how anybody could speak ill of the beautiful flowers, or scoff at his beloved birds. He was waked out of a sweet dream, and the wood seemed to him lonely and desert, and he was ill at ease. He started up hastily, so that

the Mouse and the Lizard shrank back alarmed, and did not look around them till they thought themselves safe out of the reach of the stranger with the large, severe eyes.

VII.

BUT the Child went away from the place; and as he hung down his head thoughtfully, he did not observe that he took the wrong path, nor see how the flowers on either side bowed their heads to welcome him, nor hear how the old birds from the boughs, and the young from the nests, cried aloud to him, "God bless thee, our dear little prince!" And he went on and on, farther and farther, into the deep wood; and he thought over the foolish and heartless talk of the two selfish chatterers, and could not understand it. He would fain have forgotten it, but he could not. And the more he pondered, the more it seemed to him as if a malicious spider had spun her web around him, and as if his eyes were weary with trying to look through it.

And suddenly he came to a still water, above which young beeches lovingly entwined their arms. He looked in the water, and his eyes were riveted to it as if by enchantment. He could not move, but stood and gazed in the soft, placid mirror, from the bosom of which the tender green foliage, with the deep blue heavens between, gleamed so wondrously upon him. His sorrow was all forgotten, and even the echo of the discord in his little heart was hushed. That heart was once more in his eyes; and fain would he have drunk in the soft beauty of the colors that lay beneath him, or have plunged into the lovely deep.

Then the breeze began to sigh among the tree tops. The Child raised his eyes and saw overhead the quivering green, and the deep blue behind it, and he knew not whether he were waking or dreaming: which were the real leaves and the real heaven—those in the depths above or in the

depths beneath. Long did the Child waver, and his thoughts floated in a delicious dreaminess from one to the other, till the Dragon-fly flew to him in affectionate haste, and with rustling wings greeted her kind host. The Child returned her greeting, and was glad to meet an acquaintance with whom he could share the rich feast of his joy. But first he asked the Dragon-fly if she could decide for him between the Upper and the Nether—the height and the depth? The Dragon-fly flew above, and beneath, and around; but the Water spake :—"The foliage and the sky above are not the true ones: the leaves wither and fall; the sky is often overcast, and sometimes quite dark." Then the Leaves and the Sky said, "The water only apes us; it must change its pictures at our pleasure, and can retain none." Then the Dragon-fly remarked that the height and the depth existed only in the eyes of the Child, and that the Leaves and the Sky were true and real only in his thoughts; because in the mind alone the picture was permanent and enduring, and could be carried with him whithersoever he went.

This she said to the Child; but she immediately warned him to return, for the leaves were already beating the tattoo in the evening breeze, and the lights were disappearing one by one in every corner. Then the Child confessed to her with alarm that he knew not how he should find the way back, and that he feared the dark night would overtake him if he attempted to go home alone; so the Dragon-fly flew on before him, and showed him a cave in the rock where he might pass the night. And the Child was well content; for he had often wished to try if he could sleep out of his accustomed bed.

VIII.

THE Dragon-fly was fleet, and gratitude strengthened her wings to pay her host the honor she owed him. And

truly, in the dim twilight good counsel and guidance were scarce. She flitted hither and thither without knowing rightly what was to be done; when, by the last vanishing sunbeam, she saw hanging on the edge of the cave some strawberries that had drunk so deep of the evening red, that their heads were quite heavy. Then she flew up to a Harebell who stood near, and whispered in her ear that the lord and king of all the flowers was in the wood, and ought to be received and welcomed as beseemed his dignity. Aglaia did not need that this should be repeated. She began to ring her sweet bells with all her might; and when her neighbor heard the sound, she rang hers also; and soon all the Harebells, great and small, were in motion, and rang as if it had been for the nuptials of their Mother Earth herself with the Prince of the Sun. The tone of the bluebells was deep and rich, and that of the white, high and clear, and all blended together in a delicious harmony.

But the birds were fast asleep in their high nests, and the ears of the other animals were not delicate enough, or were too much overgrown with hair to hear them. The Fire-flies alone heard the joyous peal, for they were akin to the flowers through their common ancestor, Light. They inquired of their nearest relation, the Lily of the Valley, and from her they heard that a large flower had just passed along the footpath more blooming than the loveliest rose, and with two stars more brilliant than those of the brightest fire-fly, and that it must needs be their King. Then all the Fire-flies flew up and down the footpath, and sought everywhere, till at length they came, as the Dragon-fly had hoped they would, to the cave.

And now, as they looked at the Child, and every one of them saw itself reflected in his clear eyes, they rejoiced exceedingly, and called all their fellows together, and alighted on the bushes all around; and soon it was so light in the cave, that herb and grass began to grow as if it had been

broad day. Now, indeed, was the joy and triumph of the Dragon-fly complete. The Child was delighted with the merry and silvery tones of the bells, and with the many little bright-eyed companions around him, and with the deep red strawberries that bowed down their heads to his touch.

IX.

And when he had eaten his fill, he sat down on the soft moss, crossed one little leg over the other, and began to gossip with the Fire-flies. And as he so often thought on his unknown parents he asked them who were their parents. Then the one nearest to him gave him answer; and he told how that they were formerly flowers, but none of those who thrust their rooty hands greedily into the ground and draw nourishment from the dingy earth, only to make themselves fat and large withal; but that the light was dearer to them than anything, even at night; and while the other flowers slept, they gazed unwearied on the light, and drank it in with eager adoration—sun, and moon, and star light. And the light had so thoroughly purified them, that they had not sucked in poisonous juices like the yellow flowers of the earth, but sweet odors for sick and fainting hearts, and oil of potent ethereal virtue for the weak and the wounded; and at length, when their autumn came, they did not, like the others wither and sink down, leaf and flower, to be swallowed up by the darksome earth, but shook off their earthly garment and mounted aloft, into the clear air. But there it was so wondrously bright, that sight failed them; and when they came to themselves again, they were Fire-flies, each sitting on a withered flower-stalk.

And now the Child liked the bright-eyed flies better than ever; and he talked a little longer with them, and inquired why they showed themselves so much more in the spring.

They did it, they said, in the hope that their gold-green radiance might allure their cousins, the flowers, to the pure love of light.

X.

DURING this conversation the Dragon-fly had been preparing a bed for her host. The moss upon which the Child sat had grown a foot high behind his back, out of pure joy; but the Dragon-fly and her sisters had so revelled upon it, that it was now laid at its length along the cave. The Dragon-fly had awakened every spider in the neighborhood out of her sleep, and when they saw the brilliant light, they had set to work spinning so industriously that their web hung down like a curtain before the mouth of the cave. But as the Child saw the ant peeping up at him, he entreated the Fire-flies not to deprive themselves any longer of their merry games in the wood on his account. And the Dragon-fly and her sisters raised the curtain till the Child had laid him down to rest, and then let it fall again, that the mischievous gnats might not get in to disturb his slumbers.

The Child laid himself down to sleep, for he was very tired; but he could not sleep, for his couch of moss was quite another thing than his little bed, and the cave was all strange to him. He turned himself on one side and then on the other, and, as nothing would do, he raised himself and sat upright to wait till sleep might choose to come. But sleep would not come at all; and the only wakeful eyes in the whole wood were the Child's. For the harebells had rung themselves weary, and the Fire-flies had flown about till they were tired, and even the Dragon-fly, who would fain have kept watch in front of the cave, had dropped sound asleep.

The wood grew stiller and stiller; here and there fell a dry leaf which had been driven from its old dwelling place

by a fresh one; here and there a young bird gave a soft chirp when its mother squeezed it in the nest; and from time to time a gnat hummed for a minute or two in the curtain, till a spider crept on tip-toe along its web, and gave him such a gripe in the wind-pipe as soon spoiled his trumpeting.

And the deeper the silence became, the more intently did the Child listen, and at last the slightest sound thrilled him from head to foot. At length, all was still as death in the wood; and the world seemed as if it never would wake again. The Child bent forward to see whether it were as dark abroad as in the cave, but he saw nothing save the pitch-dark night, which had wrapped everything in its thick veil. Yet, as he looked upwards, his eyes met the friendly glance of two or three stars, and this was a most joyful surprise to him, for he felt himself no longer so entirely alone. The stars were, indeed, far, far away, but yet he knew them, and they knew him; for they looked into his eyes.

The Child's whole soul was fixed in his gaze; and it seemed to him as if he must needs fly out of the darksome cave, thither where the stars were beaming with such pure and serene light; and he felt how poor and lowly he was, when he thought of their brilliancy; and how cramped and fettered, when he thought of their free, unbounded course along the heavens.

XI.

But the stars went on their course, and left their glittering picture only a little while before the Child's eyes. Even this faded, and then vanished quite away. And he was beginning to feel tired, and to wish to lay himself down again, when a flickering Will-o'-the-wisp appeared from behind a bush—so that the Child thought, at first, one of the stars had wandered out of its way, and had come to visit him, and to take him with it. And the Child breathed quick with joy

and surprise, and then the Will-o'-the-wisp came nearer, and sat himself down on a damp mossy stone in front of the cave, and another fluttered quickly after him, and sat down over against him and sighed deeply, "Thank God, then, that I can rest at last!"

"Yes," said the other, "for that you may thank the innocent Child who sleeps there within; it was his pure breath that freed us."

"Are you, then," said the Child, hesitatingly, "not of yon stars which wander so brightly there above?"

"Oh, if we were stars," replied the first, "we should pursue our tranquil path through the pure element, and should leave this wood and the whole darksome earth to itself."

"And not," said the other, "sit brooding on the face of the shallow pool."

The Child was curious to know who these could be that shone so beautifully, and yet seemed so discontented. Then the first began to relate how he had been a child too, and how, as he grew up, it had always been his greatest delight to deceive people and play them tricks, to show his wit and cleverness. He had always, he said, poured such a stream of smooth words over people, and encompassed himself with such a shining mist, that men had been attracted by it to their own hurt. But once on a time there appeared a plain man, who only spoke two or three simple words, and suddenly the bright mist vanished, and left him naked and deformed, to the scorn and mockery of the whole world. But the man had turned away his face from him in pity, while he was almost dead with shame and anger. And when he came to himself again, he knew not what had befallen him, till, at length, he found that it was his fate to hover, without rest or change, over the surface of the bog as a Will-o'-the-wisp.

"With me it fell out quite otherwise," said the first: "instead of giving light without warmth, as I now do, I burned without shining. When I was only a child, people gave way

to me in everything, so that I was intoxicated with self-love. If I saw any one shine, I longed to put out his light; and the more intensely I wished this, the more did my own small glimmering turn back upon myself, and inwardly burn fiercely while all without was darker than ever. But if any one who shone more brightly would have kindly given me of his light, then did my inward flame burst forth to destroy him. But the flame passed through the light and harmed it not; it shone only the more brightly, while I was withered and exhausted. And once upon a time I met a little smiling child, who played with a cross of palm branches, and wore a beamy coronet around his golden locks. He took me kindly by the hand and said, 'My friend, you are now very gloomy and sad, but if you will become a child again, even as I am, you will have a bright circlet such as I have. When I heard that, I was so angry with myself and with the child, that I was scorched by my inward fire. Now would I fain fly up to the sun to fetch rays from him, but the rays drove me back with these words: 'Return thither whence thou camest, thou dark fire of envy, for the sun lightens only in love; the greedy earth, indeed, sometimes turns his mild light into scorching fire. Fly back, then, for with thy like alone must thou dwell.' I fell, and when I recovered myself I was glimmering coldly above the stagnant waters."

While they were talking the Child had fallen asleep, for he knew nothing of the world nor of men, and he could make nothing of their stories. Weariness had spoken a more intelligible language to him—*that* he understood, and he had fallen asleep.

XII.

Softly and soundly he slept, till the rosy morning clouds stood upon the mountain, and announced the coming of their

lord, the sun. But as soon as the tidings spread over field and wood, the thousand-voiced echo awoke, and sleep was no more to be thought of.

And soon did the royal sun himself arise; at first his dazzling diadem alone appeared above the mountains; at length he stood upon their summit in the full majesty of his beauty, in all the charms of eternal youth, bright and glorious, his kindly glance embracing every creature of earth, from the stately oak to the blade of grass bending under the foot of the wayfaring man. Then arose from every breast, from every throat, the joyous song of praise; and it was as if the whole plain and wood were become a temple, whose roof was the heaven, whose altar the mountain, whose congregation all creatures, whose priest the sun.

But the Child walked forth and was glad, for the birds sang sweetly, and it seemed to him as if everything sported and danced out of mere joy to be alive. Here flew two finches through the thicket, and, twittering, pursued each other; there, the young buds burst asunder, and the tender leaves peeped out and expanded themselves in the warm sun, as if they would abide in his glance forever; here, a dew-drop trembled, sparkling and twinkling on a blade of grass, and knew not that beneath him stood a little moss who was thirsting after him; there, troops of flies flew aloft, as if they would soar far, far over the wood: and so all was life and motion, and the Child's heart joyed to see it.

He sat down on a little smooth plot of turf, shaded by the branches of a nut-bush, and thought he should now sip the cup of his delight, drop by drop. And first he plucked down some brambles which threatened him with their prickles; then he bent aside some branches which concealed the view; then he removed the stones, so that he might stretch out his feet at full length on the soft turf; and when he had done all this, he bethought himself what was yet to do; and as he found nothing, he stood up to look for his

acquaintance the Dragon-fly, and to beg her to guide him once more out of the wood into the open fields. About midway he met her, and she began to excuse herself for having fallen asleep in the night. The Child thought not of the past, were it even but a minute ago, so earnestly did he now wish to get out from among the thick and close trees; for his heart beat high, and he felt as if he should breathe freer in the open ground. The Dragon-fly flew on before and showed him the way as far as the outermost verge of the wood, whence the Child could espy his own little hut, and then flew away to her playfellows.

XIII.

THE Child walked forth alone upon the fresh, dewy cornfield. A thousand little suns glittered in his eyes, and a lark soared warbling above his head. And the lark proclaimed the joys of the coming year, and awakened endless hopes, while she soared circling higher and higher, till, at length, her song was like the soft whisper of an angel holding converse with the spring, under the blue arch of heaven. The Child had seen the earth-colored little bird rise up before him, and it seemed to him as if the earth had sent her forth from her bosom as a messenger to carry her joy and her thanks up to the sun, because he had turned his beaming countenance again upon her in love and bounty. And the lark hung poised above the hope-giving field, and warbled her clear and joyous song.

She sang of the loveliness of the rosy dawn, and the fresh brilliancy of the earliest sunbeams; of the gladsome springing of the young flowers, and the vigorous shooting of the corn; and her song pleased the Child beyond measure.

But the lark wheeled in higher and higher circles, and her song sounded softer and sweeter.

And now she sang of the first delights of early love; of

wanderings together on the sunny fresh hilltops, and of the sweet pictures and visions that arise out of the blue and misty distance. The Child understood not rightly what he heard, and fain would he have understood, for he thought that even in such visions must be wondrous delight. He gazed aloft after the unwearied bird, but she had disappeared in the morning mist.

Then the Child leaned his head on one shoulder to listen if he could no longer hear the little messenger of spring; and he could just catch the distant and quivering notes in which she sang of the fervent longing after the clear element of freedom, after the pure all-present light, and of the blessed foretaste of this desired enfranchisement, of this blending in the sea of celestial happiness.

Yet longer did he listen, for the tones of her song carried him there, where, as yet, his thoughts had never reached, and he felt himself happier in this short and imperfect flight than ever he had felt before. But the lark now dropped suddenly to the earth, for her little body was too heavy for the ambient ether, and her wings were not large nor strong enough for the pure element.

Then the red corn-poppies laughed at the homely-looking bird, and cried to one another and to the surrounding blades of corn in a shrill voice, "Now, indeed, you may see what comes of flying so high, and striving and straining after mere air; people only lose their time, and bring back nothing but weary wings and an empty stomach. That vulgar-looking ill-dressed little creature would fain raise herself above us all, and has kept up a mighty noise. And now there she lies on the ground and can hardly breathe, while we have stood still where we are sure of a good meal, and have stayed, like people of sense, where there is something substantial to be had; and in the time she has been fluttering and singing, we have grown a good deal taller and fatter.

The other little redcaps chattered and screamed their as-

sent so loud that the Child's ears tingled, and he wished he could chastise them for their spiteful jeers; when a cyane said, in a soft voice, to her younger playmates, "Dear friends, be not led astray by outward show, nor by discourse which regards only outward show. The lark is, indeed, weary, and the space into which she has soared is void; but the void is not what the lark sought, nor is the seeker returned empty home. She strove after light and freedom, and light and freedom has she proclaimed. She left the earth and its enjoyments, but she has drunk of the pure air of heaven, and has seen that it is not the earth, but the sun that is steadfast. And if earth has called her back, it can keep nothing of her but what is its own. Her sweet voice and her soaring wings belong to the sun, and will enter into light and freedom long after the foolish prater shall have sunk and been buried in the dark prison of the earth."

And the lark heard her wise and friendly discourse, and with renewed strength she sprang once more into the clear and beautiful blue.

Then the Child clapped his little hands for joy, that the sweet bird had flown up again, and that the redcaps must hold their tongues for shame.

XIV.

And the Child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut, for he saw that nothing returned inwards, but rather that all strove outwards into the free air; the rosy apple blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth in order to get at the light; the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprung upward. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses

to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed for ever. And the flowers sent out color and fragrance into the whole world, for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was enclosed and crept out slowly, and, half asleep, unfolded and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights. And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gayety and splendor, so did every humbled and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring.

THE USES OF ASTRONOMY.

AN ORATION,

By EDWARD EVERETT.

DELIVERED AT ALBANY, N. Y., AUGUST 28, 1856.

PART I.

It is no affected modesty which leads me to express the regret that this interesting occasion could not have taken place under somewhat different auspices. I feel that the duty of addressing this great and enlightened assembly, comprising so much of the intelligence of the community and of the science of the country, ought to have been elsewhere assigned; that it should have devolved upon some one of the eminent persons, many of whom I see around me, to whom you have been listening the past week, who, as observers and geometers, could have treated the subject with a master's power; astronomers, whose telescopes have penetrated the depths of the heavens, or mathematicians, whose analysis unthreads the maze of their wondrous mechanism. If, instead of commanding, as you easily could have done, qualifications of this kind, your choice has rather fallen on one making no pretensions to the honorable name of a man of science,—but whose delight it has always been to turn aside from the dusty and thankless paths of active life, for an interval of recreation in the green fields of sacred nature in all her kingdoms,—it is, I presume, because you have desired, on an occasion of this kind, necessarily of a popular character, that those views of the subject should be presented which address themselves to the general intelligence of the community, and not to its select scientific circles. For astronomy, perhaps to a greater

extent than any other department of natural science, exhibits phenomena which, while they task the highest powers of philosophical research, are also well adapted to arrest the attention of minds barely tinctured with scientific culture, and even to touch the sensibilities of the wholly uninstructed observer. The profound investigations of the chemist into the ultimate constitution of material nature, the minute researches of the physiologist into the secrets of animal life, the transcendental logic of the geometer, bristling in a notation the very sight of which terrifies the uninitiated, are lost on the common understanding. But the unspeakable glories of the rising and the setting sun; the serene majesty of the moon, as she walks in full-orbed brightness through the heavens; the soft witchery of the morning and the evening star; the imperial splendors of the firmament on a bright unclouded night; the comet, whose streaming banner floats over half the sky,—these are objects which charm and astonish alike the philosopher and the peasant;—the mathematician who weighs the masses and defines the orbits of the heavenly bodies, and the untutored observer who sees nothing beyond the images painted upon the eye.

An astronomical observatory, in the general acceptation of the word, is a building erected for the reception and appropriate use of astronomical instruments, and the accommodation of the men of science employed in making and reducing observations of the heavenly bodies. These instruments are mainly of three classes, to which I believe all others of a strictly astronomical character may be referred.

1st. The instruments by which the heavens are inspected, with a view to discover the existence of those celestial bodies which are not visible to the naked eye, (beyond all comparison more numerous than those which are,) and to observe the magnitude, shapes and other sensible qualities,

both of those which are and those which are not thus visible to the unaided sight. The instruments of this class are designated by the general name of Telescope; and are of two kinds,—the refracting telescope, which derives its magnifying power from a system of convex lenses; and the reflecting telescope, which receives the image of the heavenly body upon a concave mirror.

2d. The second class of instruments consists of those which are designed principally to measure the angular distances of the heavenly bodies from each other, and their time of passing the meridian. The transit instrument, the meridian circle, the mural circle, the heliometer, and the sextant belong to this class. The brilliant discoveries of astronomy are, for the most part, made with the first class of instruments;—its practical results wrought out by the second.

3d. The third class contains the clock, with its subsidiary apparatus for measuring the time and marking its subdivisions with the greatest possible accuracy;—indispensable auxiliary of all the instruments by which the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies are observed, and measured, and recorded.

The telescope may be likened to a wondrous Cyclopean eye, endued with superhuman power, by which the astronomer extends the reach of his vision to the further heavens, and surveys galaxies and universes, compared with which the solar system is but an atom floating in the air. The transit may be compared to a measuring rod, which he lays from planet to planet and from star to star, to ascertain and mark off the heavenly spaces, and transfer them to his note-book. The clock is the marvelous apparatus by which he equalizes and divides into nicely measured parts a portion of that unconceived infinity of duration, without beginning and without end, in which all existence floats as on a shoreless and bottomless sea.

In the contrivance and the execution of these instru-

ments, the utmost stretch of inventive skill and mechanical ingenuity has been put forth. To such perfection have they been carried, that a single second of magnitude or space is rendered a distinctly visible and appreciable quantity. "The arc of a circle," says Sir J. Herschel, "subtended by one second, is less than the two hundred thousandth part of the radius, so that on a circle of six feet in diameter, it would occupy no greater linear extent than $\frac{1}{3700}$ part of an inch; a quantity requiring a powerful microscope to be *discerned* at all." The largest body in our system, the sun, whose real diameter is 882,000 miles, subtends at a distance of 95,000,000 miles, but an angle of a little more than 32′; while so admirably are the best instruments constructed, that, both in Europe and America, a satellite of Neptune, an object of comparatively inconsiderable diameter, has been discovered at a distance of 2,850 millions of miles.

The object of an observatory, erected and supplied with instruments of this admirable construction and at proportionable expense, is, as I have already intimated, to provide for an accurate and systematic survey of the heavenly bodies, with a view to a more correct and extensive acquaintance with those already known, and, as instrumental power and skill in using it increase, to the discovery of bodies hitherto invisible, and in both classes of objects to the determination of their distances, their times of passing the meridian, their relations to each other, and the laws which govern their movements.

Why should we wish to obtain this knowledge? What inducement is there to expend large sums of money in the erection of observatories, in furnishing them with costly instruments, and in the support of the men of science employed in making, discussing, and recording, for successive generations, these minute observations of the heavenly bodies?

In an exclusively scientific treatment of this subject, an

inquiry into its utilitarian relations would be superfluous,—even wearisome. But on an occasion like the present, you will not, perhaps think it out of place, if I briefly answer the question, what is the use of an astronomical observatory, and what benefit may be expected from the operations of such an establishment in a community like ours?

I. In the first place, then, we derive from the observations of the heavenly bodies which are made at an observatory, our only adequate measures of time and our only means of comparing the time of one place with the time of another. Our artificial time-keepers—clocks, watches, and chronometers—however ingeniously contrived and admirably fabricated, are but a transcript, so to say, of the celestial motions, and would be of no value without the means of regulating them by observation. It is impossible for them under any circumstances to escape the imperfection of all machinery, the work of human hands; and the moment we remove with our time-keeper east or west, it fails us. It will keep home time alone, like the fond traveler who leaves his heart behind him. The artificial instrument is of incalculable utility, but must itself be regulated by the eternal clock-work of the skies.

This single consideration is sufficient to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the heavenly bodies. It is they and not our mainsprings, our expansion balances, and our compensation pendulums, which give us our time. To reverse the line of Pope,—

> 'Tis with our watches as our judgments; none
> Go just alike, but each believes his own;—

But for all the kindreds and tribes and tongues of men,—each upon their own meridian,—from the Arctic pole to the equator, from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations,

far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight;—twelve for the pale student over his flickering lamp, twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour;—twelve by the weary couch of languishing humanity, twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean;—twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect, or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.

Not only do we resort to the observation of the heavenly bodies for the means of regulating and rectifying our clocks, but the great divisions of day and month and year are derived from the same source. By the constitution of our nature the elements of our existence are closely connected with the celestial times. Partly by his physical organization, partly by the habit, —second nature,—of the race from the dawn of creation, man as he is and the times and seasons of the heavenly bodies are part and parcel of one system. The first great division of time, the *day—night* (nychthemerum), for which we have no precise synonym in our language, with its primal alternation of waking and sleeping, of labor and rest, is a vital condition of the existence of such a creature as man. The revolution of the *year*, with its various incidents of summer and winter and seed-time and harvest, is not less involved in all our social, material and moral progress. It is true that at the poles and on the equator, the effects of these revolutions are variously modified or wholly disappear, but as the necessary consequence, human life is extinguished at the poles, and on the equator attains only a languid or feverish development.

Those latitudes only, in which the great motions and cardinal positions of the earth exert a mean influence, exhibit man in the harmonious expansion of his powers. The lunar period, which lies at the foundation of the *month*, is less vitally connected with human existence and development; but is proved by the experience of every age and race to be eminently conducive to the progress of civilization and culture.

But indispensable as are these heavenly measures of time to our life and progress, and obvious as are the phenomena on which they rest, yet, owing to the circumstance that, in the economy of nature, the day, the month, and the year are not exactly commensurable, some of the most difficult questions in practical astronomy are those, by which an accurate division of time, applicable to the various uses of man, is derived from the observation of the heavenly bodies. I have no doubt that, to the Supreme Intelligence which created and rules the universe, there is a harmony hidden to us in the numerical relation to each other of days, months, and years; but in our ignorance of that harmony, their practical adjustment to each other is a work of difficulty. The great embarrassment which attended the reformation of the calendar, after the error of the Julian period had, in the lapse of centuries, reached ten, (or rather twelve) days, sufficiently illustrates this remark. It is most true that scientific difficulties did not form the chief obstacle. Having been proposed under the auspices of the Roman Pontiff, the protestant world, for a century and more, rejected the new style. It was in various places the subject of controversy, collision, and bloodshed. It was not adopted in England till nearly two centuries after its introduction at Rome; and in the country of the Struves and the Pulkova equatorial, they persist at the present day, for civil purposes, in adding eleven minutes and twelve seconds to the length of the tropical year.

II. The second great practical use of an Astronomical Observatory is connected with the science of geography. The first page of the history of our continent illustrates this connection. Profound meditation on the sphericity of the earth was one of the main reasons which led Columbus to undertake his momentous voyage, and his thorough acquaintance with the astronomical science of that day was, in his own judgment, what enabled him to overcome the almost innumerable obstacles which attended its prosecution. In return, I find that Copernicus, in the very commencement of his immortal work, appeals to the discovery of America as completing the demonstrations of the sphericity of the earth. Much of our knowledge of the figure, size, density, and position of the earth, (as a member of the solar system,) is derived from this science, and it furnishes us the means of performing the most important operations of practical geography. Latitude and longitude, which lie at the basis of all descriptive geography, are determined by observation. No map deserves the name, on which the position of important points has not been astronomically determined. Some even of our most important political and administrative arrangements depend upon the co-operation of this science. Among these I may mention the land-system of the United States, and the determination of the boundaries of the country.

I believe that till it was done by the Federal Government, a uniform system of mathematical survey had never in any country been applied to an extensive territory. Large grants and sales of public land took place before the Revolution and in the interval between the peace and the adoption of the Constitution; but the limits of these grants and sales were ascertained by sensible objects, by trees, streams, rocks, hills, and by reference to adjacent portions of territory, previously surveyed. The uncertainty of boundaries thus defined was a never-failing sourse of litigation. Large tracts of land in the Western country granted by Virginia, under

the old system of special and local survey, were covered with conflicting claims, and the controversies to which they gave rise formed no small part of the business of the Federal Court after its organization. But the adoption of the present land-system brought order out of chaos. The entire public domain is now scientifically surveyed before it is offered for sale; it is laid off into ranges, townships, sections and smaller divisions with unerring accuracy, resting on the foundation of base and meridian lines;—and I have been informed that under this system, scarce a case of contested location and boundary has ever presented itself in court. The general land-office contains maps and plans, in which every quarter-section of the public land is laid down with mathematical precision.

The superficies of half a continent is thus transferred in miniature to the bureaus at Washington;—while the local land-offices contain transcripts of these plans, copies of which are furnished to the individual purchaser. When we consider the tide of population annually flowing into the public domain, and the immense importance of its efficient and economical administration, the utility of this application of astronomy will be duly estimated.

I will here venture to repeat an anecdote which I heard lately from a son of the late Hon. Timothy Pickering. Mr. Octavius Pickering, on behalf of his father, had applied to Mr. David Putnam of Marietta, to act as his legal adviser, with respect to certain land claims in the Virginia military district, in the State of Ohio. Mr. Putnam declined the agency. He had had much to do with business of that kind and found it beset with endless litigation. "I have never," he adds, "succeeded but in a single case, and that was a location and survey made by General Washington before the Revolution, and I am not acquainted with any surveys, except those made by him, but what have been litigated."

At this moment, a most important survey of the coast

of the United States is in progress; an operation of the utmost consequence, in reference to the geography, commerce, navigation, and hydrography of the country. The entire work, I need scarce say, is one of practical astronomy. The scientific establishment which we this day inaugurate is looked to for important co-operation in this great undertaking; —and will no doubt contribute efficiently to its prosecution.

Astronomical observation furnishes by far the best means of defining the boundaries of States, when the lines are of great length and run through unsettled countries. Natural indications, like rivers and mountains, however distinct in appearances, are, in practice, subject to unavoidable error. By the treaty of 1783, a boundary was established between the United States and Great Britain, depending partly on the course of rivers and upon the highlands dividing the waters which flow into the Atlantic Ocean from those which flow into the St. Lawrence. It took twenty years to find out which river was the true St. Croix, that being the starting point. England then having made the extraordinary discovery that the Bay of Fundy is not a part of the Atlantic Ocean, forty years more were passed in the unsuccessful attempt to recreate the Highlands which this strange doctrine had annihilated; and just as the two countries were on the verge of a war, the controversy was settled by compromise. Had the boundary been accurately described by lines of latitude and longitude, no dispute could have arisen. No dispute arose as to the boundary between the United States and Spain, and her successor, Mexico, where it runs through untrodden deserts, and over pathless mountains, along the forty-second degree of latitude. The identity of rivers may be disputed as in the case of the St. Croix; the course of mountain chains is too broad for a dividing line; the divisions of streams, as experience has shown, is uncertain, but a degree of latitude is written on the heavenly sphere; and nothing but an observation is required to read the record.

But scientific elements, like sharp instruments, must be handled with care. A part of our boundary between the British Provinces ran upon the forty-fifth degree of latitude; and about forty years ago, an expensive fortress was commenced by the government of the United States at Rouse's Point on Lake Champlain, on a spot intended to be just within our limits. When the line came to be more carefully surveyed the fortress turned out to be on the wrong side; we had been building an expensive fortification for our neighbor. But in the general compromises of the treaty of Washington by the Webster and Ashburton Treaty of the 9th of August, 1842, the fortress was left within our limits.

Errors still more serious had nearly resulted a few years since in a war with Mexico. By the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, of the 2d of February, 1848, the boundary line between the United States and that country was in part described by reference to the town of El Paso, as laid down on a specified map of the United States, of which a copy was appended to the treaty. This boundary was to be surveyed and run by a joint commission of men of science. It soon appeared that errors of two or three degrees existed in the projection of the map. Its lines of latitude and longitude did not conform to the topography of the region; so that it was impossible to execute the text of the treaty. The famous Mesilla Valley was a part of the debatable ground, and the sum of ten millions of dollars paid to the Mexican government, for that and for an additional strip of territory on the southwest, was the smart-money which expiated the inaccuracy of the map; the necessary result perhaps of the want of good materials for its construction. Ten millions of dollars would have gone a good way toward the expense of a National Observatory and of a map of the continent, constructed with entire accuracy.

It became my official duty, in London, a few years ago, to apply to the British government for an authentic statement

of their claim to jurisdiction over New Zealand. The official Gazette for the 2d of October, 1840, was sent me from the Foreign office, as affording the desired information. This number of the Gazette contained the proclamations issued by the lieutenant-governor of New Zealand "in pursuance of the instructions he received from the Marquess of Normanby, one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State," asserting the jurisdiction of his government over the islands of New Zealand, and declaring them to extend "from thirty-four degrees thirty minutes north, to forty-seven degrees ten minutes south latitude." It is scarcely necessary to say, that south latitude was intended in both instances. This error of sixty-nine degrees of latitude, which would have extended the claim of British jurisdiction over the whole breadth of the Pacific, had apparently escaped the notice of that government.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the great practical importance of accurate scientific designations drawn from astronomical observation, in various relations connected with boundaries, surveys, and other geographical purposes; but I must hasten to

III. A third important department, in which the services rendered by astronomy are equally conspicuous. I refer to commerce and navigation. It is chiefly owing to the results of astronomical observation, that modern commerce has attained such a vast expansion compared with that of the ancient world. I have already reminded you that accurate astronomical notions contributed materially to the conception in the mind of Columbus of his immortal enterprise, and to the practical success with which it was conducted. It was mainly his skill in the use of astronomical instruments, imperfect as they were, which enabled him, in spite of the bewildering variations of the compass, to find his way across the ocean.

With the progress of the true system of the universe

towards general adoption, the problem of finding the longitude at sea presented itself. This was the avowed object of the foundation of the Observatory at Greenwich, and no one subject has received more of the attention of astronomers than those investigations of the lunar theory, on which the requisite tables of the navigator are founded. The pathways of the ocean are marked out in the sky above. The eternal lights of the heavens are the only Pharos whose beams never fail; which no tempest can shake from its foundation. Within my recollection, it was deemed a necessary qualification for the master and the mate of a merchant-ship, and even for a prime hand, to be able to "work a lunar," as it was called. The improvements in the chronometer have in practice, to a great extent, superseded this laborious operation, but observation remains, and unquestionably will forever remain, the only dependence for ascertaining the ship's time and deducing the longitude from the comparison of that time with the chronometer.

It may perhaps be thought that astronomical science is brought already to such a state of perfection that nothing more is to be desired, or at least that nothing more is attainable in reference to such practical applications as I have described. This, however, is an idea which generous minds will reject, in this as in every other department of human knowledge. In astronomy, as in everything else, the discoveries already made, theoretical or practical, instead of exhausting the science, or putting a limit to its advancement, do but furnish the means and instruments of further progress. I have no doubt we live on the verge of discoveries and inventions in every department, as brilliant as any that have ever been made; that there are new truths, new facts ready to start into recognition on every side; and it seems to me there never was an age since the dawn of time, when men ought to be less disposed to rest satisfied with the progress already made, than the age in which we live; for there

never was an age more distinguished for ingenious research, for novel results and bold generalization.

That no further improvement is desirable in the means and methods of ascertaining the ship's place at sea, no one I think will, from experience, be disposed to assert. The last time I crossed the Atlantic, I walked the quarter-deck with the officer in charge of the noble vessel, on one occasion, when we were driving along before a leading breeze and under a head of steam, beneath a starless sky at midnight at the rate, certainly, of ten or eleven miles an hour. There is something sublime, but approaching the terrible, in such a scene; the rayless gloom, the midnight chill, the awful swell of the deep, the dismal moan of the wind through the rigging, the all but volcanic fires within the hold of the ship; —I scarce know an occasion in ordinary life in which a reflecting mind feels more keenly its hopeless dependence on irrational forces beyond its own control. I asked my companion how nearly he could determine his ship's place at sea under favorable circumstances. Theoretically, he answered, I think, within a mile; practically and usually within three or four. My next question was, "How near do you think we may be to Cape Race?"—that dangerous headland which pushes its iron-bound, unlighted bastions from the shore of Newfoundland far into the Atlantic, first landfall to the homeward-bound American vessel. "We must," said he, "by our last observations and reckoning, be within three or four miles of Cape Race." A comparison of these two remarks, under the circumstances in which we were placed at the moment, brought my mind to the conclusion, that it is greatly to be wished that the means should be discovered of finding the ship's place more accurately, or that navigators would give Cape Race a little wider berth. Still I do not remember that one of the steam-packets between England and America was ever lost upon that formidable point.

It appears to me by no means unlikely that, with the improvement of instrumental power, and of the means of ascertaining the ship's time with exactness, as great an advance beyond the present state of art and science in finding a ship's place at sea may take place, as was effected by the invention of the reflecting quadrant, the calculation of lunar tables, and the improved construction of chronometers.

In the wonderful versatility of the human mind, the improvement, when it takes place, will very probably be made by paths where it is least expected. The great inducement of Mr. Babbage to attempt the construction of an engine, by which astronomical tables could be calculated, and even printed by mechanical means and with entire accuracy, was the errors in the requisite tables. Nineteen such errors, in point of fact, were discovered in an edition of Taylor's logarithms printed in 1796; some of which might have led to the most dangerous results in calculating a ship's place.

These nineteen errors (of which one only was an error of the press) were pointed out in the Nautical Almanac of 1832. In one of these *errata* the seat of the error was stated to be in cosine of 14° 18′ 3″. Subsequent examination showed that there was an error of one second in this correction, and accordingly in the Nautical Almanac of the next year a new correction was necessary. But in making the new correction of one second, a new error was committed of ten degrees. Instead of cosine 14° 18′ 2″, the correction was printed cosine 4° 18′ 2″, making it still necessary, in some future edition of the Nautical Almanac, to insert an *erratum* in an *erratum* of the *errata* in Taylor's Logarithms.

In the hope of obviating the possibility of such errors, Mr. Babbage projected his calculating, or, as he prefers to call it, his difference machine. Although this extraordinary undertaking has been arrested in consequence of the enormous expense attending its execution, enough has been achieved to show the mechanical possibility of constructing

an engine of this kind, and even one of far higher powers, of which Mr. Babbage has matured the conception, devised the notation, and executed in part the drawings,—themselves an imperishable monument of the genius of the author.

I happened on one occasion to be in company with this highly distinguished man of science, whose social qualities are as pleasing as his constructive talent is marvelous, when another eminent *savant*, Count Strzelecki, just returned from his Oriental and Australian tour, observed that he found among the Chinese a great desire to know something more of Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, and especially whether like their own *swanpan* it could be made to go into the pocket. Mr. Babbage good-humoredly observed that thus far he had been very much out of pocket with it.

Whatever advances may be made in astronomical science, theoretical or applied, I am strongly inclined to think that they will be made in connection with an increased command of instrumental power. The natural order in which the human mind proceeds in the acquisition of astronomical knowledge, is minute and accurate observation of the phenomena of the heavens, the skilful discussion and analysis of these observations, and sound philosophy in generalizing the results.

In pursuing this course, however, a difficulty presented itself, which for ages proved insuperable, and which to the same extent has existed in no other science, namely, that all the leading phenomena are in their appearance delusive. It is indeed true, that, in all sciences, superficial observation can only lead, except by chance, to superficial knowledge; but I can know of no branch in which, to the same degree as in astronomy, the great leading phenomena are the reverse of true, while they yet appeal so strongly to the senses, that sagacious philosophers in antiquity who could foretell eclipses, and who discovered the procession of the equinoxes, still believed that the earth was at rest in the center of the

universe, and that all the hosts of heaven performed a daily revolution about it as a center.

PART II.

IT usually happens in scientific progress, that when a great fact is at length discovered, it approves itself at once to all competent judges. It furnishes a solution to so many problems and harmonizes with so many other facts, that all the other *data*, as it were, crystallize at once about it. In modern times we have often witnessed such an impatience, so to say, of great truths to be discovered, that it has frequently happened that they have been found out simultaneously by more than one individual. A disputed question of priority is an event of very common occurrence. Not so with the true theory of the heavens. So complete is the deception practiced on the senses, that it failed more than once to yield to the announcement of the truth; and it was only when the visual organs were armed with an almost preternatural instrumental power, that the great fact found admission to the human mind.

It is supposed that in the very infancy of science, Pythagoras or his disciples explained the apparent motion of the heavenly bodies about the earth, by the diurnal revolution of the earth on its axis. But this theory, though bearing so deeply impressed upon it the great seal of truth, *simplicity*, was in such glaring contrast with the evidences of the senses, that it failed of acceptance in antiquity or the middle ages. It found no favor with minds like those of Aristotle, Archimedes, Hipparchus, Ptolemy, or any of the acute and learned Arabian or medieval astronomers. All their ingenuity and all their mathematical skill was exhausted in the development of a wonderfully complicated and ingenious but erro-

neous theory. The great master truth, rejected for its simplicity, lay, disregarded, at their feet.

At the second dawn of science, the great fact again beamed into the mind of Copernicus. Now, at least, in that glorious age which witnessed the invention of printing, the great mechanical engine of intellectual progress, and the discovery of America, we may expect that this long hidden revelation, a second time proclaimed, will command the assent of mankind. But the sensible phenomena were still too strong for the theory;—the glorious delusion of the rising and the setting sun could not be overcome. Tycho de Brahe furnished his observatory with instruments superior in number and quality to all that had been collected before; but the great instrument of discovery, which, by augmenting the optic power of the eye, enables it to penetrate beyond the apparent phenomena and to discern the true constitution of the heavenly bodies, was wanting at Uranienburg. The observations of Tycho, as discussed by Keppler, conducted that most fervid, powerful, and sagacious mind to the discovery of some of the most important laws of the celestial motions; but it was not till Galileo, at Florence, had pointed his telescope to the sky, that the Copernican system could be said to be firmly established in the scientific world.

On this great name, my friends, assembled as we are to dedicate a temple to instrumental Astronomy, we may well pause for a moment.

There is much, in every way, in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination, and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine-clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan power, the flowery city (Fiorenza) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of mediæval structure, a majestic dome, the prototype of St. Peter's, basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest

of the dead, the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the *campanile*, the house of Michael Angelo, still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name,—his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday;—airy bridges which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span;—the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to "enchant the world;"—the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing canvas of Raphael and Titian;—museums filled with medals and coins of every age from Cyrus the Younger, and gems and amulets and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph, and Etruscan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans;—libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature;—gardens of rose and orange and pomegranate and myrtle;—the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume,—such is Florence. But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory, and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence, than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquisition, passed the sad closing years of his life; the beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him; the eyes with which he had discovered worlds before unknown, quenched in blindness.

That was the house "where," says Milton, (another of those of whom the world was not worthy,) "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old,—a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking on astronomy, otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought." Great heavens! what a tribunal; what a culprit, what a crime!

Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art, statues and paintings, and jewels and manuscripts, the admiration and the delight of ages,—there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe, than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length, the work of his own hands, that very "optic glass," through which the "Tuscan Artist" viewed the moon,

> "At evening from the top of Fesolé
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe:"

that poor little spy-glass (for it is scarcely more) through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon,— first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn,— first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens,— first pierced the clouds of visual error, which, from the creation of the world, involved the system of the Universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine Art;—like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th October, 1492, (Copernicus, at the age of eighteen, was then a student at Cracow,) beheld the shores of San Salvador;—like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp;—like that when Lever

rier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, *E pur si muove.* "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw; — it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel, nor Rosse, has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

It is not my intention, in dwelling with such emphasis upon the invention of the telescope to ascribe undue importance, in promoting the advancement of science, to the increase of instrumental power. Too much, indeed, cannot be said of the service rendered by its first application in confirming and bringing into general repute the Copernican system; but for a considerable time, little more was effected by the wondrous instrument, than the gratification of curiosity

and taste by the inspection of the planetary phases, and the addition of the rings and satellites of Saturn to the solar family. Newton, prematurely despairing of any further improvement in the refracting telescope, applied the principle of reflection, and the nicer observations now made, no doubt hastened the maturity of his great discovery of the law of gravitation; but that discovery was the work of his transcendent genius and consummate skill.

With Bradley in 1741, a new period commenced in instrumental astronomy, not so much of discovery as of measurement. The superior accuracy and minuteness, with which the motions and distances of the heavenly bodies were now observed, resulted in the accumulation of a mass of new materials both for tabular comparison and theoretical speculation. These materials formed the enlarged basis of astronomical science between Newton and Sir William Herschel. His gigantic reflectors introduced the astronomer to regions of space before unvisited, extended beyond all previous conception the range of the observed phenomena, and with it proportionably enlarged the range of constructive theory. The discovery of a new primary planet and its attendant satellites was but the first step of his progress into the labyrinth of the heavens. Contemporaneously with his observations, the French astronomers, and especially La-Place, with a geometrical skill scarcely if at all inferior to that of its great author, resumed the whole system of Newton, and brought every phenomenon observed since his time within its laws. Difficulties of fact with which he struggled in vain, gave way to more accurate observations, and problems that defied the power of his analysis yielded to the modern improvements of the calculus.

But there is no *ultima Thule* in the progress of science. With the recent augmentations of telescopic power, the details of the nebular theory proposed by Sir W. Herschel with such courage and ingenuity have been drawn in question.

Many — most — of those milky patches in which he beheld what he regarded as cosmical matter, as yet in an unformed state,—the rudimental material of worlds not yet condensed, —have been resolved into stars as bright and distinct as any in the firmament. I well recall the glow of satisfaction, with which on the 22d of September, 1847, being then connected with the University at Cambridge, I received a letter from the venerable director of the observatory there, beginning with these memorable words: "You will rejoice with me that the great nebula in Orion has yielded to the powers of our incomparable telescope! It should be borne in mind, that this nebula, and that of Andromeda [which has been also resolved at Cambridge] are the last strongholds of the nebular theory."

But if some of the adventurous speculations built by Sir William Herschel on the bewildering revelations of his telescope have been since questioned, the vast progress which has been made in sidereal astronomy, (to which, as I understand, the Dudley Observatory will be particulary devoted,) the discovery of the parallax of the fixed stars, the investigations of the interior relations of binary and triple systems of stars, the theories for the explanation of the extraordinary, not to say fantastic, shapes discerned in some of the nebulous systems,—whirls and spirals radiating through spaces as vast as the orbit of Neptune,—the glimpses at systems beyond that to which our sun belongs, —these are all splendid results which may fairly be attributed to the school of Herschel, and will forever insure no secondary place to that name in the annals of science.

In the remarks which I have hitherto made, I have had mainly in view the direct connection of astronomical science with the uses of life and the service of man. But a generous philosophy contemplates the subject in higher relations. It is a remark as old at least as Plato, and is repeated from him more than once by Cicero, that all the liberal arts have a

common bond and relationship. The different sciences contemplate as their immediate object the different departments of animate and inanimate nature; but this great system itself is but one. Its various parts are so interwoven with each other, that the most extraordinary relations and unexpected analogies are constantly presenting themselves; and arts and sciences seemingly the least connected, render to each other the most effective assistance.

The history of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, furnishes the most striking illustration of this remark. Commencing with the meteorological phenomena of our own atmosphere, and terminating with the observation of the remotest heavens, it may well be adduced on an occasion like the present. Franklin demonstrated the identity of lightning and electric fluid. This discovery gave a great impulse to electrical research, with little else in view but the means of protection from the thundercloud. A purely accidental circumstance led the physician Galvani at Bologna to trace the mysterious element, under conditions entirely novel both of development and application. In this new form, it became, in the hands of Davy, the instrument of the most extraordinary chemical operations; and earths and alkalies, touched by the creative wire, started up into metals that float on water, and kindle in the air. At a later period, the closest affinities are observed between electricity and magnetism, on the one hand; while on the other, the relations of polarity are detected besween acids and alkalies. Plating and gilding henceforth become electrical processes. In the last applications of the same subtle medium, it has become the messenger of intelligence across the land and beneath the sea; and is now employed by the astronomer to ascertain the difference of longitudes, to transfer the beats of the clock from one station to another, and to record the moment of his observations with automatic accuracy. How large a share has been borne by America in these magnificent discoveries

and applications, among the most brilliant achievements of modern science, will sufficiently appear from the repetition of the names of Franklin, Henry, Morse, Walker, Mitchell, Lock, and Bond.

It has sometimes happened, whether from the harmonious relations to each other of the different departments of science, or from rare felicity of individual genius, that the most extraordinary intellectual versatility has been manifested by the same person. Although Newton's transcendent talent did not blaze out in childhood, yet as a boy he discovered great aptitude for mechanical contrivance. His water-clock, self-moving vehicle, and mill were the wonder of the village; the latter propelled by a living mouse. Sir David Brewster represents the accounts as differing, whether the mouse was made to advance "by a string attached to its tail," or by "its unavailing attempts to reach a portion of corn placed above the wheel." It seems more reasonable to conclude that the youthful discoverer of the law of gravitation intended, by the combination of these opposite attractions, to produce a balanced movement. It is consoling to the average mediocrity of the race to perceive in these sportive essays, that the mind of Newton passed through the stage of boyhood. But emerging from boyhood, what a bound it made as from earth to heaven! Soon after commencing Bachelor of Arts, at the age of twenty-four, he untwisted the golden and silver threads of the solar spectrum; simultaneously, as soon after, conceived the method of fluxions; and arrived at the elemental idea of universal gravity, before he had passed to his Master's degree. Master of arts, indeed! That degree, if no other, was well bestowed.

Universities are unjustly accused of fixing science in stereotype. That diploma is enough of itself to redeem the honors of academical parchment from centuries of learned dullness and scholastic dogmatism.

But the great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and

purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, and to furnish a refined pleasure. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system; the great ideas of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power. How grand the conception of the ages on ages required for several of the secular equations of the solar system; of distances, from which the light of a fixed star would not reach us in twenty millions of years; of magnitudes compared with which the earth is but a football; of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore; of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces, with a velocity compared with which the cannon-ball is a way-worn, heavy-paced traveler!

Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night,—the sky was without a cloud,—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers far beneath the pole looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His hand. But I am filled with amazement, when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "there is no God."

Numerous as are the heavenly bodies visible to the naked eye, and glorious as are their manifestations, it is probable that in our own system there are great numbers as yet undiscovered. Just two hundred years ago this year, Huyghens announced the discovery of one satellite of Saturn, and expressed the opinion that the six planets and six satellites

then known, and making up the perfect number of *twelve*, composed the whole of our planetary system. In 1729, an astronomical writer came to the conclusion that there might be other bodies in our system, but that the limit of telescopic power had been reached, and no further discoveries were likely to be made. The orbit of one comet only had been definitely calculated. Since that time the power of the telescope has been indefinitely increased;—two primary planets of the first class, ten satellites, and forty-three small planets revolving between Mars and Jupiter have been discovered, the orbits of six or seven hundred comets, some of brief period, have been ascertained;—and it has been computed that hundreds of thousands of these mysterious bodies wander through our system. There is no reason to think that all the primary planets which revolve about the sun, have been discovered. An indefinite increase in the number of asteroids may be anticipated; while outside of Neptune, between our sun and the nearest fixed star, supposing the attraction of the sun to prevail through half the distance, there is room for ten more primary planets, succeeding each other at distances increasing in a geometrical ratio. The first of these will unquestionably be discovered as soon as the perturbations of Neptune shall have been accurately observed;—and with maps of the heavens, on which the smallest telescopic stars are laid down, any one of them may be discovered much sooner.

But it is when we turn our observation and our thoughts from our own system, to the systems which lie beyond it in the heavenly spaces, that we approach a more adequate conception of the vastness of Creation. All analogy teaches us that the sun which gives light to us is but one of those countless stellar fires which deck the firmament, and that every glittering star in that shining host is the center of a system, as vast and as full of subordinate luminaries as our own. Of these suns,—centers of planetary systems,—thou

sands are visible to the naked eye, millions are discovered by the telescope. Sir John Herschel, in the account of his operations at the Cape of Good Hope, calculates that about five and a half millions of stars are visible enough to be *distinctly counted* in a twenty foot reflector in both hemispheres. He adds, "that the actual number is much greater, there can be little doubt." His illustrious father estimated on one occasion that 125,000 stars passed through the field of his forty foot reflector in a quarter of an hour. This would give 12,000,000 for the entire circuit of the heavens, in a single telescopic zone; and this estimate was made under the assumption that the nebulæ were masses of luminous matter not yet condensed into suns.

These stupendous calculations, however, form but the first column of the inventory of the universe. Faint white specks are visible even to the naked eye of a practiced observer in different parts of the heavens. Under high magnifying powers, several thousands of such spots are visible,—no longer, however, faint white specks, but many of them resolved by powerful telescopes into vast aggregations of stars, each of which may with propriety be compared with the milky way of our system. Many of these nebulæ, however, resisted the power of Sir Wm. Herschel's great reflector, and were accordingly still regarded by him as masses of unformed luminous matter. This, till a few years since, was perhaps the prevailing opinion,—and the nebular theory filled a large space in modern astronomical science. But with the increase of instrumental power, especially under the mighty grasp of Lord Rosse's gigantic reflector and the great refractors at Pulkova and Cambridge, the most irresolvable of these nebulæ have given away; and the better opinion now is, that every one of them is a galaxy, like our own milky way, composed of millions of suns. In other words, we are brought to the bewildering conclusion, that thousands of these misty specks, the greater part of them too faint to be seen

by the naked eye, are not each a universe like our solar system, but each a " swarm " of universes of unappreciable magnitude. The mind sinks overpowered by the contemplation. We repeat the words, but they no longer convey distinct ideas to the understanding.

But these conclusions, however vast their comprehension, carry us but another step forward in the realms of sidereal astronomy. A proper motion in space of our sun and of the fixed stars, as we call them, has long been believed to exist. Their vast distances only prevent its being more apparent.

The great improvement which has taken place in instruments of measurement within the last generation, has not only established the existence of this motion but has pointed to the region in the starry vault, around which our whole solar and stellar system, with its myriad of attendant planetary worlds, appears to be performing a mighty revolution. If, then, we assume that outside of the system to which we belong, and in which our sun is but a star like Aldebaran or Sirius, the different nebulæ of which we have spoken, thousands of which spot the heavens, constitute each a distinct family of universes, we must, following the guide of analogy, attribute to each of them also, beyond all the revolutions of their individual attendant planetary systems, a great revolution, comprehending the whole; while the same course of analogical reasoning would lead us still further onward, and in the last analysis, require us to assume a transcendental connection between all these mighty systems,—a universe of universes, circling round in the infinity of space, and preserving its equilibrium by the same laws of mutual attraction, which bind the lower worlds together.

It may be thought that conceptions like these are calculated rather to depress than to elevate us in the scale of being; that banished as he is by these contemplations to a corner of creation, and there reduced to an atom, man sinks to nothingness in this infinity of worlds. But a second

thought corrects this impression. These vast contemplations are well calculated to inspire awe, but not abasement. Mind and matter are incommensurable. An immortal soul, even while clothed in "this muddy vesture of decay," is in the eye of God and reason, a purer essence than the brightest sun that lights the depths of heaven. The organized human eye, instinct with life and spirit, which, gazing through the telescope, travels up to the cloudy speck in the handle of Orion's sword, and bids it blaze forth into a galaxy as vast as ours, stands higher in the order of being than all that host of luminaries. The intellect of Newton, which discovered the law that holds the revolving worlds together, is a nobler work of God than a universe of universes of unthinking matter.

If still treading the loftiest paths of analogy, we adopt the supposition,—to me I owe the grateful supposition,—that the countless planetary worlds which attend these countless suns, are the abodes of rational beings like man, instead of bringing back from this exalted conception a feeling of insignificance, as if the individuals of our race were but poor atoms in the infinity of being, I regard it, on the contrary, as a glory of our human nature, that it belongs to a family which no man can number, of rational natures like itself. In the order of being they may stand beneath us, or they may stand above us; *he* may well be content with his place who is made "a little lower than the angels."

Finally, my friends, I believe there is no contemplation better adapted to awaken devout ideas than that of the heavenly bodies; no branch of natural science which bears clearer testimony to the power and wisdom of God, than that to which you this day consecrate a temple. The heart of the ancient world, with all the prevailing ignorance of the true nature and motions of the heavenly orbs, was religiously impressed by their survey. There is a passage in one of those admirable philosophical treatises of Cicero, composed in the

decline of life, as a solace under domestic bereavement and patriotic concern at the impending convulsions of the state, in which, quoting from some lost work of Aristotle, he treats the topic in a manner which almost puts to shame the teachings of Christian wisdom:—

"Nobly does Aristotle observe, that if there were beings who had always lived underground, in convenient, nay, magnificent dwellings, adorned with statues and pictures, and everything which belongs to prosperous life, but who had never come above ground, —who had heard, however, by fame and report, of the being and power of the gods,—if at a certain time, the portals of the earth being thrown open, they had been able to emerge from those hidden abodes to the regions inhabited by us; when suddenly they had seen the earth, the seas, and the sky; had perceived the vastness of the clouds and the force of the winds; had contemplated the sun, his magnitude and his beauty, and still more his effectual power, that it is he who makes the day by the diffusion of his light through the whole sky; and when night had darkened the earth, should then behold the whole heavens studded and adorned with stars, and the various lights of the waxing and waning moon, the risings and the settings of all these heavenly bodies, and their courses fixed and immutable in all eternity; when, I say, they should see these things, truly they would believe that there are gods, and that these, so great things, are their works."

There is much by day to engage the attention of the observatory; the sun, his apparent motions, his dimensions, the spots on his disc, (to us the faint indications of movements of unimagined grandeur in his luminous atmosphere,) a solar eclipse, a transit of the inferior planets, the mysteries of the spectrum; all phenomena of vast importance and interest. But night is the astronomer's accepted time; he goes to his delightful labors when the busy world goes to its rest. A dark pall spreads over the resorts of active life; terrestrial

objects, hill and valley, and rock and stream, and the abodes of men disappear; but the curtain is drawn up which concealed the heavenly hosts. There they shine and there they move, as they moved and shone to the eyes of Newton and Galileo, of Keppler and Copernicus, of Ptolemy and Hipparchus; yea, as they moved and shone when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. All has changed on earth; but the glorious heavens remain unchanged. The plow passes over the site of mighty cities, the homes of powerful nations are desolate, the languages they spoke are forgotten; but the stars that shone for them are shining for us; the same eclipses run their steady cycle; the same equinoxes call out the flowers of spring and send the husbandman to the harvest; the sun pauses at either tropic as he did when his course began; and sun and moon, and planet and satellite, and star and constellation and galaxy, still bear witness to the power, the wisdom, and the love which placed them in the heavens, and upholds them there.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city, seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was

somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained.

Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces. But let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him?

Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that

the "judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

SPEECH AT THE DEDICATION
OF THE
NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

November 15, 1863.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTES ON THE TEXT.

THE GREAT CARBUNCLE,

BY

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Author. NATHANIEL HAW'THORNE, one of the most distinguished of American writers, was born at Salem, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1804. He was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, the poet Longfellow being one of his classmates. While in college he formed an intimate friendship with Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States. Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of customs at Salem in 1846, and held that position for three years. In 1853, his friend, President Pierce, appointed him to the lucrative post of United States consul for Liverpool. He held this place for four years, and its large income relieved Hawthorne's hitherto straitened circumstances and enabled him to spend some time traveling on the continent of Europe. To this residence abroad we owe some of the finest of Hawthorne's writings: notably Our Old Home, and the Notes. Hawthorne's most celebrated books are the Scarlet Letter, House of Seven Gables, Marble Faun, Twice Told Tales, and Mosses from an Old Manse. Some object to a morbid tone that pervades much of his work; "but," it has been well said, "all must concede to him not only great originality, but a rare power of subtle analysis, a delicate and exquisite humor, and a marvelous felicity in the use of language. His style, indeed may be said to combine almost every excellence—elegance, simplicity, grace, clearness and force." Hawthorne died May 19, 1864.

Origin of the Great Carbuncle. In his Sketches from Memory, a chapter in the Mosses from an Old Manse, Hawthorne says: "There are few legends more poetical than that of the Great Carbuncle, of the White Mountains. The belief was communicated to the English settlers, and is hardly yet extinct, that a gem of such immense size as to be seen shining miles away, hangs from a rock over a clear, deep lake high up among the hills. They who once beheld its splendor were enthralled with an unutterable yearning to possess it. But a spirit guarded that inestimable jewel and bewildered the adventurer with a dark mist from the enchanted lake. Thus life was worn away in the vain search for an unearthly treasure, till at length the deluded one went up the mountain, still sanguine as in youth,

but returned no more. On this theme, methinks, I could frame a tale with a deep moral."

Line 11. AM'-ON-OO'-SUCK. There are three rivers bearing this name in New Hampshire, distinguished by the titles, the Upper, the Lower and the Wild. The Upper Amonoosuck is the one referred to here.

Line 51. SACO. A river of New Hampshire that rises in the White Mountains, flows in a southeasterly direction into Maine, and empties into the Atlantic.

Line 113. CAPT. SMITH. This is the famous Capt. John Smith, the founder of Virginia. The romantic story of the saving of his life by Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, has done much to preserve his name, although he was a man of great enterprise, skill and daring, and possessed of high qualities of leadership. He was born in England in 1579 and died in 1631.

Line 206. GREAT MOGUL (Mō-gŭl'). A title given to the Tartar emperors of Delhi, India. Mogul is a corruption of Mongol, the name applied to these Tartar tribes The Great Mogul lived in great splendor at Delhi, and were supposed to be possessors of diamonds of marvelous size and brilliancy. After the conquest of Delhi to the English in 1827, these emperors became dependents and pensioners of the British crown. The last of the line was deposed in 1858.

Line 233. GRUB STREET. The former title of Milton Street, Cripplegate, London, and once the residence of needy and unfortunate writers, who were made a jest and a by-word to their more fortunate and successful brethren of the pen under the title of *Grub Street* men.

> "Not with less glory, mighty Dulness crown'd
> Shall take through *Grub Street* her triumphant round,
> And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
> Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce."
>
> *Dunciad*, ALEX. POPE.

Line 277. RERUM NATURA (Rē-rum Na-tu'-ră). In the nature of things.

Line 541. AS DULY AS A PERSIAN IDOLATER. The ancient Persians were followers of Zoroaster, and worshiped the Sun. In the morning they turned in adoration to the east to worship the rising luminary. The Parsees of India practice the same rites to-day.

Line 544. THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, (Sept. 2–6, 1666), broke out

accidentally in a house near London Bridge; a strong east wind caused it to spread with great rapidity, and for some days London was given up to the flames. Two-thirds of the city was destroyed, including eighty-nine churches, among which was St. Paul's Cathedral, and more than thirteen thousand houses. The present St. Paul's was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in the period between 1675 and 1710.

DOLPH HEYLIGER,

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Author. WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York April 3, 1783. He left school to begin the study of law in 1800. Ill health interrupted his course and for two years he traveled in England and on the continent of Europe. Soon after his return he was admitted to the bar; but he never seriously pursued that profession. Showing an early and unusual taste for, and skill in, humorous writing, he began in 1807 in connection with his brother William and James K. Paulding, the publication of a satirical magazine called Salmagundi. Only twenty numbers were issued; but their rich and varied humor was much admired and this venture, though not pecuniarily successful, determined Irving's future career. He next wrote and published the famous Knickerbocker History of New York, which was received with delight in this country and attracted the favorable notice of Sir Walter Scott, who, in after years, on many occasions befriended and assisted Irving. Irving became a silent partner in a large commercial enterprise with his brothers in 1810. In 1815 he again sailed for Europe. In 1817 business reverses reduced him to poverty, and he turned to his pen as a means of livelihood, and continued a constant and prolific writer to the day of his death. His literary career was varied, but not interrupted, by two periods of service in the diplomatic ranks of his country; once for three years as Secretary of the Legation at London, and once as Minister to Spain for two years. He passed the latter part of his life at Sunnyside on the Hudson River, where he died November 28, 1859. He never married.

Irving's most important and popular works, in addition to those already mentioned are: The Sketch-Book, Bracebridge Hall, Tales of a Traveler, Columbus, the Alhambra, Goldsmith, Mahomet, Astoria, Tour of the Prairies, Captain Bonneville, and the Life of Washington.

Irving has sometimes been called the Addison and, more often, the Goldsmith of America. He needs no such appellations. His style though

based on the best models of English writing, is distinctly his own, and the creator of Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow holds his rank by his own unapproachable genial and lambent humor.

The example of Irving given in this collection was selected on account of its intense local coloring, and exhibits in a marked degree his accurate acquaintance, with the traditions, manners and customs of New York under the Dutch, as well with the scenery and the varied natural features of the beautiful river he loved so well.

NOTES.

PART I.

Title. DOLPH HEYLIGER (dŏlf hī′-le-gur).

Line 3. LORD CORNBURY. The English governor of the province of New York from 1702 to 1708.

Line 4. DOMINIE (dŏ′-mĭ-nē), from the Latin *dominus*, master, or lord, was a title given by the early Dutch settlers to the pastors of their churches, and is still used in the same way by their descendants in Albany and elsewhere.

Line 6. MANHATTOES. The island on which New York is situated was called Manhattan by the Indians. Irving humorously calls its inhabitants Manhattoes.

Line 33. ARMS A-KIMBO. Standing with the hands on the hips and the elbows turned outward.

Line 50. VANDERSPIEGEL (văn′-dĕr-spē-gl).

Line 61. LUTHERAN. The Dutch settlers belonged to the branches of the Protestant church called the Reformed and the Lutheran.

Line 72. WHIPSTER. A little, nimble fellow.

Line 95. VARLET. A servant or attendant on a knight; a later meaning gives the word a bad sense, as *a scoundrel*. As used here it means the same as the term *scamp* applied to a mischievous boy.

Line 131. CADAVEROUS. Like a *cadaver* or corpse; pale, death-like.

Line 132. RUBICUND. Ruddy, full of color.

Line 140. PESTLE (pĕs′ l). The stone implement with which materials are pulverized in a mortar, or hollow stone vessel. The mortar and pestle are the emblems of doctors and druggists the world over.

Line 152. KNIPPERHAUSEN (nip'-per-how-sen).

Line 165. GALLIPOTS. Small, earthern, glazed pots used by apothecaries.

Line 206. PALATINATE (păl'-ăh-tĭn-āte). A former division of Germany ruled by an officer called the Count Palatine.

Line 211. GOVERNOR HUNTER. Robert Hunter was the English governor of New York from 1710 to 1728.

Line 229. THE ENTIRE BURGH. The whole settlement. Burgh means a corporate town and is a common termination of names of places, as Edinburgh; Petersburgh; Pittsburgh; Lansingburgh.

Line 244. DON COSSACKS. Wild horsemen of Southern Russia.

Line 277. CRONIES. Intimate friends or associates.

Line 313. HYDROPHOBIA (hy-dro-fō'-be-ah). Literally, a dread or fear of water. The disease resulting from the bite of a mad dog.

Line 318. BOWERIE (bow'-ĕr-ē). The street in New York City called the Bowery took its name from the farms or *boweries* of the Dutch located thereabouts.

Line 419. FIVES. A game of ball.

Line 461. HARTZ MOUNTAINS. Mountains in North Germany associated with a multitude of traditions and legends of a supernatural character.

Line 473. DONNER AND BLITZEN (dŏn'-er and blĭtz'-en). Thunder and lightning.

Line 505. ICH KAN NICHT, MYNHEER (ēk-kän-neecht, mīn'-hāre), I can, not, sir.

Line 521. GIBBET ISLAND. See the story entitled Guests from Gibbet Island, in Irving's Wolfert's Roost, for a full account of the tradition here alluded to.

Line 523. LEISLER (līs'-lĕr). Jacob Leisler seized the reins of government in New York by force in 1689. He was arrested for treason and executed in 1691.

Line 541. EXORCISED (ex'-or-sised). To exorcise was to drive away evil spirits by certain forms and ceremonies.

Line 561. CONJUROR (kŏn'-ju-ror). A magician.

Line 582. HARPSICHORD (harp'-se-cord). A keyed musical instrument closely resembling the piano.

Line 697. FLEMISH. Relating to Flanders.

Line 786. HEIDELBERG (hi'-del-berg) CATECHISM. A Catechism published at Heidelberg in Germany, the seat of a famous university.

Line 888. SNICKER-SNEE. A Dutch sailor's knife.

Line 927. SPIKING-DEVIL. A corruption of Spuyten Duyvil, the name of a creek emptying into the Hudson just north of Manhattan Island.

Line 928. YONKERS. A city on the Hudson River a few miles north of New York.

Line 938. TAPPAAN ZEE. An expansion of the Hudson River between Rockland County on the west, and Westchester County on the east. This zee, or sea, is twelve miles long and three and one half miles wide.

Line 938. HIGHLANDS. A hilly region some sixteen miles wide and twenty miles long on both sides of the Hudson, embraced in the counties of Orange, Putnam and Dutchess. The highest summit is 1685 feet high and is called New Beacon. This summit was used during the Revolutionary War to convey signals by means of beacon fires.

Line 942. LOW DUTCH. The immigrants from Holland were called "Low" Dutch, those from Germany "High" Dutch.

PART II.

Line 12. DUNDERBERG. Thunder Mountain. Also called Donderbarrack, Thunder-chamber. A prominent hill in the Highlands.

Line 14. ANTONY'S NOSE. A hill 1428 feet high, nearly opposite West Point. A certain jutting rock that resembled a nose, if the spectator was aided by a lively imagination, gave the title to this hill.

Line 48. BULL HILL. A hill somewhat north of Antony's Nose.

Line 103. HERCULEAN (hĕr-kū'-le-an). A word signifying extraordinary strength or power, derived from Hercules (her'-kū-lēs), the name of a famous hero of Greek mythology.

Line 205. WAMPUM-BELT. The North American Indians used shells or strings of shells as money. The strings of shells were often fastened to-

gether in a belt, which made a convenient means of carrying their peculiar currency.

Line 225. PINNACE (pin'-nase). A small, light vessel, propelled by both oars and sails, rigged like a schooner, with two masts.

Line 229. QUIETUS (kwi-ē'-tus). A slang term for death. Currency has been given to the word by Shakespere.

> When he himself might his *quietus* make
> With a bare bodkin.
>
> *Hamlet*, Act III., Scene I.

Line 290. VANDER HEYDEN (van'-der-hī-den).

Line 366. HENDRICK HUDSON. A celebrated English navigator, who, in 1609, discovered the noble river that bears his name.

Line 442. LORD OF THE DUNDERBERG. A tradition of the Hudson says that the Dunderberg mountain is inhabited by a spirit, in whose honor passing vessels must lower their topsails, or meet his displeasure in the form of a thunder storm. See The Storm Ship in Bracebridge Hall.

Line 460. SHAWANGUNK (shawn'-gunk) MOUNTAINS. A part of the Appalachian system extending through Orange and Sullivan counties and into Ulster.

Line 503. "THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."

SHAKESPERE.—*Macbeth*, Act V., Scene III.

Line 524. PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. A fabulous stone supposed to possess the power of transmuting common metals into gold. It was the dream of the alchemists of the middle ages; untold labor and thought were expended in vain efforts to discover this stone.

Line 531. ALBANY WAS IN ALL ITS GLORY. This paragraph, and the domestic scenes depicted in those following, are worthy of careful study. For a fuller description of the local manners and customs of Albany in its early days, told with considerable exaggeration but with the most delicious humor, see the Knickerbocker History of New York.

Line 552. LILLIPUTIAN (lil-li-pū'-shan). Pertaining to Lilliput, an imaginary island said to be inhabited by very diminutive people, hence the word means, *very small*. See Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift.

Line 565. LARGE IRON FIGURES ON THE GABLES. Within the recollection of the editor there were some twenty of these houses with gable ends

towards the street, each adorned with the date of erection in large iron figures. Now (1891) there is only one example left in Albany of Dutch architecture; the low brick structure on the corner of North Pearl and Columbia Streets. This building bears in iron figures the date 1710 on its Columbia Street front.

Line 618. VAN RENSSELAERS, GANSEVOORTS AND ROSEBOOMS. Many representatives of these good old Dutch families still reside in Albany. The Van Rensselaers are the lineal descendants of the original Patroons, as they were called, who at one time owned most of the land on both sides of the Hudson River for several miles north and south of Albany.

Line 621. SINBAD. Sinbad the Sailor, the hero of one of the famous Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Line 697. PETER STUYVESANT. The last Dutch governor of New Netherlands from 1647 to 1664. On the accession of the first English governor (Richard Nichols) the name of the colony was changed to New York.

Line 776. PALISADOES. The famous Palisades are enormous cliffs, rising sheer from the Hudson River on its western bank and extending several miles north from Hoboken.

Line 777. HOBOKEN. A city of New Jersey opposite the northern part of New York City.

Line 981. DRAWER OF THE LONG BOW. A polite intimation that Dolph relied upon his imagination rather than his memory for his stories.

THE CRIME OF OLD BLAS,

BY

CATULLE MENDES.

TRANSLATED BY CHAS. B. COLE, A. M., 1890.

Author. CATULLE MENDES (Ka-tul' mon'-dă), a celebrated French poet and novelist, was born at Bordeaux in 1840. His poem, Le Roman d' une Nuit, caused his imprisonment by the Emperor Napoleon III. His best poem is the Hesperus. He has written several novels not very well-known out of France. His short stories, of which Old Blas is the most popular, are distinguished for local coloring and strength, and are held in very high esteem by his countrymen. No finer example of unselfish devotion to duty, in spite of all consequences, can be found than that of Old Blas in the story here given. The perfect likeness to truth of every incident from the start from the happy home, to the tragic but beautiful ending, gives to this tale a charm beyond description.

NOTES.

PART I.

Line 7. CADIJE (Ka-dē′-zh). A woman's Christian name.

Line 8. BASQUE (băsk). The Basque Provinces are principally in the northeastern part of Spain, but a portion extends into French territory. The Basques, who are for the most part shepherds, have always been celebrated for their bravery and vivacity. They speak a language which has no analogy with any other living tongue.

Line 26. PYRENEES (pir′-a-neez). The great mountain chain that forms a natural barrier between France and the Iberian Peninsula.

Line 31. NORMANDY (nŏr′-măn-de). A fertile province of France bordering on the English Channel.

Line 35. BLAS (blăs). A man's surname.

Line 76. ANTONIN PERDIGUT (an′-to-neen pĕr′-dē-gu).

Line 84. BADINAGE (băd-e-näzh′). Light or playful talk; raillery.

PART II.

Line 30. GUIGNONET (gwee′-no-nā). Little Luckless.

Line 47. SOU. A French copper coin of about the value of a cent.

FROM THE APENNINES TO THE ANDES,

BY

EDMONDO DE AMICIS.

Author. EDMONDO DE AMICIS (ä-mee′-chees) was born at Oneglia, Italy, Oct. 21, 1846. After a very creditable military service in the army of Italian Independence, he began his literary career in 1868, and contributed many articles to papers and magazines. But it was after extensive travels throughout several of the states of Europe, and in Morocco, that he suddenly shone forth as one of the best of modern Italian writers. He issued in rapid succession the brilliant books entitled Spain, London, Constantinople, Morocco, and Holland. These have been translated into English and other languages, and are held in high esteem. His characterizations of the different peoples he visited and his description of famous localities are won-

derfully vivid and graphic. No other contemporaneous Italian writer has so wide a circle of English and American readers and admirers.

The story here given is taken by permission from the American translation of Cuore, or An Italian Schoolboy's Journal, whose popularity is shown by the thirty-nine editions in Italian that had been printed when the translation was made in 1887. Though found in the midst of this book, the story is complete in itself, and therefore, has properly a place in this collection of ENTIRE productions.

NOTES.

PART I.

Line 2. GENOA (jĕn'-o-ah'). A large and important seaport of Italy, of special interest to Americans as the birthplace of Columbus.

Line 4. BUENOS AYRES (bune-noz-ī'rez). The capital and seaport of the Argentine Confederation in South America. The words are Spanish, and mean "good airs," referring to the healthful climate.

Line 18. GENOESE (jĕn'-o-ese). A native of Genoa.

Line 27. LIRE. An Italian silver coin worth about twenty cents.

Line 45. CONSULATE. The official residence of the consul, or representative of a foreign country.

Line 91. THIRD-CLASS PASSAGE. The passengers of a steamship are divided into three classes; first cabin, second cabin, and third class or steerage. The last are huddled together in the stern of the steamer.

Line 132. NOCTURNAL PHOSPHORESCENCES. The luminous appearance of the surface of the ocean at night caused by the presence of minute animals, which give forth a light like that made by a piece of phosphorus in the dark.

Line 156. LOM'BARD. A native of Lombardy in Italy.

Line 158. ROSARIO (roz-a'-re-o). A city of the Argentine Confederation, one hundred and ninety-four miles N. W. of Buenos Ayres.

Line 175. A LITTLE MEDAL. Italian and other children of the same branch of the Christian Church, wear medals blessed by the priest or bishop.

Line 179. THE RIO DE LA PLATA (ré-o-da-lah-pláh-tah). The great estuary formed by the junction of the Uruguay and Parana rivers.

Line 199. ANDREA DORIA (an-dre'-a do'-re-ah), (1468–1560). A famous

Genoese naval commander and patriot, called by his fellow citizens the "Father of his Country."

Line 205. DEL LOS ARTES, and below, line 43 Part II., Via del los Artes (loz-ar'-tes) (ve'-ah děl loz ar'-tes). The street of the arts.

Line 244. HABERDASHERS (hăb'-er-däsh-er). One who deals in small wares, such as pins, needles, thread, ribbons, tape, etc.

Line 262. SIGNOR (seen'-yor). The Italian equivalent for our "Mr."

Line 262. MEQUINEZ (ma-kee'-nāz).

Line 297. CORDOVA (kōr-dō'-vah). A city of the Argentine Confederation, 387 miles north of Buenos Ayres.

Line 343. ADIOS (a-dee'-os). The farewell expression of the Italians corresponding to the French, "Adieu," and the English "Good-by."

Line 366. PARANA (pah-rah-nah'). One of the great tributaries of the La Plata.

Line 366. PO (pō). The principal river of Italy.

Line 371. COPPICES (kŏp'-pises). A wood of small trees.

Line 482. SOLDO. An Italian coin, worth one cent.

Line 533. PATRIOTTA (păt-rē-ŏt'ta). Used here in the sense of compatriot.

PART II.

Line 82. BIZARRE (bi-zär'). A French term meaning odd, fantastic.

Line 100. TUCUMAN (too-koo-mahn'). A flourishing city of the Argentine Republic.

Line 173. PEONES (pe'-o-nē-z). South American laborers and bearers of burdens.

Line 187. FAÇADES (fa-säds). The face, front or any principal elevation of a building.

Line 261. TIER'RA DEL FUEGO (te-ār'-rah-del-fwe'go) Spanish, "Land of Fire." A group of islands at the southern extremity of South America, separated from the mainland by the Straits of Magellan.

Line 450. TITANIC (tī-tăn'-ic). The Titans of ancient mythology were a race of giants; hence anything huge may be called Titanic.

Line 548. JOSEFA (ho'-see-fa). A woman's name.

ALPINE CLIMBING,

BY

JOHN TYNDALL.

Author. JOHN TYNDALL, the distinguished physicist, who was born in Ireland in 1820, is still living. Perhaps no English scientific writer of this century has done as much as Tyndall to popularize great scientific truths. His most important work is entitled Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion. Hours of Exercise in the Alps, and Glaciers of the Alps, are delightful and popular works. Prof. Tyndall continues to contribute both popular and purely scientific papers to the leading periodicals.

NOTES.

For the pronunciation of, and other information concerning, the very large number of geographical and other proper names used in Alpine Climbing, teachers and pupils are referred to Lippincott's Gazetteer and other standard authorities; the very large number of these words precludes their explanation in these notes.

PART I.

Line 43. NEVE' (nĕ-vā). The portion of a glacier that is above the limit of perpetual snow.

Line 50. COL (kŏl). A short ridge connecting two higher elevations or mountains; the pass over such a ridge.

Line 55. BERSAGLIER (bĕr-sal'-yā). The name of a special body of light infantry in the Italian army.

Line 58. MATTERHORN. The German name for Mont Cervin located between Valais in Switzerland and the Val d'Aosta in Piedmont. This mountain has an elevation of 14,771 feet, and, on account of its rugged and sharp declivities, is extremely difficult of ascent.

Line 134. LAODICEAN (lā-o-dĭ-see'-ăn). Like the Laodicean Christians who were said to be lukewarm, changeable, and wavering; "blowing hot and cold: turning with every wind of doctrine."

Line 160. SHINGLE. Round, water-worn pebbles, such as are common on the seashore.

Line 165. CACHEZ-VOUS? (kash-a-vü). Hide yourself! equivalent to the English "Look out!"

Line 169. ARÊTE (ăr-āt′). The ridge of rock on the side of a mountain.

Line 171. COULOIR (koul′-wär). The ditch or passage-way of a glacier.

Line 350. DÉBRIS (dā-bree′). Litter.

Line 371. ÉTES-VOUS CONTENT D'ESSAYER? (Āte′-vü kon-tän des-say-yā). Are you ready to try it?

Line 372. OUI (oo-ē). Yes.

Line 418. ES-TU BIEN PLACÉ? (Ātü bee-ang plä-sā). Are you well-placed?

Line 428. SANG-FROID (sang-ĭrwoi). Coolness; intrepidity.

Line 432. RU-GO′SITY. A rough protruberance.

Line 449. GLISSADE (glĭs-säd). A sliding down.

Line 479. THOMSON. Sir William Thomson, a celebrated British writer on scientific topics, especially physics. Born in 1828 at Belfast, and still living.

Line 485. INTEGRATION. This seemingly difficult passage becomes clear when we reflect that integration, as used here, means the "making up," or formation, of forces. The integration, or making up, of the forces engendered in the sun and other sources of heat, *disintegrates*, or tears to pieces, even the mighty Matterhorn.

PART II.

Line 8. THE PLEIADES (plē′-ya-dēz). In mythology, the seven daughters of Atlas and nymph Pleione, fabled to have been made a constellation in the sky by Jupiter. In astronomy, a group of small stars in the neck of the constellation Taurus.

Line 9. ORION (o-rī′-on). In mythology, a celebrated hunter. In astronomy, a large and bright constellation on the equator, between the stars Aldebaran and Sirius.

Line 11. MORAINE (mô-rān′). An accumulation of earth and stones carried forward and deposited by a glacier.

Line 26. DAFFODIL SKY. A sky with a yellowish tinge.

Line 31. DENTED. Toothed.

Line 47. SELECTIVE WINNOWING. The teacher should explain the theory of color which assigns to different objects the power of arresting and reflecting its own color from the spectrum, and permitting all the other colors to pass through.

Line 66. DOVE (dō-vā'). Heinrich Wilhelm Dove (1803–1879), a celebrated German meteorologist.

Line 80. NICOL'S PRISM. William Nicol (1768–1851). He invented the polarizing prism.

Line 101. ALETSCHHORN. With the exception of the Finsteraarhorn, the highest peak of the Bernese Alps; it has an elevation of 13,803 feet.

Line 146. ATHENA (ă-thē'-na). The Grecian goddess of wisdom, corresponding to the Roman Minerva.

Line 165. SIE MÜSSEN SICH ZWINGEN (sē-mēssen-seek zwing-en). You must compel yourself.

Line 181. AUBERGE (ō'-bārzh). An inn.

Line 184. LE MAL DES MONTAGNES (lĕ-măl-deh-mŏn-tān). Mountain sickness.

Line 188. CREVASSES (crĕ-vas'-sez). Fissures by which the mass of a glacier is divided.

Line 322. LIKE A MOUNTAIN SAUL. The allusion is to Saul, King of Israel, who stood head and shoulders above his compeers.

Line 328. SCHISTOSE GNEISS (shĭs'-tose nīce). Gneiss rock that is easily divided into slabs.

Line 363. SIROCCO (sĭr-ŏk'-ko). A hot wind arising in the Desert of Sahara, chiefly prevalent in Italy.

PART III.

Line 33. SHOT RUBBISH. The fragments of rock projected from the mountain heights by the action of the heat from the sun. See description on pages 156 and 157

Line 43. BERGSCHRUND. See description lines 99–102, page 174.

Line 43. SNOW-BASSES. Snow ridges.

Line 196. BENNEN. A celebrated Alpine guide who lost his life in a similar accident.

Line 199. *Vis viva* (vĭs vē'-vah). Living force—the energy of a moving body.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

Author' CHARLES DICKENS, the most popular English novelist, since Sir Walter Scott, was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1812. His father designed him for the legal profession, but this calling was not pleasing to Dickens, who prepared himself to become a parliamentary reporter. His first contribution to literature was the Sketches of Life and Character, contributed to the Morning Chronicle and afterwards published in book-form under the title, Sketches by Boz. His reputation was established by the Pickwick Papers, which obtained an enormous circulation, and which are unsurpassed in modern English literature for humor and sharp characterization. His first novel was Oliver Twist, published in 1838. This was followed in rapid succession by that long list of novels and tales that have been for the last fifty years the delight of millions of readers. Mr. Dickens visited the United States in 1841 and in 1868, and on both occasions was received with universal enthusiasm and high appreciation. During his last tour of this country, he gave many public readings from his works. The most delightful of these was the Christmas Carol, which is given in this book in the abridged form prepared by himself for public reading. Mr. Dickens died suddenly in 1870 and was buried in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster Abbey; a distinction worthily won. Although much criticised, just now, for exaggeration, and affectation of sentiment, there is little doubt of his novels holding permanently the very highest rank in fictitious literature, by the side of those of Scott, Hugo, Cervantes, Manzoni and Le Sage.

STAVE I.

Line 7. DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL. The door-nail is the plate, or knob, on which the knocker or hammer strikes. As this nail is knocked on the head several times a day, it cannot be supposed to have much life left in it.

Falstaff.—What! is the old King dead?
Pistol.—As nail in door.

SHAKESPERE.—2 *Henry* IV., Act V., Scene III.

Line 11. RESIDUARY LEGATEE One who receives all that remains of an estate after all claims and bequests are paid.

Line 28. "CAME DOWN." Slang for paying, or giving, money.

Line 43. "NUTS." Slang for enjoyment.

STAVE II.

Line 126. "CUT." Cut "a pigeon-wing;" a difficult feat in dancing.

STAVE III.

Line 18. PLENTY'S HORN. The cornucopia; familiar as the repository of Christmas candies.

Line 44. "BOB." Slang for a shilling.

Line 165. HALF OF HALF A QUARTERN. Half of half a *gill.*

STAVE IV.

Line 64. CHARWOMAN. A woman who cleans offices and lodgings.

Line 232. "WALK-ER." A slang term, indicating the boy was not to be cheated into going on a "goose-chase."

Line 240. JOE MILLER. Referring to a famous book of anecdotes entitled "Joe Miller's Jest Book."

ASLAUGA'S KNIGHT.

BY

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

Author. FREIDERICH HEINRICH KARL, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, was born at Brandenburg, Prussia, February 12, 1777. He was a godson and namesake of Frederick the Great. Educated at home by private tutors, his early promise of literary ability was especially fostered by one of them, August Hülse, a man of decided ability. Like most German noblemen Fouqué served in the army with credit, but he devoted the most of his life to literature. He belonged to the romantic school of writers so numerous in

Germany in his times. He put forth very many books; but his fame rests now entirely on a romantic novel entitled the Magic Ring and the four chivalric tales, Undine, Sintram and his Companions, The Two Captains, and Aslauga's Knight. These tales have been translated into many languages and are still read with delight the world over. He died at Berlin, January 23, 1843.

Origin. The story of Aslauga's Knight was inspired by the Scandinavian sagas, or poems, which were exceedingly popular in Fouqué's time and which, together with the great German ballads treating the same themes grouped under the title Niblungen Lied, Lay of the Nibel-ungers, since made world-famous by being wedded to lofty music in the operas of Richard Wagner, have much influenced all modern German literature and have enriched English poetry and prose with countless allusions and themes.

Purpose. Steadfast devotion to a lofty ideal, finally rewarded, is the obvious motive of this story.

"The love of Aslauga's Knight for the old Scandinavian legends has shaped for him an ideal for which he lives. Aslauga represents the highest beauty that his mind could draw from the books he studied; and the pure devotion to it, mirrors, in a romance, the devotion drawn, may we not say, from the old books of the Bible, to a spiritual life."

PROF. HENRY MORLEY.

NOTES.

CHAPTER I.

Line 1. FÜHNEN (fee'-nen). One of the largest of the Danish Islands.

Line 2. SKALDS. Written also *scalds* and *skjalds*. A skald was an ancient Scandinavian poet, one whose duty was to compose poems in honor of Norse chieftains and their achievements and to recite and sing them on public occasions. The skalds of the Norsemen correspond to the bards of the Britons, or Celts.

> "And there in many a stormy vale,
> The *skald* has told his wondrous tale."
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Line 6. RUNIC WRITINGS. The word *rune* means mystery. The *Runic* writings were in a mysterious character kept secret as far as possible by the Norse priests. The priests cut these characters in smoothed wood generally willow, called *rune stafas*, which were used by them for the purposes of incantation and sorcery. The runes have been found inscribed on monuments, rocks, medals, rings, and the hilts and blades of swords. The

Runic writings occur in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Britain, and more rarely in France and Spain. These runes have been deciphered and are often in rhyme.

Line 25. ASLAUGA, the fair daughter of Sigurd . . . . won the love of King Ragner Lodbrog.

Sigurd was the most illustrious of the many heroes whose wonderful exploits are recounted in the Völsungasaga, the great Icelandic saga, or poem, written probably at the close of the thirteenth century.

Aslauga, the last surviving child of Sigurd was preserved in a miraculous manner as related in the saga. She is represented as remarkable for personal beauty and as a superior woman in mind and character. She married King Ragner Lodbrog, another famous hero of the Völsungasaga. For a full account of this famous saga, see "Saga Time," by J. Fulford Vicary, published in London, 1889, Keegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Line 133. TOURNAMENT. A military sport or exercise, common in the middle ages, (from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries inclusive), in which a number of combatants, or knights on horseback, engaged for the purpose of exercising and exhibiting their courage, prowess and skill in arms.

CHAPTER II.

Line 29. HOSTLERY. An inn, a lodging house. Written also *hostel*.

Line 70. EDCHEN (ed'-ken). The German diminutive of Edwald; equivalent to our Eddie, a shortened form of Edward.

Line 103. VALKYRIEN (Val-kee-ree'-en). Messengers of fate sent to foretell the destinies of men.

CHAPTER IV.

Line 10. LISTS. The boundaries of the enclosure in which a *tournament* was held, or the enclosure itself.

Line 57. A MASQUING DEVICE. A device pertaining to entertainments where all the participants are disguised by means of masks. Such parties are called *masquerades*.

Line 61. KETTLE-DRUMS. Instruments of martial music, being kettles, or basins, of brass, rounded at the bottom, and covered at the top with parchment or goatskin.

> The *kettle-drum* and trumpet thus bray out
> The triumph of his pledge.
>
> SHAKESPERE.

Line 84. KEEP YOU YOUR GUIDING STAR. . . . That is, "Keep the image of your beloved Hildegardis before you as I shall that of Aslauga."

Line 144. VI-ZOR. Written usually *visor*. From the latin *video, visus*, to see. A movable perforated part of the helmet, or metal covering, worn by soldiers to protect the head from the blows of their enemies' weapons above the beaver or face guard; so called because it gives the wearer an opportunity for *seeing*.

Line 177. OMEN. A casual event or occurrence thought to portend good or evil; a sign of a future event. Omens have always been regarded as of great importance among all nations in their primitive stages of development even when they had reached a high state of civilization; the ancient Romans placed great reliance upon omens; a peculiar flight of birds, the appearance of the entrails of animals killed as sacrifices, and many other accidental occurrences often determined the undertaking or abandonment of great enterprises. Christianity has removed much of this form of superstition. though it still survives in a certain degree. We all know persons who will not sit down as the thirteenth person at a table, regarding such an event as an omen of death.

CHAPTER V.

Line 20. PRESAGE. To foretell, to prophesy.

> My dreams *presage* some joyful news at hand.
>
> SHAKESPERE.

Line 104. HERALD. An officer in the middle ages whose duty it was to carry messages between princes, and to proclaim war and peace, and whose person was held sacred while performing these duties.

CHAPTER VI.

Line 113. HEATHEN LAND OF PRUSSIA. In the days of Froda, probably the eleventh century, Prussia was a small province of Germany, and in remote localities still heathen in religion.

Line 180. DUKE. From the Latin *dux*, a leader. A high title of nobility throughout Europe.

Line 218. GAUNTLET (gänt'-let). An iron glove worn by armored knights, which was thrown down in token of a challenge to combat. To throw down the *gauntlet* is to challenge; to take up the *gauntlet* is to accept a challenge.

CHAPTER VIII.

Line 64. HAUTBOYS (hō-boys). Musical instruments like the clarinet, but more slender and more thin in tone.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END,

BY

FREDERICK WILHELM CAROVÉ.

Author. FREDERICK WILHELM CAROVÉ, the author of the story, was born at Coblentz in 1789, and died in 1852. He had considerable ability as a critic and a philosophical writer.

Translator. Mrs. Sarah Austin (1793–1867) was a distinguished English writer, who gained a high reputation as a translator from the German. Her excellent work drew forth high words of praise from Macauley. The Story Without an End, which she turned into English for the pleasure of her own daughter has been justly a great favorite in England for many years. It seems that when she translated "The Story Without an End," its authorship was unknown, although it had then attained great popularity.

NOTES.

PART II.

Line 40. "PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL." An incorrect version of "Pride goeth before destruction and an haughty spirit before a fall."

PROVERBS XVI. 18.

PART III.

Line 11. DARK MIRROR. What is meant by this? What figure of speech?

Line 27. MORNING OPENED HER CLEAR EYE. Express this idea in simple language. What figure of speech?

PART IV.

Line 5. RANUN'CULUS (ran-ŭn'-kū-lŭs). The butter-cup. The title means "little frog," and was given to flowers of the same family that grow in water where frogs abound.

Line 34. THE TULIPS WERE HER COUNTRYMEN. Both the hyacinth and the tulip were introduced into Europe from Persia.

Line 42. AURICULA (aw-rĭk-ū-lah). A species of primrose. The title means "little ear."

PART VIII.

Line 11. AGLAIA (ăg-lā'-yah). The personification of grace and beauty; the hare-bell; the blue-bell of Scotland.

PART XI.

Line 5. WILL O' THE WISP. Written also "Will-with-a-wisp," and called also Jack-with-a-lantern or Jack-a-lantern. This is the *ignis fatuus*, foolish fire, which sometimes leads travelers astray. It is a luminous meteor, which hovers a few feet from the ground over spots where there is much decayed animal or vegetable matter.

Line 54. A LITTLE SMILING CHILD. Who is alluded to here?

PART XIII.

Line 58. CYANE (cy'-ăn-e). The blue corn-flower.

Line 71. PRATER (prā'-ter). One who prates or talks much, or foolishly.

PART XIV.

Line 20. CHRYSALIDS (chrĭs'-a-lids). Properly chrysalides, (crĭ-sal'-i-des), the *pupa* of an insect, or the last apparent change of the larva, before its appearance as a perfect insect.

THE USES OF ASTRONOMY,

BY

EDWARD EVERETT.

Author. EDWARD EVERETT, the distinguished American orator and statesman was born in Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794 and died Jan. 15, 1865. He graduated at Harvard University with the highest honors in 1811, studied theology, and was ordained minister in 1814. He was subsequently Professor of Greek and President of Harvard. His public career was long and brilliant. He was elected Member of Congress and Governor of Massachusetts. President Harrison appointed him Minister to England. Under President Fillmore, he was for a short time Secretary of State, and, soon afterwards, was elected United States Senator from his native state. He was a candidate for the vice-presidency in 1860, but was defeated.

Mr. Everett was undoubtedly the most highly cultured American of his time. His attainments were wide and varied, and his scholarship was rich and accurate. His literary reputation rests upon his orations and addresses and contributions to the North American Review. Pre-eminent among his orations stand the oration on Washington, delivered nearly one hundred times, and by means of which nearly one hundred thousand dollars were raised for the purchase of Mount Vernon, the home and burial place of the immortal subject of the oration, and the oration on the Uses of Astronomy delivered at Albany on the occasion of the dedication of the famous Dudley Observatory, Aug. 26, 1856. The whole of the latter is given in this book, except the introductory passages, which are chiefly of local interest and have little connection with the theme. Those who had the rare privilege of listening to these two masterpieces of eloquence and rhetoric can never forget the grace of manner, and the inexpressible charm of the orator's delivery. To the editor of this book who was so fortunate as to hear both, the memory of the delight and wonder with which he listened to the silver-tongued eloquence of the prince of American orators is indeed precious.

Mr. Everett's orations, addresses and political papers have been collected and published in four large volumes. Their perusal will well repay the student, by their accurate information and perfect oratorical style.

NOTES.

The technical and scientific terms used in this oration are so numerous, that an effort to explain them would extend these notes beyond their proper limits. Teachers and pupils will find all such terms in any modern dictionary. The International and the Century dictionaries are the best books of reference for the purpose.

PART I.

Line 52. REDUCING OBSERVATIONS. Expressing the laws governing heavenly bodies ascertained from a study of facts observed.

Line 82. CYCLOPEAN (si-klo-pē′-an). Huge, gigantic. Cyclops, a fabulous giant, was said to have one monstrous eye placed in the middle of his forehead.

Line 157. The original reads:

'Tis with our *judgments* as our watches; none
Go just alike, but each believes his own.

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism.*

Line 164. ORION (ō-rī′-ŏn). See note on page 327.

Line 167. EMPYREAN (Em-pi-rē′-an). The highest heavens.

Line 186. NYCHTHEMERUM (nĭk-thē′-mĕ-rŭm). The natural day and night, a period of twenty-four hours.

Line 219. ERROR OF THE JULIAN PERIOD. See International or Century Dictionary.

Line 224. ROMAN PONTIFF. The Pope, the head of the Roman Catholic Church.

Line 228. STRUVES (strūves). Frederick (b. 1793—d. 1864) and Otto (b. 1819) Struve, father and son, were famous German astronomers, attached for many years to the great Russian observatory at Pulkova, near St. Petersburg.

Line 242. COPERNICUS (kō-pĕr′-nĭ-kŭs). An illustrious astronomer, (b. 1473—d. 1543), who was the first of modern astronomers to present the theory that the earth and the other planets revolved around the sun as a center.

Line 290. PICKERING (pĭk′-ĕr-ing). (b. 1745—d. 1829). A prominent American statesman of the Revolutionary period.

Line 319. ST. CROIX (Saint Croi). A river forming the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine.

Line 347. DANIEL WEBSTER, Secretary of State under President Fillmore, and Lord Ashburton, British Minister, negotiated this treaty.

Line 350. GUADALUPE HIDALGO (gwă′-dă-loop he-dăl′-gō). A town of Mexico, where the treaty of 1848, ceding California and New Mexico to the United States, was negotiated.

Line 361. MESILLA VALLEY. A small valley in New Mexico.

Line 414. PHAROS. A lighthouse on the small island of the same name near Alexandria, Egypt. It was five hundred feet high, its light could be seen forty-two miles at sea, and it was considered one of the wonders of the ancient world. It was built by Ptolemy Soter (323-285 B. C.). The Pharos is often used as a synonym for *lighthouse*.

Line 487. CHARLES BABBAGE (b. 1790—d. 1871). The inventor of the astronomical calculating machine.

Line 495. NAUTICAL ALMANAC. A government publication furnished for the guidance of navigators.

Line 496. ERRATA (ĕr-rā′-tăh). Errors; singular, *erratum;* see line 505.

Line 519. SAVANT (săv′-ŏng). A learned man.

Line 523. SWANPAN. The Chinese abacus, a frame of wires on which wooden balls are strung, which the Chinese use for computations of all kinds. The ordinary numeration frame used in primary schools is a kind of abacus.

PART II.

Line 5. DATA (dā′-tah). Facts; singular, *datum.*

Line 17. PYTHAGORAS (pȳ-thag′-o-ras). A celebrated Greek philosopher who flourished about 600 B. C.

Line 24. ARISTOTLE (ăr′-is-tŏtl). The most eminent of Greek philosophers; (b. 384—d. 322 B. C.)

Line 24. ARCHIMEDES (ărk-ĭ-mē′-dēz). A noted mathematician and mechanical engineer and inventor; born at Syracuse, Sicily, 287 B. C., died 212 B. C.

Line 25. HIPPARCHUS (hip-păr′-chus). The greatest astronomer of antiquity. Flourished about 150 B. C.

Line 25. PTOLEMY (tŏl′-mē). A celebrated astronomer of Alexandria, Egypt, of the second century of the Christian era.

Line 39. TYCHO DE BRAHE (tȳ-ko-dē-brā-hē). An eminent Danish astronomer; b. 1545—d. 1601.

Line 45. URANIENBURG (urā′-nē-ĕn-berg). The name given to Brahe's Observatory on an island belonging to Denmark. The name means the "city of the heavens."

Line 46. KEPPLER (spelled also KEPLER) (kep′-plĕr). A celebrated German astronomer, born 1571, died 1630. He was the discoverer of the laws governing planetary bodies, known as Keppler's laws.

Line 49. GALILEO (găl-lē-lā′-ō). The famous Italian astronomer, born at Pisa, in 1564, and died in 1642. He was the inventor of the telescope, the pendulum and the thermometer. See full account of his remarkable career in any standard encyclopedia.

Line 58. FIESOLE (fee-ā′-sō-lē). A town of Italy, near Florence.

Line 59. ETRUSCAN (ē-trŭs′-kan). The title of the nation which flourished in Etruria, Italy, before the Roman period.

Line 60. FIORENZA (fē-o-rĕn′-zä).

Line 62. ST. PETER'S. The largest cathedral in the world. (Rome, Italy).

Line 64. DANTE (dän′-tē), Born 1265—died 1321. The greatest of Italy's poets. His Divine Comedy is regarded as one of the three or four greatest epic poems the world has produced.

Line 65. MICHAEL ANGELO (mī′-kĕl än′-jĕ lō). One of the greatest painters and sculptors the world has known. He was born in 1474, and died in 1563. He was one of the architects of St. Peter's at Rome.

Line 73. RAPHAEL (rā′f′-ā-ĕl). The most eminent of modern painters. Born 1483, died 1520.

Line 73. TITIAN (tĭsh′-ē-ăn). An eminent Italian painter, born in 1477, died in 1576.

Line 74. CYRUS THE YOUNGER (sī-rŭs). A Persian monarch who flourished about 400 B. C.

Line 75. PHARAOH (fā-′ra-ō). A general title given to ancient Egyptian kings.

Line 76. JOSEPH. The great Biblical patriarch. See Book of Genesis.

Line 76. LUCUMONS. A title given to Etruscan rulers.

Line 85. SANTA CROCE (san′-tah crō′-chē). A church in Florence.

Line 88. INQUISITION. A court for the trial of offenders against the laws and doctrines of the state church.

Line 93. MILTON. John Milton, the greatest of English epic poets, born 1608, died 1674. His greatest work is the Paradise Lost.

Line 97. DOMINICAN AND FRANCISCAN. Monastic orders that were all-powerful in the Roman Church in the seventeenth century.

Line 109. VENUS, JUPITER, AND SATURN (vē′nus, jū′-pĭ-tŭr, să′-tŭrn). Planets of the Solar System. The order, names, and distance from the Sun of all the large planets, should be given to the class.

Line 120. PRINTERS OF MENTZ AND STRASBURG. John Gutenberg

(goot'-en-berg) and John Faust (fŏwst), the inventors of the art of printing.

Line 126. NEWTON. Sir Isaác Newton, the greatest English mathematician and philosopher, the discoverer of the law of gravitation; born in 1642, died in 1727.

Line 126. FRANKLIN. Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated American inventor, statesman and philosopher, born in 1706, died in 1790. He was the inventor of the lightning-rod.

Line 128. LEVERRIER (lĕh-vā'-re-ā). An eminent French astronomer, born in 1816, died in 1877. He was the discoverer of the planet Neptune.

Line 144. HERSCHEL (hĕr'-shel). Sir William Herschel, a noted English astronomer, born 1738, died 1822.

Line 144. ROSSE. William Parsons, Earl of Rosse (1800–1867) the builder of the largest reflecting telescope ever erected.

Line 172. BRADLEY. James Bradley, an eminent English astronomer, born 1693, died 1762.

Line 187. LA PLACE (lah-plas'). The greatest of the French astronomers and mathematicians, born in 1749, died in 1827.

Line 195. ULTIMA THULE (ŭl'-te-mah thū'-lē). The fabled end of the earth, of the Romans.

Line 210. ANDROMEDA (an-drŏm'-e-dah). One of the constellations.

Line 232. PLATO (plā-to). The most illustrious philosopher of all times. He was born at Athens, in 429 B. C., and died 347 B. C.

Line 233. CICERO (sis'-e-ro). Marcus Tullius Cicero, the greatest of Roman orators; born 106 B. C., and died 43 B. C.

Line 251. GALVANI (găl-vah'-nē). Discoverer of the form of electricity known as galvanism. Born in 1737, died in 1798.

Line 254. DAVY. Sir Humphrey Davy. An eminent English chemist, born in 1778, died in 1829. He invented the miner's safety lamp.

Line 271. HENRY. Joseph Henry. An American natural philosopher, born at Albany, N. Y., in 1797, died in 1878. He was the first to apply magnetism to the movement of machinery. His experiments undoubtedly led to the invention of the telegraph.

Line 271. MORSE. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, was born in 1791 and died in 1872.

Line 271. WALKER, MITCHEL, LOCK AND BOND. American astronomers of high repute.

Line 293. BACHELOR OF ARTS. (A. B.) The degree given on graduation from a college.

Line 297. MASTER'S DEGREE. A. M. A degree given to graduates, three years after that of A. B.

Line 343. PLEIADES. (See note on p. 327.)

Line 344. LYRA (lī'-ra), One of the constellations.

Line 381. HUYGHENS (hi'-gĕns). A Dutch astronomer, b. 1629, d. 1695.

Line 420. SIR JOHN HERSCHEL. An eminent English astronomer, son of the great Sir William; born in 1792, died in 1871.

Line 471. ALDEBARAN (ăl-dĕb'-a-ran). A fixed star in the constellation Taurus, popularly called the Bull's Eye.

Line 472. SIRIUS (sĭr'-e-ŭs). A fixed star in the constellation Canis Major. It is the brightest star in the heavens and is called the Dog-star.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL AND GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

BY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Author. ABRAHAM LINCOLN (lĭnk-ŭn), the sixteenth and, next to Washington, the most illustrious president of the United States, was born, Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. His parents were poor, and his childhood was passed in hardship and toil. In the face of great obstacles, he studied the profession of law and was admitted to the bar in 1836 at Springfield, Ill., which became his residence thereafter. He served several terms in the legislature of Illinois with considerable distinction. He was elected member of Congress in 1846 and served one term. From that time until 1860 he pursued his professional career with marked success. In 1854, he conducted a famous campaign for the office of United States Senator; his opponent being the most popular orator of that day, Stephen A. Douglas. Though Lincoln was not successful, he made so high a reputation for oratory and skill in debate, that when his party nominated its candidate for the presidency in 1860, he was named as its choice. He was elected and was inaugu-

rated March 4, 1861. The next four years were the most trying period in our nation's history. The terrible civil conflict brought forward many noble men, whose services can never be forgotten, but amid them all, the figure of Lincoln stands, and will ever stand, pre-eminent. He was re-elected president in 1864 and entered upon his second term, March 4, 1865. While the country was rejoicing at the downfall of the rebellion, it was plunged into the deepest grief by the assassination of its beloved president. This most atrocious crime was committed April 14, 1865; although the unconscious victim breathed for several hours, dying the next day. His career during the stormy scenes of the civil war is thus summed up by Emerson: "In four years—four years of battle-days, his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time—the true representative of this continent —father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

Lincoln's writings are few in number, but as choice as few. The chief are his state papers, the two inaugural addresses, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Gettysburg address. The Bible and Pilgrim's Progress were said to be Lincoln's constant studies in his youth. Their influence may be seen in the purity, simplicity and vigor of his style.

The battle of Gettysburg, fought on the first three days of July 1863, is now ranked as one of the decisive battles of the world's history. It was certainly the turning point of the civil war. The forces of Gen. Lee had invaded Pennsylvania, and the whole North was filled with apprehension; but, after one of the most sanguinary battles on record, the Union forces under Gen. Meade drove the invaders back. In commemoration of this event, the state of Pennsylvania purchased a portion of the battle ground and gave it to the nation as a cemetery. This cemetery was dedicated Nov. 19, 1863 with impressive ceremonies. Edward Everett delivered the formal oration, and President Lincoln gave utterance to the immortal address here given. These few lines are of such noble simplicity that, happily, they need no annotation. Every pupil should commit them to memory.

The following paragraph taken from a newspaper of recent date, affords valuable evidence of the opinions of Europeans concerning the "Address." It is a matter of regret that the writer did not give the name of the "scholarly Oxford man."

"A discussion about Abraham Lincoln took place one evening at chambers in the Temple, to which place several lawyers and others had been invited to meet American visitors. The discussion started on Lincoln early in the evening's proceedings and never wandered away from that subject until we

separated in the small hours of the following morning. I remember being struck by what a very scholarly Oxford man said about Lincoln's oration at Gettysburg. He said that at the time it had been delivered, Oxford men thought it must have been based upon, or at least suggested by, some one of the ancient Greek orations delivered upon a similar occasion. Accordingly the young men went to their books, and of course, turned up the famous speech, quoted by Socrates for Menexenus, that Aspasia composed and Pericles delivered after a great battle. But Lincoln had evidently not found his inspiration there. Some great funeral orations of antiquity and the Middle Ages were ransacked, but with the same result. 'President Lincoln's few words,' said the scholar, 'formed a nobler utterance than all the recorded funeral orations delivered through the ages.'"

The Second Inaugural Address is almost equal to the Gettysburg Address as an example of lofty and noble eloquence. Its concluding sentence is as familiar in the mouths of the American people as household words. Delivered March 4, 1865, at a time when the mighty anaconda of Union troops was slowly but surely crushing out the dwindling army of the Confederates; when the day of final victory was evidently close at hand, there is no note of exultant triumph in its lines; but throughout is expressed that profound pity for a proud people about to be humiliated to the dust, that in such supreme moments can be felt only by great souls like Lincoln's. This address made a deep and lasting impression on the whole nation, and opened the way to reconciliation and peace. Its simple and direct utterances need no explanations; but each pupil should read with close attention the history of the events that immediately preceded and followed its delivery, in order to get a full understanding of this famous address.

LIST OF WORKS OF WRITERS REPRESENTED IN THIS BOOK.

THE DATE OF THE FIRST EDITION IS GIVEN, AS FAR AS PRACTICABLE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Fanshawe,	1826
Twice-Told Tales,	1837
Twice-Told Tales (enlarged),	1845
Mosses from an Old Manse,	1846
The Scarlet Letter,	1850
The House of the Seven Gables,	1851
The Wonder Book,	1851
Blithedale Romance,	1852
Life of Franklin Pierce,	1852
Tanglewood Tales,	1853
The Marble Faun,	1860
Our Old Home,	1863

Posthumous Publications.

The Dolliver Romance,	1864
American Note Books,	1868
English Note Books,	1870
French and Italian Note Books,	1872
Septimius Felton,	1872
Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,	1882

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Salmagundi,	1806
Knickerbocker's History of New York,	1809
The Sketch Book,	1820
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